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January 12, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

IS CANCER HEREDITARY?

HAWAII CALLS (SEE PAGE 34)

Russia's "Eisenhower" Is Preparing, Too

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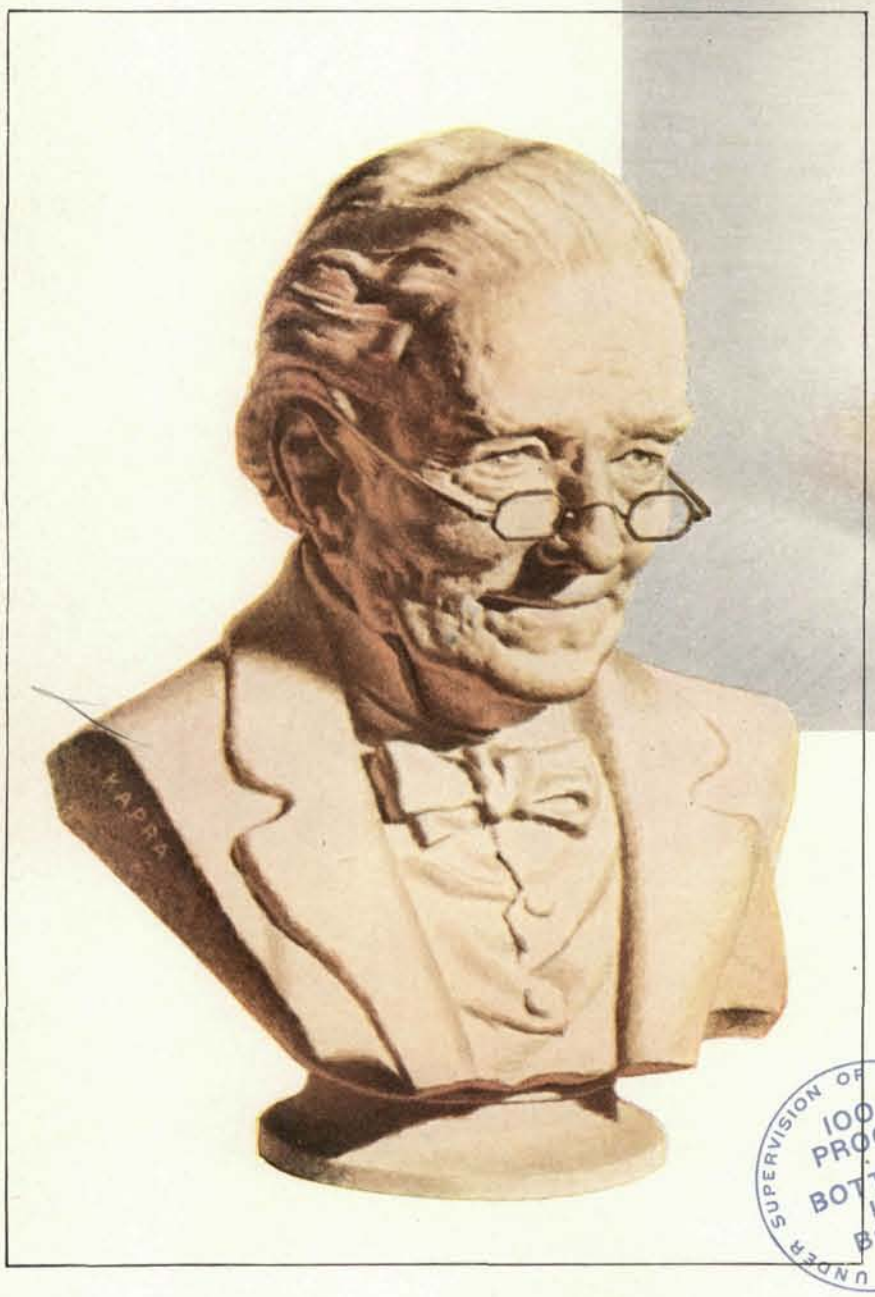

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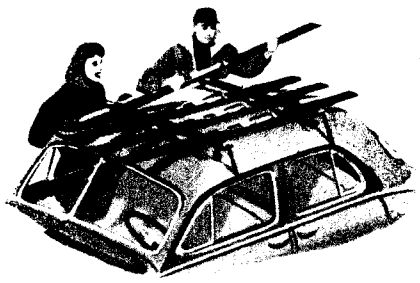

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Picture OF THE MONTH

For the New Year there's a new light in the entertainment skies. It's the radiance that comes from M-G-M's lustrous and lusty production of "Lone Star".

This story of the battle for Texas and the battle of the sexes is sparked to immediate excitement by the meeting of two of the most pyrotechnic personalities on America's screen today. The romantic stars are Clark Gable, rugged, reckless, assertively male and Ava Gardner, all woman, satiny in her beauty and electric to the touch.

They encounter each other amid the upheaval and strife of frontier Texas in its most turbulent era. And what a blazing, Roman candle romance is theirs!

It begins with a stolen kiss in a moon-drenched patio, while inside the rambling, low-arched hacienda a bold plot is working that could tear Texas and their dawning love asunder.

Broderick Crawford, fascinatingly ruthless land Baron, has already converted Ava to fiery belief in his cause. He sees the Lone Star State stretching to the Pacific and envisions Ava as queen of his inland empire.

But Gable has aligned himself against this power-mad leader. The two foes pit rifles, Colts, bowie knives and bare, slashing fists against each other while Ava is torn between her unspoken pledges to Crawford and her blood's leaping response to Gable's caresses.

This is the Clark Gable of film fame, combustibly combined with the perfect co-star, Ava Gardner, who—in our lexicon—is a green-eyed mantrap.

M-G-M's "Lone Star", a stellar achievement in every respect—in its cast, production, and story.

★ ★ ★

CLARK GABLE, AVA GARDNER and BRODERICK CRAWFORD in "Lone Star", with Lionel Barrymore and Beulah Bondi. An M-G-M Picture with screen play by Borden Chase, directed by Vincent Sherman and produced by Z. Wayne Griffin.

P. S. Many picture-goers who enjoyed "King Solomon's Mines" have written, asking us when another great adventure picture could be expected. We can confidently reply, very soon. Watch for "The Wild North", starring Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey, Cyd Charisse—a great adventure picture filmed in Ansco Color.

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January 12, 1952

ARTICLES

Russia's "Eisenhower" Is Preparing, Too..HANSON W. BALDWIN 9
Is Cancer Hereditary?.....SEY CHASSLER 14
The St. Louis Browns Stop Singin' the Blues.....TOM MEANY 16
Painless Parker Buys a Circus.....RICHARD DONOVAN
(Continuing LAST OF AMERICA'S TOOTH-PLUMBERS) AND DWIGHT WHITNEY 20
Big Store's Big Birthday.....BILL FAY 24
Nobody Can Keep Up with This Jones.....BEN MERSON 27
Fastest Woman in the World.....HELEN MARKEL HERRMANN 30
Hula Kids.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 34
Helpful Husbands Are Happy Husbands.....WILLIAM MANER 36
New for '52.....BERT BACHARACH 38

FICTION

Maxwell's Island.....CHARLES MERCER 12
Come Back to Sorrento.....JOSEPH PETRACCA 18
The Ruptured Duck.....WALT GROVE 22
The Victory.....JAMES ROBBINS MILLER 26
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Cooter James.....JACK SCHAEFER 28
A Footnote to Sabotage.....JOHN SAVAGE 32

●

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 6
Editorial..... 70
Cover.....JOHN FLOREA

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

This five-year-old quartet was stopped in its sandy tracks by our John Florea at Kahala Beach, near Diamond Head, Oahu. Of mixed Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese and Caucasian origin, the diminutive dancers are, from left, Kathleen Herao, Geraldyne Chun, Shirley Hosoi and Julia Skedeleski. For another Collier's photographer's word-and-picture story of the tourist-tempting isles, see Bill Stapleton's Hula Kids, page 34.

Week's Mail

China Invasion

EDITOR: It was a surprise that a person of long political experience could be caught so far off base as Governor Dewey was in his Pacific Report (Dec. 1st). If Chiang's troops made a landing on the China mainland due to his encouragement, Governor Dewey would be Mao's best friend.

The United Nations armed forces have been training Red forces in Korea much more effectively and much faster than our military advisers have been training the troops Chiang has on Formosa. Besides, Chiang's troops are all homesick for the China mainland and many would flop over at the first opportunity so they could get home before they were killed in another civil war.

I want to see the Formosa leaders protected. Make a trade with Mao but remember there are 500 or 600 times as many backers of "Wall Street" on the China mainland as there are on Formosa, and publishing this fact might only endanger their lives. Make the Chinese businessmen prosperous and they will do more than armies in splitting China away from Russia.
P. T. WATSON, Northfield, Minn.

'Tain't Funny, Says Reader

EDITOR: To the stutterer, his malady isn't an amusing speech pattern. I suggest you consider this before printing another article similar to the one by Peter Lind Hayes (M-m-m-Meet J-j-j-Joe F-f-f-Frisco, Dec. 1st). JOHN B. LUCKE, Los Angeles, Cal.

Less Brevity—More Archaeology

EDITOR: Re The Ruins of Angkor (Nov. 24th): as soon as I saw the title, I lighted a cigarette, poured a cup of coffee, settled down in the lounge chair, ready to enjoy a long article on an interesting subject. Two drags of cigarette and one sip of coffee later I reached the end of the three half-columns. Give us more on archaeology, please. MAXINE OAKES, Richland, Wash.

Hope Miss Oakes enjoyed Journey to 4000 B.C., by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., and Bill Davidson (three parts and several cigarettes long).

Shell Game

EDITOR: Your editorial on imported sewing machines (Why Shell-Game Ourselves?, Nov. 24th) seemed to give the impression that all imported sewing machines were cheaper than American-made machines. That is not the case.

Italian, German and Swiss machines are on the market in this country at a considerably higher price than the American-made machines. You do not see the American manufacturing companies kicking about that, even though the European machines have more to offer designwise than the present American household machines on the market.

If the Europeans can design into their machines what the public wants, and sell it at a higher price against American machines, then it would appear the American manufacturing companies had better get

(Continued on page 59)

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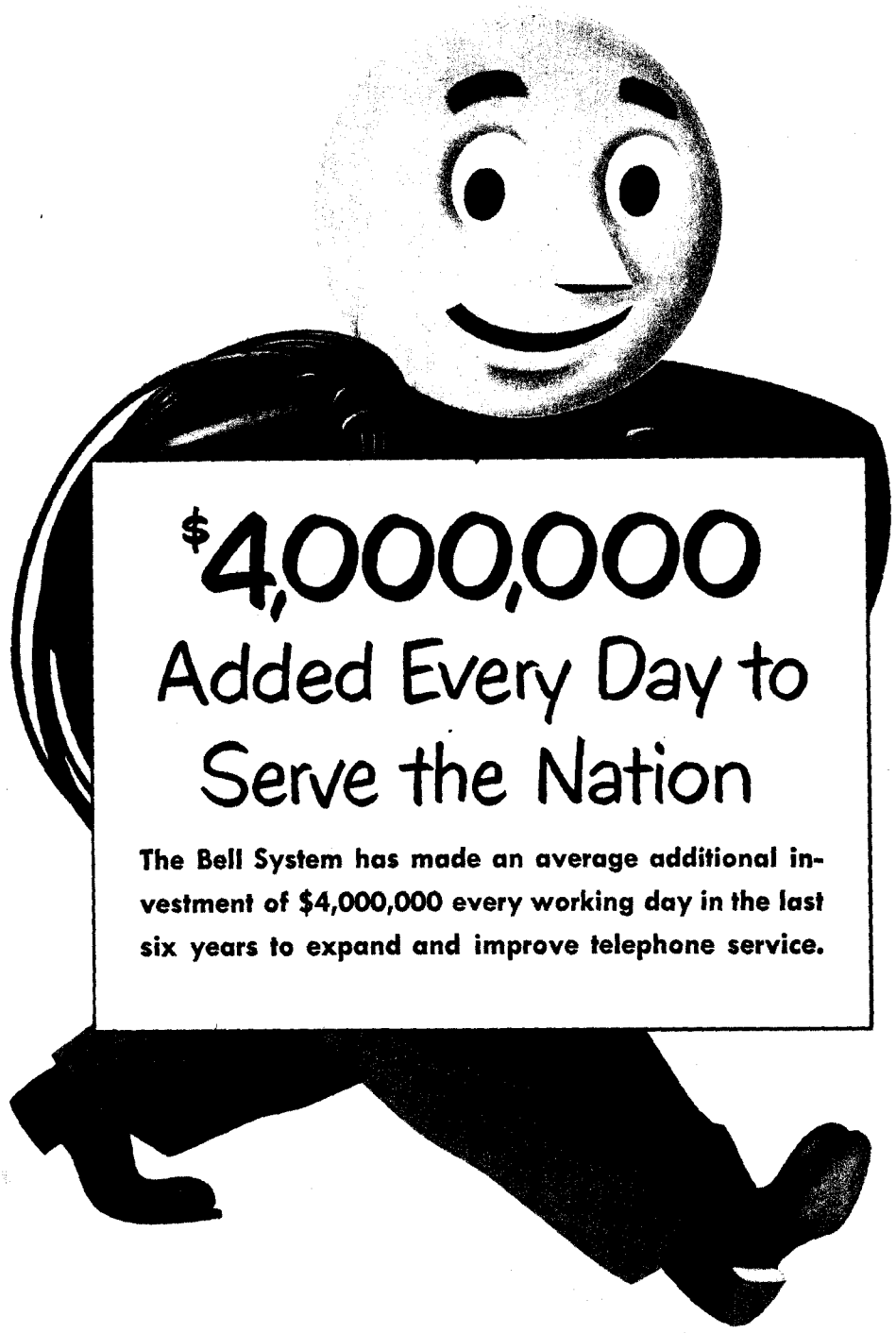
$4,000,000
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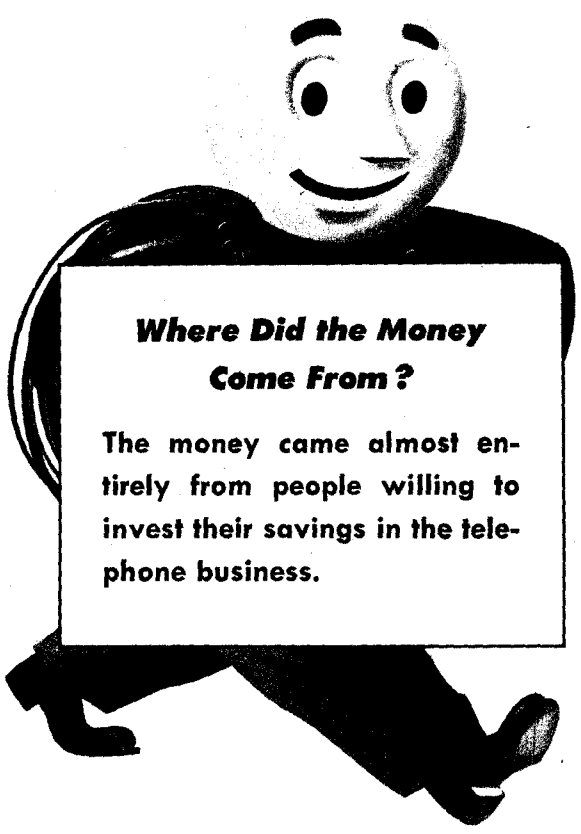
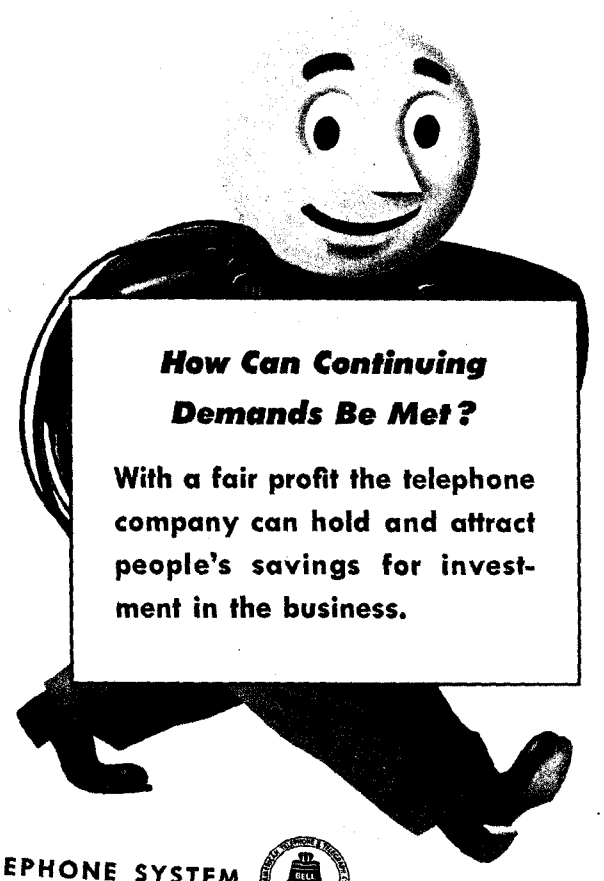
Serve the Nation
The Bell System has made an average additional investment of $4,000,000 every working day in the last six years to expand and improve telephone service.


Where Did the Money Come From?
The money came almost entirely from people willing to invest their savings in the telephone business.

Why Did They Invest Their Money?
They put their money to the service of the public only because they felt the public would allow them a fair return on it.


How Can Continuing Demands Be Met?
With a fair profit the telephone company can hold and attract people's savings for investment in the business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

What with the holidays and all, our mail is understandably ebbish. Moreover, it lacks its customary punch. Here are about a dozen letters informing us that our country is going Socialist. They're offset by an equal number saying we aren't going anywhere at all. And here's one from a gentleman in San Francisco who old-fashionedly spoke to his family about New Year resolutions. He was at once reproved by his college-age son, who said: "Nonsense, Father. Individual conduct is no longer important. The world at large dictates our personal affairs." Father says he then went out for a long, long walk.

★ ★ ★

Recently, we've been keeping a sharp lookout for meteors. And while doing so we've been keeping in mind what Dr. Harvey Nininger, curator of the American Meteorite Museum, advises doing if one should come our way. Says he: "If you see one coming straight at you, the proper thing to do in the interests of science is to step out of the way, make notes of the time, direction, sound, take photographs of the crater, mark the spot and turn in a report." Although we're nothing like as nimble as we used to be, we shall do our best, Doctor. After all, meteors travel only 13 miles a second.

★ ★ ★

"Wife who drives from the back seat ain't much more of a nuisance than a husband who cooks from the dining-room table," says Even Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut.

★ ★ ★

We pause to regret that the churches in Tucson, Arizona, are breaking the law. The demoralizing fact is that there's not a cuspidor in any church in Tucson, in spite of the city ordinance making it punishable by a fine of $20 or a stretch in the bastille for any public place, including churches, to be without such equipment.

★ ★ ★

Got a completely happy suggestion for you. Let the winter winds howl. Just curl up by the fire or near a radiator and read Lowell Thomas' new book, Back to Mandalay (Greystone Press, New York, $3.50). Of course you recall that a condensed version of Mr. Thomas' book was published in Collier's (Sept. 23, 30, Oct. 7, 1950) but here's the whole astonishing story of the almost legendary Scottish general—the late Orde Wingate—and the American air commandos in the Burma jungle during World War II. Here's pure, harrowing adventure without, praises be, political propaganda and philosophical static. Fly from India to "Broadway" in Burma with Phil Cochran, of Erie, Pennsylvania, and smash the Jap Supply lines. You know him as the prototype of Flip Corkin, the heroic comic-strip character in Terry and the Pirates. Ride the jungle skies with Johnny Alison, of Gainesville, Florida, and keep the Allied life lines open. And meditate with the mystical Wingate, to whom death promised to be just another adventure. We guarantee you great pleasure. See if we aren't right.

★ ★ ★

Wish all questions were as simple as Mr. Fred Schoenhut's. From Detroit, Michigan, he inquires: "What has become of the old-fashioned, bloody-shirt political orator?" He's still around, Mr. Schoenhut. What's missing is the audience.

★ ★ ★

Our man in Missoula, Montana, reports that a survey of traffic in his city indicates there is a "definite repeater class" of drivers. They don't drink. Their eyes are okay. They're experienced. They're otherwise safe, sane and law-abiding citizens. And yet they're accident repeaters. "The funniest thing about it is," says our man, "that these repeaters all have been driving a long time. Only thing I can think of is that maybe it takes a long time to get the hang of having accidents."

★ ★ ★

The Honorable John J. Hoellen is a Chicago alderman. He is also an *anti-status-quo* man. He is demanding that the city controller, the Honorable James H. Dillard, publish the names and addresses of all persons on the city payroll. "The indignation of our local statesmen comes pretty close to being boundless," says Mrs. Mary Ellen LaTrone. "It would mean the finding of thousands of men and women who have been missing in action for years."

★ ★ ★

Something's always happening to guys we work with. This time it's John C. Pellew. Jack is Collier's assistant art director and he's just been awarded the Allied Artists gold medal for his water-color landscape, "Avenue X," at the annual show of contemporary art at the National Academy Galleries in New York. This is Jack's sixth

LOWELL HESS

prize in two years, which indicates that he's as good as we thought. He told us that last summer, while he was painting outdoors, a boy took a critical gander at what he was doing and, after some thought, said patronizingly: "That's pretty good, mister. If you keep on practicing, you might be able to sell one of them things."

★ ★ ★

Like all the rest of the forty-eight, Ohio has too many laws. Got to be very dead indeed not to break two or three of them every day without knowing it. Five years

(Continued on page 63)

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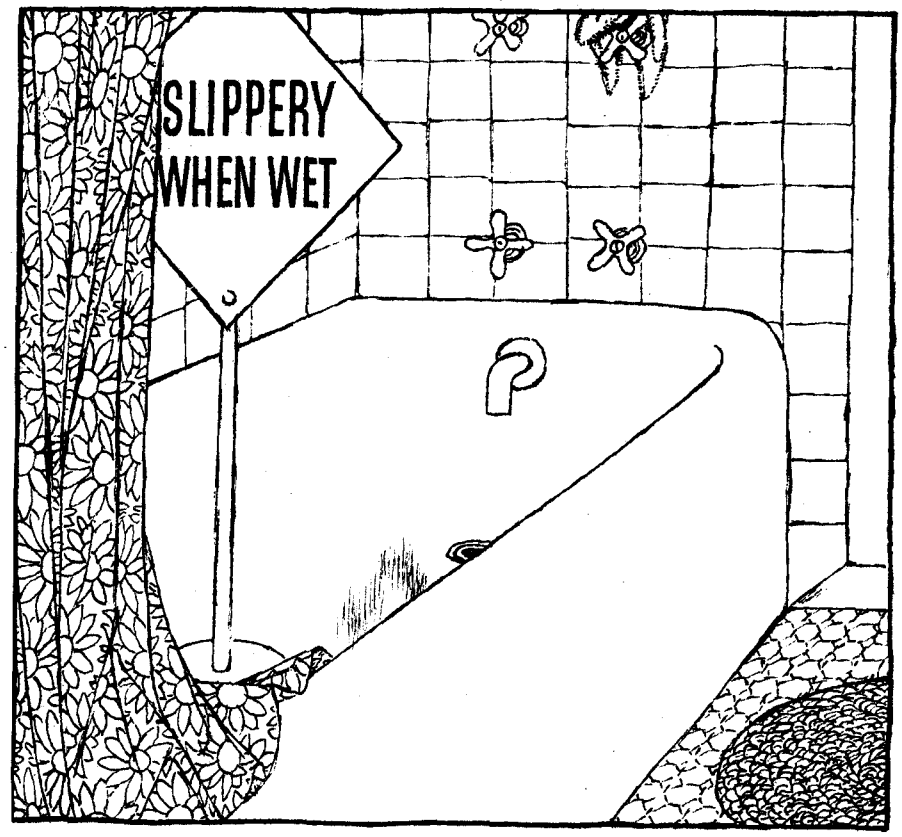

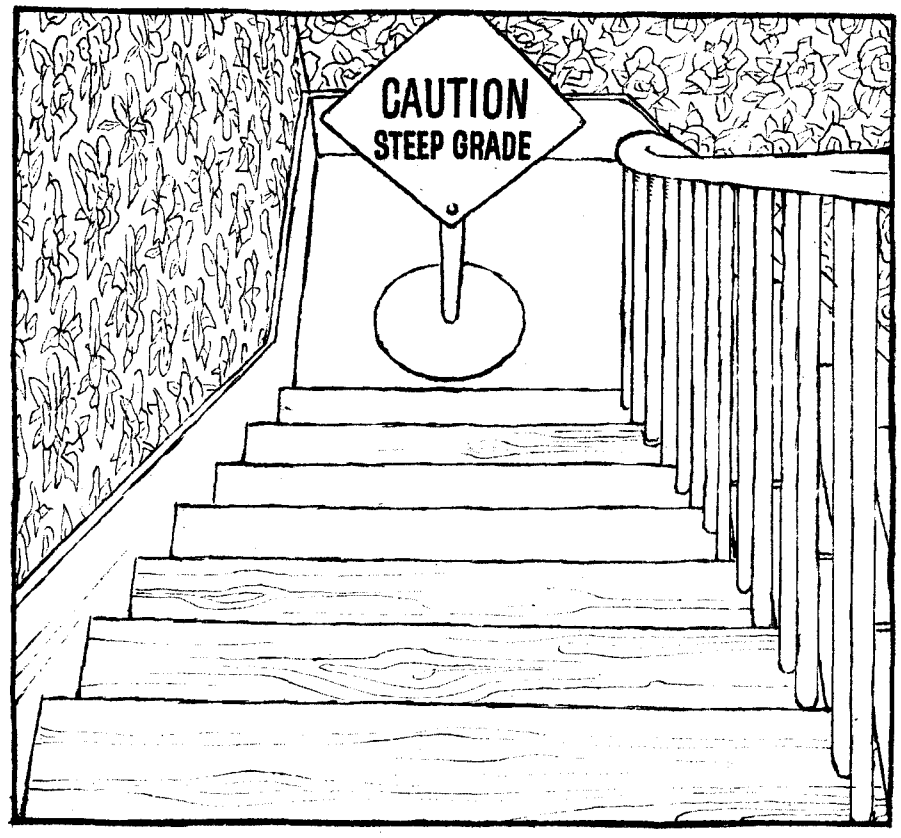

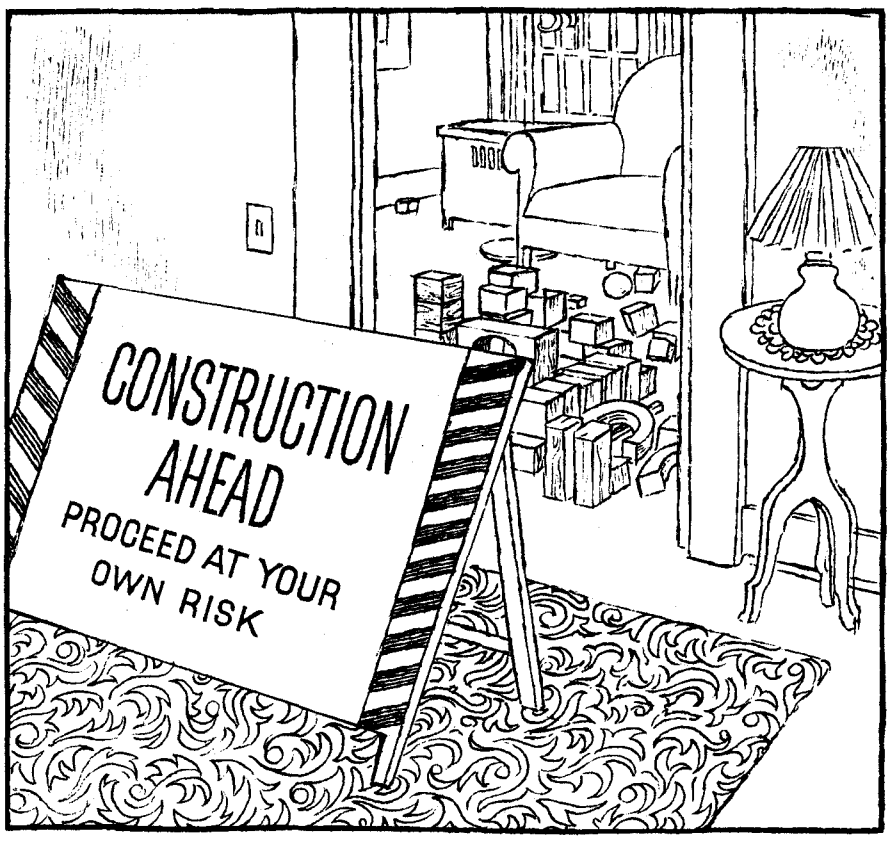

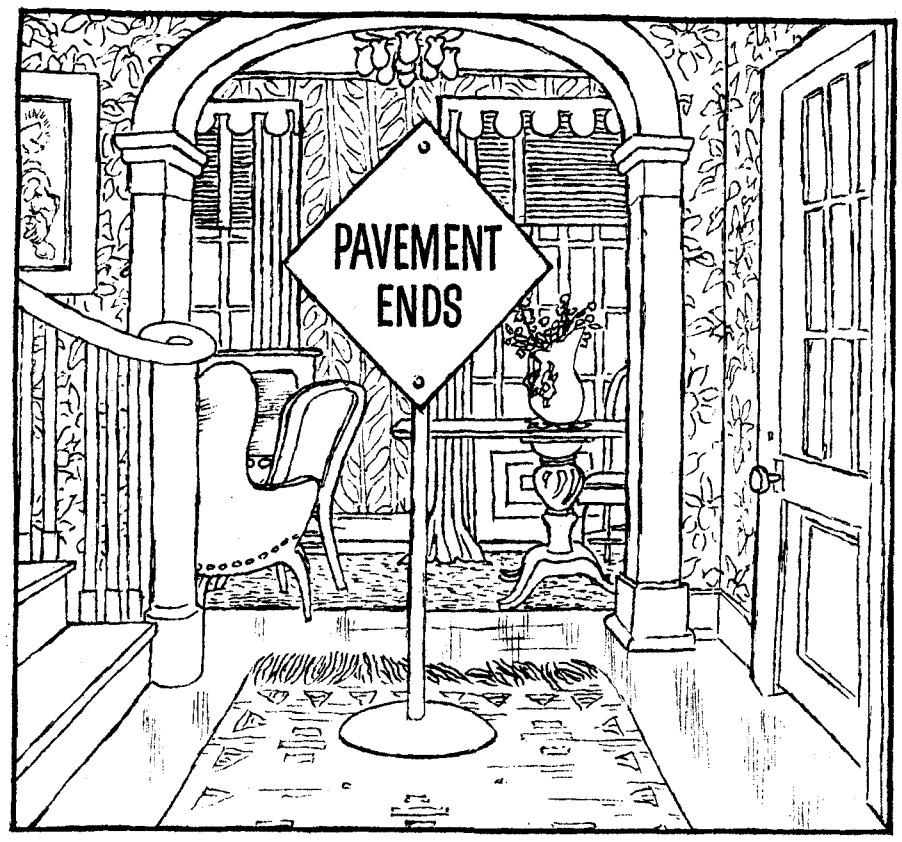

IT'S NATURAL to *feel* secure within your own four walls.

Yet, if you check around the house, you'll find plenty of places that call for danger signs—just as in the street or on the highway.

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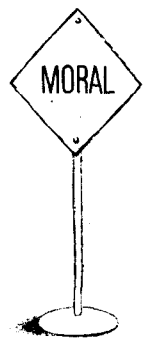

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Collier's, January 12, 1952

RUSSIA'S "EISENHOWER" IS PREPARING, TOO

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

Marshal Zhukov, brilliant, roughhewn man of mystery, has emerged from a four-year eclipse amid reports he will command the Red front against Western Europe. He'd be a mighty tough opponent

THE broad Slav face, the short and stocky body, the obvious peasant stock suggest little of distinction, but the carriage is proud and strong—soldierly. The eyes are shrewd and hard, yet they can light with laughter. There's no cruelty in these features—but ruthlessness, an Oriental inexorability. He typifies the people from whom he sprang; he is a stark Grant Wood portrait of The Steppes.

The face is a Russian version of Omar Bradley's, a farmer's countenance rather than a soldier's, but he has been variously called—with reason—"the Russian Rommel" and "the Russian Eisenhower." Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov, Marshal of the Soviet Union—a man (in the words of Franz Halder, onetime German chief of staff) "to watch" —is the outstanding commander of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. . . .

And a man of mystery. . . .

Zhukov, victor in the decisive battles of Moscow, Stalingrad and Leningrad in World War II, conqueror of Berlin, first commander of the Soviet occupation zone in Germany, onetime friend of Eisenhower, has repeatedly stepped into the spotlight during the past decade from the obscure wings of history where Communism keeps all its heroes save Stalin. He has known the accolade of fame and the anonymity of eclipse.

Unlike Marshal Konstantin K. Rokossovsky, Zhukov's wartime comrade, and now commander of the Polish puppet army, Zhukov does not bear upon his body the striped and livid welts left by the whips of the dreaded MVD. Rokossovsky has known degradation in the prison cells of the Lubianka but has lived to achieve high command again. Zhukov, too, like so many in Communist Russia whose fame has burned too brightly, has experienced not torture, not arrest—but exile.

At the height of his fame after World War II, when his name was almost a household word in Moscow, Zhukov was quietly and suddenly relieved of his important posts as commander in chief of the Red Army ground forces and Deputy Minister of Defense, and sent into outer darkness far from the capital. A few years ago he was seen —this man thrice named a "Hero of the Soviet Union," holder of 26 different decorations—attending a fellow soldier's funeral in Odessa. Zhukov drove himself to the ceremony in an old and battered car, and left as inconspicuously as he had come, virtually unrecognized and unhonored. (Imagine Eisenhower or MacArthur similarly incognito!)

For almost five years Zhukov stayed out of the limelight; rarely was he seen in Moscow. It began to appear that like Vassily K. Bluecher—once famous commander of the Red Banner Far Eastern armies, and Andrei A. Vlasov, a hero of the Battle of Moscow who turned renegade and deserted to the Germans (both long since "liquidated")—Zhukov was doomed forever to the shadow.

But in the past few months Zhukov—first general of the Soviet Union—has emerged again, a fact suggestive, and perhaps ominous. He appeared publicly last summer on the same rostrum with Rokossovsky in Warsaw, and he has been seen in Moscow at various functions. His star is no longer in eclipse. But his job and its significance to the immediate history of crisis-torn Europe is still a matter for speculation. Some experts believe he has been charged with general supervision of all European satellite armies—the Russianization of which is scheduled to be about completed in 1952. Others think he is being groomed as the "front" commander of all Western Russia-Eastern European Communist forces—the Soviet Eisenhower.

There is little doubt that his new command—regardless of its precise definition—has something to do with strengthening and consolidating Soviet defenses in the West. It is ironical that the Soviet marshal—who more than any other "got along" with the West, the man who was on a friendly arm-round-the-shoulder basis with "Ike"—is now Eisenhower's counterpart, dedicated to the proposition of checkmating the soldier with whom he once cooperated.

As vain as he is capable, Zhukov loves an opportunity to get dressed up in his best uniform, with his medals on display

"Zhuk" in Russian means "beetle"; Zhukov, literally "of the beetles." Not a name to conjure with; no cognomen for a great military commander. Yet, curiously enough, "Zhuk," the Beetle, had during World War II his opposite number in the person of General Walter Bedell Smith, now director of the Central Intelligence Agency, then chief of staff to Eisenhower, a man who was known affectionately to Winston Churchill as "the Beetle."

Some men are born to military leadership; some achieve it; some have it thrust upon them. Zhukov's rise to fame was the result of all three methods. He is endowed with a quick and thorough mind. His broad brow shows intelligence and an instinctive grasp of strategy. He has worked hard for knowledge and advancement. And Fate, in the form of the Russian Revolution, cast him in a role destined for greatness.

There is, with most Russians, a fatalism about history, which Tolstoi expressed so well in War and Peace:

"And so there was no one cause for that occurrence (Napoleon's invasion of Russia)," he wrote, "but it had to occur because it had to. Millions of men, renouncing their human feelings and reason, had to go from west to east to slay their fellows, just as some centuries previously hordes of men had come from the east to the west, slaying their fellows. . . .

"The actions of Napoleon and Alexander . . . were as little voluntary as the actions of any soldier who was drawn into the campaign by lot or by conscription. . . .

"We are forced to fall back on fatalism as an explanation of irrational events. . . .

"In historic events, the so-called great men are labels giving names to events, and like labels they have but the smallest connection with the event itself.

"Every act of theirs, which appears to them an act of their own will, is in an historical sense involuntary and is related to the whole course of history and predestined from eternity."

Such a concept—so typically Russian—would unquestionably have been used, were Tolstoi alive today, as the background to Hitler's invasion of Russia and Zhukov's part in its repulse. Zhukov, in this view, was not the master of his fate, but the servant of it; he was foreordained to leadership, the creature of forces he did not create. But such a view, so antithetical to the West's concept of individualism and free will, cannot explain satisfactorily the remarkable qualities of a military leader sprung from humble peasant stock.

Zhukov, now between fifty-five and fifty-eight

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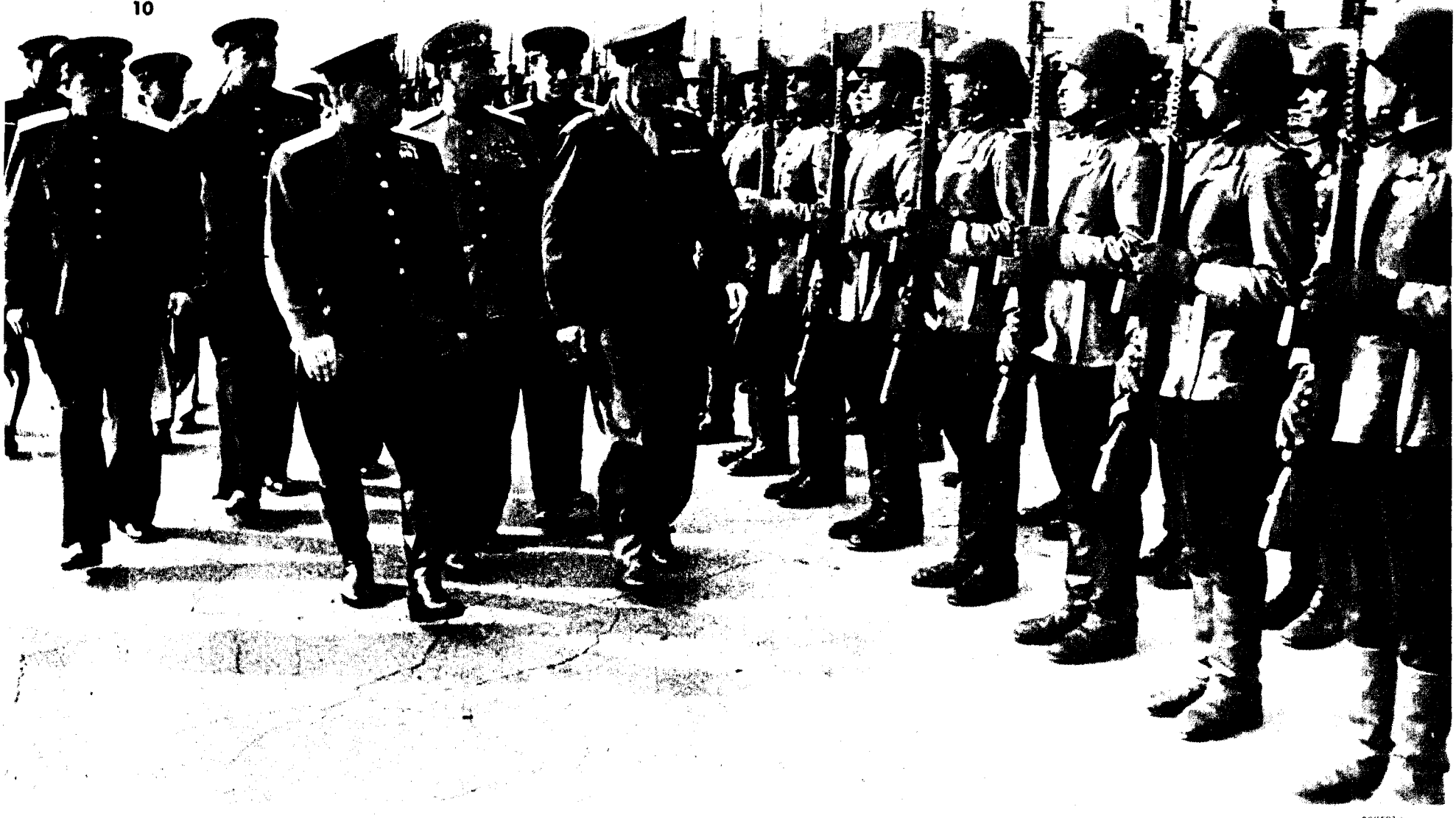

SOVFOTO

Zhukov and Eisenhower review troops during Ike's 1945 Moscow visit. The two men once worked together as occupation commanders in Berlin

The man who saved Moscow from the Nazis is very popular with Red troops, despite his ruthless policy of exchanging lives for time in battle

SOVFOTO

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years old, three to six years younger than Eisenhower, was born, far from fame, the son of poor peasants (many of them then virtually the equivalent of serfs) near Kaluga, southwest of Moscow. He was a child during the twilight of the czars, and saw the decaying splendors of absolutism and the beginnings of dissolution. As a youngster he served long, hard hours of apprenticeship in the trade of leather dresser and furrier. But even then he had started on the hard course to the top; Zhukov, the boy, labored by day—his hands stained and toughened by his work with the rough hides—and studied by night, his mind toughened and expanded by the world of books.

In 1914, when another tide of men flowed from "west to east to slay their fellows," Zhukov, a young man, had no apparent future before him. He became a cog in the great war machine of the czar, and fought in a regiment of dragoons to win twice the last of the czarist medals—the Cross of St. George.

What Zhukov the private experienced and how it shaped his mind and character in World War I, the Draconian Soviet censorship has not revealed. But Winston Churchill epitomized this terrible struggle (in his book The Unknown War) in phrases equally applicable to the relentless battles between Germany and Russia in World War II:

". . . the struggle upon the Eastern Front is incomparably the greatest war in history. In its scale, in its slaughter, in the exertions of the combatants, in its military kaleidoscope, it far surpasses by magnitude and intensity all similar human episodes. . . . Hard and sombre war; war of winter; bleak and barren regions; long marches forward and back again under heavy burdens . . . wounded frozen in their own blood; the dead uncounted, unburied; the living pressed again into the mill. . . . Here all Central Europe tore itself to pieces and expired in agony, to rise again, unrecognizable."

The ammunition shortages, the supply breakdowns, the huge slaughter which finally led to defeat and revolution—of Zhukov's part in these events, the Western World knows little.

The World War II accounts of Zhukov's career that Western journalists were permitted to assemble, with great difficulty, in Moscow are discrepant in many particulars and gloss over his period of service in the czarist army in the maelstrom of World War I. There may well be reason for this circumspection, for at least one important source records that Zhukov was commissioned a junior officer (cavalry) in the Imperial Army. Neither the Communist party nor Zhukov himself would be particularly happy to have this connection with the old regime stressed. That Zhukov was to rise to fame—despite the handicap of suspicion of former czarist officers who gave their allegiance to the Reds—underscores his abilities.

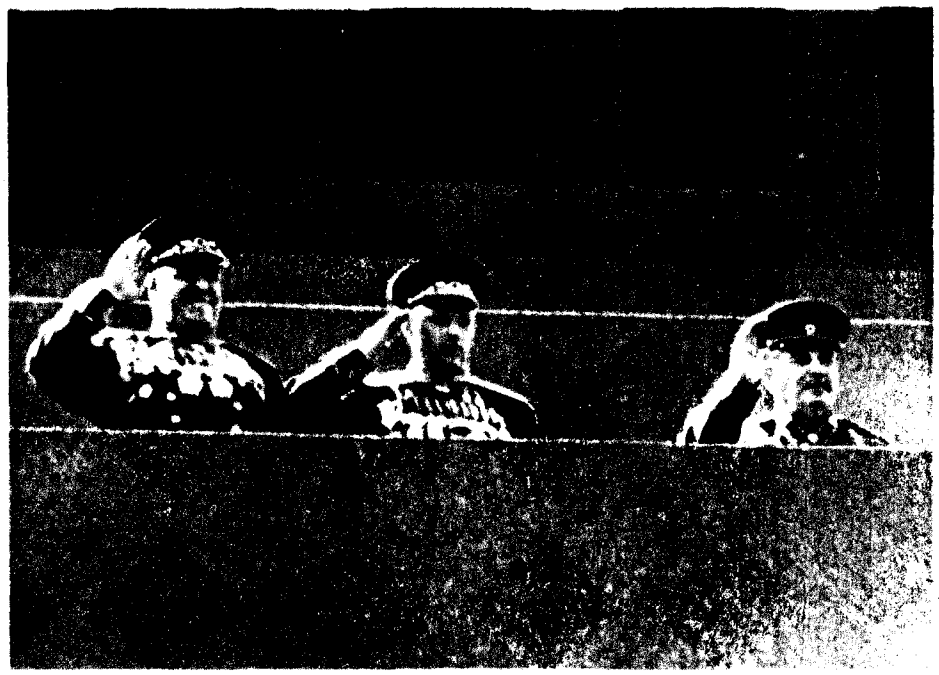
The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 found Zhukov elected by his fellow soldiers as a delegate to his regimental Soviet, and it is clear, as the French General Augustin Guillaume notes in his book Soviet Arms and Soviet Power that "The Revolution . . . opened new horizons to him."

Zhukov joined the Red Army in 1918 and the Communist party in 1919, and participated in the years of civil war that followed the revolution. He became an officer in a cavalry division and was wounded fighting against the Whites near Tsaritsyn (later renamed Stalingrad and destined to be the scene of his greatest triumph). He was decorated with a new medal, the Order of Lenin, and while serving in the Far East against the White Russian General Aleksandr V. Kolchak he came to the personal attention of Mikhail Frunze, one of the founders of the Red Army's tactical concepts and the man for whom the Frunze Military Academy is named.

The first important step in the rise of Zhukov, the peasant's son, to high rank in the Red Army had been taken. He had been conscripted in the czarist army. He had joined the Red Army and had become a Communist. And he had made his mark—an important mark—as a brave and able soldier in the civil war.

After fighting stopped, Zhukov rose rapidly in his profession. He studied at the Frunze Academy (specializing in armor) and commanded, in succession, a regiment, a brigade, a division, and finally a corps of cavalry. From them, he learned the dash and *élan* and mobility which later characterized some of his World War II operations. And in these years he became a student—in a natural outgrowth of his cavalry experience—of mechanized operations.

The precise details of Zhukov's career between wars are uncertain, but he studied in Germany in 1929 in the days when the *rapprochement* between the German and Russian armies was close. He is one of the few senior Soviet officers to survive the great purge of 1937, which was aimed specifically at Marshal Mikhail N. Tukhachevsky and all of his Soviet contemporaries who had had close ties with the German general staff. Zhukov was sent to Spain during the civil war as one of the Soviet Union's chief military observers and to test his armored theories and his country's tanks in actual combat.



Three of Russia's most famous marshals make a joint appearance: Zhukov (l.), Rokossovsky, Stalin. Rokossovsky is now in Poland

Zhukov made his second impress upon history in 1939, in wild and remote Mongolia. Throughout eastern Asia, the ancient rivalries between Russia and Japan, quiescent for some years while the Bolshevik Revolution consolidated its power, reached the explosion point during the 1930s. Border "incidents" but little publicized and little known—to the West virtually unheard of—occurred repeatedly along the disputed frontier between Manchuria and Siberia, and Mongolia was a test of strength and zone of influence for both Russia and Japan. These "incidents" increased in size, until at times they approximated major battles and small undeclared wars; both Russia and Japan were feeling each other out for the eventual clash which both knew was bound to come.

The importance of these battles to the traditions and psychology of the Red Army, and to its training and growth, never have been understood in America. Yet a visit to the Red Army Museum in Moscow would have revealed, prior to World War II, the influence of these affrays upon the Red Army. The museum was packed with trophies won in battles with the Japanese; indeed, at that time, the Red Army had no traditions of valor, no history of combat save the accolades it had won in the civil war, and in the undeclared border battles against the Japs.

For it was not until World War II, when Stalin felt the need for a renaissance of Russian Nationalism, that the Red Army's traditions were identified with those of the czarist armies. Prior to the dark days of defeat, when the Germans stood at the gates of Moscow and Stalingrad, the glories of the past were limited, in the military lexicon of tradition, to the defeat of the White Russians and the border battles against the Japs.

Hence the importance in 1939, the eve of World War II, of Zhukov's second mark upon history. For in Mongolia, Zhukov commanded Russian forces that won the largest of these border affrays; he encircled and in a series of battles variously known as Khalkin-Gol, or in the Soviet press as the "Bain Tazagan slaughter," virtually destroyed the Japanese Sixth Army. For this achievement, Zhukov was made (for the first time) a Hero of the Soviet Union. More important, he had handled, for the first time in actual war, mass Soviet Armored formations, and had proved the practicability of applying the old cavalry tactics to armor—deep penetrations, wide outflanking encirclements, shock, mobility and firepower.

Thus, Zhukov, the peasant's son, was already a marked man in the Communist military hierarchy when Hitler started his attempt to conquer the world—an attempt that was to keep the world in convulsions for six long years. Though trained in cavalry traditions, he was a modernist in tactical applications, and the units he had commanded between the wars were, we are told by Guillaume, "noted for their discipline and training." From then on, save in his years of obscurity after World War II, Georgi Zhukov has never been far from the throne.

Zhukov played a minor part apparently as a planner and staff officer in the Russian invasion of Finland in 1939-'40, which started so dismally but ended in the piercing of the Mannerheim line, a feat which Zhukov later claimed had been an "acid test" of the Red Army—"the only instance to date of a breach being driven through modern permanent fortifications." But he was promoted to general when this "bourgeois" rank was restored after the Finnish campaign and assigned to command the key Kiev military district in May, 1940, just as France was reeling under German blows.

In this post—apparently with the approval of Semyon Timoshenko, then Defense Commissar, and of Stalin himself—Zhukov spent much time in drawing up plans for reform of the Red Army, in accordance with the lessons learned in the warfare against the Japanese in the Far East and against the Finns in the bloody winter conflict.

Later, when Zhukov came into frequent personal contact with U.S. officers during and after World War II, the impression he created was one of blunt straightforwardness, strength and toughness. But 1940 was only three years after the Moscow trials, which had resulted in the execution of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the purge of the Red Army. Thousands of officers had disappeared—executed or condemned to slave labor camps—and the Communist party had firmly reasserted its authority over the army. It took, therefore, considerable intestinal fortitude for an officer—even of high rank—to criticize publicly in those days policies or organization which had been endorsed by party hierarchy.

Yet this is what Zhukov did when he was commander in Kiev. In a public talk he inferentially warned of a "trick" in the Soviet-Nazi pact, and, more important, he pointedly criticized the Red Army's higher command and the political commissar system. It is possible, indeed probable, that this talk by Zhukov was previously approved by Timoshenko, then Commissar of Defense, and by Stalin, and was intended as a "tip-off" for the future, for Zhukov had been close to the dictator prior to his assignment to Kiev.

It is also quite possible *(Continued on page 39)*

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Maxwell's Island

She'd always known exactly what she wanted, and she hadn't let anything stop her from getting it. She didn't realize you can have a thing and not be able to use it

By CHARLES MERCER

SOMEWHERE off Montauk Point, my wife suddenly asked, "What was she like?"

"What was who like?" I said.

"The woman you loved," she said.

I glanced at her stretched beside me on the bridge of the motorboat. "She was a beautiful blonde, but she wasn't so dumb."

"Not that one," she said. "That's the one you married and lived happily ever after with. I mean the one before that."

"Oh," I said, "that one," and I didn't say anything more.

She sat up. "Tell me all about it. There must have been someone. Was it very good?"

"Wonderful," I said wryly.

"I'm serious," she said.

"So am I," I said.

She stood up and kissed my sunburned nose. "Then I'll go below and get lunch. Remember you're down to your first and last yacht, so don't run it aground. Do you know where you are?"

"Somewhere near the tip of Long Island."

"Here you are, stupid." She put a slim finger on the chart. "And look up here on the chart—all by itself—Maxwell's Island. We'll pass it. Could that have anything to do with *the* Maxwell?"

"He lives there," I said. "His family has owned it for a couple of centuries or something."

"He was so nice at the wedding. Let's drop in and say hello."

"No," I said.

"He was the only person at the wedding who told me what a wonderful guy you are. Wouldn't it be fun to see him?"

"No," I said, "not today."

When she'd gone below, I raised the German binoculars I'd liberated during the war and began scanning the flashing noon sea for Maxwell's Island. . . .

Dana Maxwell was a childless widower, twenty-six years older than I. He had the kind of education that scarcely anyone bothers to acquire now. He had money, an impressive ancestry, and good social connections. But not one of these things, in itself, meant much to him.

The important thing to him was the law, and specifically his role as the senior partner in the distinguished firm of Maxwell, Dinwiddie. Next to the law, the important thing was his small island. He practiced law in a manner that won respect. And doubtless the summers and week ends he spent on his island would have been viewed respectfully by two of his favorite writers, Thoreau and Emerson, if they had lived in his time. For both his law practice and his island were rather austere ways of life that few people seem to understand these days when the first principle usually is to get money and the second principle is to get comfortable. Of course, Dana had inherited the money and comfort that most of us want. But he also had inherited that desire for an austere, selfless life. It placed quite a burden on him.

I was fortunate, late in the depression, to go from law school to a clerkship with Maxwell, Dinwiddie in New York. I was ambitious. But I was ambitious *for* the law as well as *in* it. I suppose Dana saw that. And I suppose he saw the other things about me as I was then—the lack of social suaveness, the marks of the poor boy who had worked his way off the back streets of a small town in Wisconsin.

If he were going to ask any of his bright young men to his island, you'd have expected him to ask Alec Pope. Alec was handsome and brilliant and well-born. He seemed destined to become a partner, while I seemed destined to toil forever at intricate briefs.

But one day, when I was in Dana's office, going over a case with him, he asked if I liked duck shooting. I said yes, and pulled him back to the case we'd been discussing.

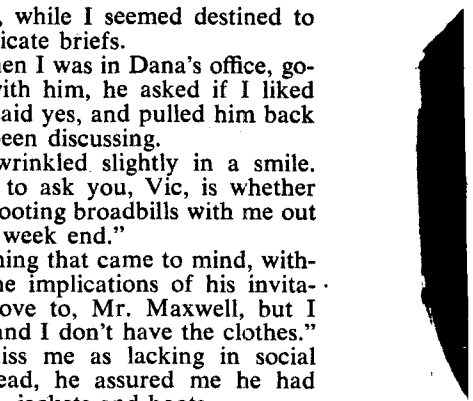
His lean face wrinkled slightly in a smile. "What I'm trying to ask you, Vic, is whether you'd like to go shooting broadbills with me out at the island next week end."

I said the first thing that came to mind, without considering the implications of his invitation. "Sure, I'd love to, Mr. Maxwell, but I don't have a gun and I don't have the clothes."

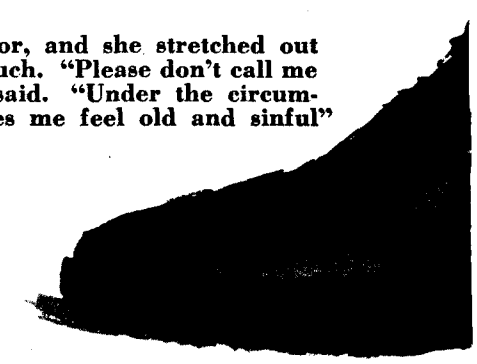
He didn't dismiss me as lacking in social imagination. Instead, he assured me he had plenty of shotguns, jackets and boots.

"I'll buy a pair of boots," I said. "I don't think your size would fit me. What size shoe do you wear?"

"My word!" Dana looked at his feet with a surprised expression. *(Continued on page 60)*



I sat on the floor, and she stretched out on the studio couch. "Please don't call me Mr. Hilton," I said. "Under the circumstances, it makes me feel old and sinful"



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IS CANCER HEREDITARY?

Dr. Myron Gordon of New York Zoological Society: he found an inheritance pattern for black cancer

SCIENTISTS have been investigating the origin of cancer for many years, but perhaps the most interesting and promising line of investigation is the one being pursued by geneticists.

Most animals reproduce by bringing together two reproductive cells—an egg and a sperm cell. These cells contain nuclei which are largely composed of threadlike bodies called chromosomes. The chromosomes, in turn, contain genes. The genes are the basic units of heredity, which determine nearly everything an animal inherits. According to geneticists, there are some genes which transmit susceptibility to cancer development.

A firm believer in this theory of the origin of certain types of cancer is Dr. Myron Gordon, a genial, gray-haired geneticist at New York's American Museum of Natural History, who is supported in his research by the National Cancer Institute of the U.S. Public Health Service and sponsored by the New York Zoological Society. Specializing in hereditary patterns of tropical fish, he began his cancer experiments some 25 years ago, with a problem familiar to fish hobbyists: crossbreeding Mexican platyfish and common swordtails produces hybrid offspring which develop tumors.

Dr. Gordon set out to find the cause of these tumors. The first step in his experiments, repeated scores of times over the years, was to breed two pure strains of the platyfish together, one with black pigmented spots, and one unspotted strain. He discovered that the spotted pattern is a dominant trait and the unspotted form is recessive; that is, in the first generation of offspring, all of the platys are spotted. In the second generation, three are spotted and one is unspotted. Dr. Gordon thus proved that the black spots are inherited, in strict accordance with Mendel's law of heredity. He then cross-bred an unspotted platy of the second generation with a fish of another species, an unspotted swordtail. The hybrids which result are always unspotted and normal.

In the third step, a spotted platy was crossed with an unspotted swordtail. The spotted hybrids which result from this cross are the ones tropical-fish fanciers had been puzzled about—those with tumors identified as black, or melanotic, cancer.

In terms of genes, the experiments indicated that the swordtails carry dominant modifying genes which interact in such a way with the black-spot-carrying genes of the platyfish that the black cells of the hybrid develop cancer. Dr. Gordon now knew that the black cancer in his fish was inherited, because the disease is always associated with the black spots.

Human beings also develop black cancer, and under the microscope the cells that make up the cancer look exactly like those in the black cancer in fish. But man, unlike the swordtail and the platy, does not breed out of his species. Dr. Gordon, therefore, verified that black cancer was hereditary by working with only one species. To do this, he crossed platys of different populations which, because they had been geographically separated for some 300,000 years, had developed slight genetic variations peculiar to themselves. So long as the population groups mate among themselves, the genes for black spots are kept in balance and cancer does not develop. But when Dr. Gordon crossed members of the two populations, he found that the modifying genes of one population tend to interact with the black-spot-carrying genes of the other to induce cancer, in much the same way as in his swordtail-platyfish crosses.

He noted further that the modifying genes work two ways: they can induce cancer or prevent it, depending on the population from which he chose a parent with cancer-modifying genes. To bolster the results obtained in these experiments, Dr. Gordon performed a similar series with two very closely related species of swordtails. This series, too, showed that black cancer in fish is hereditary.

Summing up, Dr. Gordon says: "We have shown that in the platyfish and the swordtail, breeding two normal fish can produce cancerous offspring as the result of a chance combination of genes. In addition, other experiments with our fish have proved that two cancerous parents can produce normal offspring. Since many hundreds of experiments with animals and plants by workers in all fields of genetics have shown that the principles of inheritance are universal, our experiments with the platy and swordtail suggest that the phenomena we found in them may also be found in man.

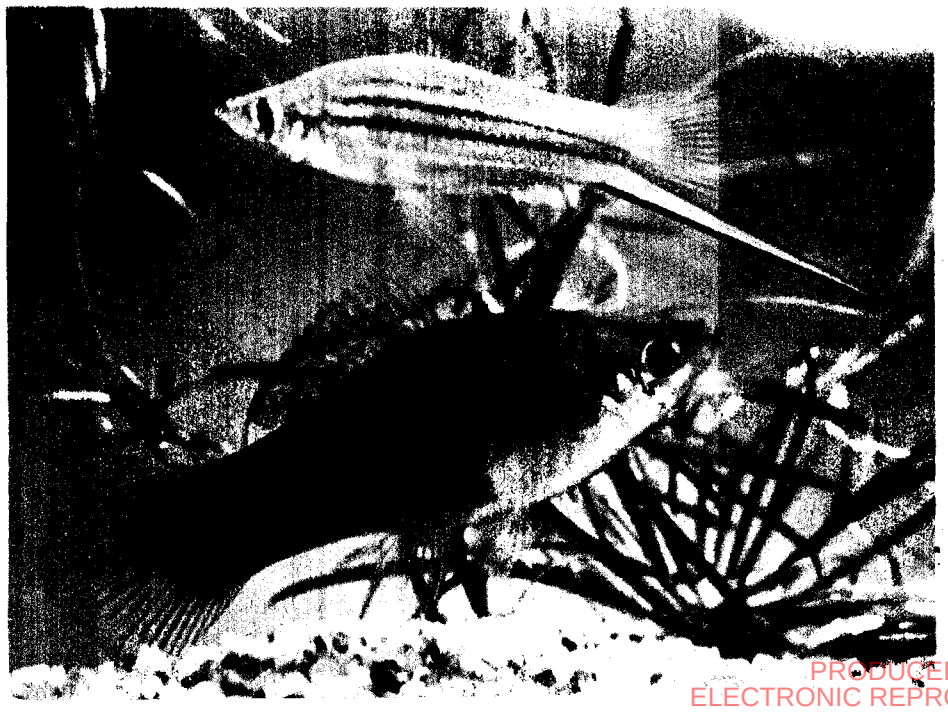
"We know definitely that a certain few cancers, like retinoblastoma (a tumor of the retina of the eye), are inherited in man. What we need now are more—and more accurate—case histories of human families in which cancer has appeared. I feel certain that intensive investigation along these lines will someday provide the basis for some control of those types of cancer which we know are inherited."

SEY CHASSLER

Mexican wild platy has noncancerous black spots which are hereditary. Dr. Gordon crosses it . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON

. . . with a swordtail (below, male is about two inches long, has spiked tail). Swordtail has no black spots. Mated to platy, it . . .



. . . produces first-generation hybrids with abnormal black-pigmented cells which, as tropical-fish hobbyists noted long ago, develop cancers. But . . .

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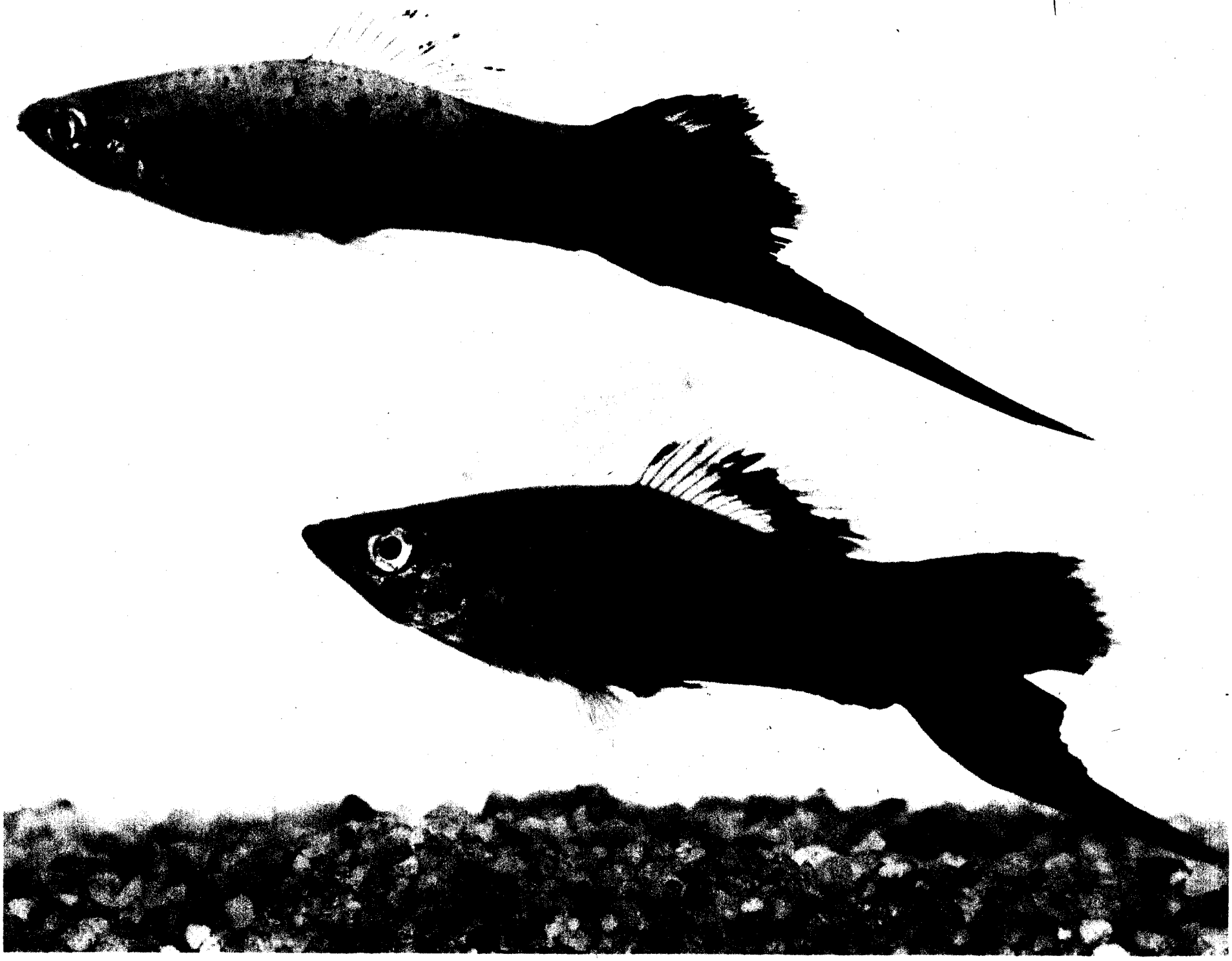

In a separate experiment, common swordtail is crossed with Montezuma swordtail to produce fish with black cancer (above)

. . . when this hybrid is mated to a swordtail, half of brood get cancer, half do not; proving cancer follows laws of heredity

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THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS
Stop Singin' the Blues

By TOM MEANY

"I'll try any stunt I can to get people into the ball park," says new owner Bill Veeck, "but it takes a winning team to keep them coming." That's why he hired baseball-wise Rogers Hornsby as manager

FOR officials of the St. Louis Browns, the American League pennant race has rarely been more than something they read about in the newspapers. All that will be changed this year, according to Bill Veeck, the sport-shirted, flamboyant president of the club. This will not surprise those who have studied previous Veeck baseball promotions at Milwaukee and Cleveland, for the wiry-haired ex-Marine, who lost a leg as a result of his combat experiences in the Pacific, is a tradition breaker by both instinct and inclination.

"There are a lot of clubs in the American League just waiting to be 'taken,'" declares the thirty-seven-year-old Veeck, "clubs that are over the hill, agewise. I mean the so-called good clubs, the teams that battled for the pennant last year, the Yankees, Indians and Red Sox. The collapse of the Tigers, a contender in 1950, may show what's in store for the teams that fought it out for the '51 pennant.

"I think the Browns are good enough to finish in the first division, with a break here and there. Outside of the White Sox, St. Louis is the only club in the American League which figures to show improvement for 1952. And, admitting we had the most room for improvement, I maintain that it won't be a miracle if the Browns finish in the first division. It will only seem like one."

This would have been strong stuff about the Browns, coming from anyone except Veeck. But through the years, baseball's onetime boy Barnum has had a knack of making his most extravagant predictions stand up. He applied a pulmotor to a wheezing and gasping franchise in Milwaukee in 1941 and soon had it alive and kicking. In 1946 he pumped enough life into a decadent Cleveland franchise to bring that city a pennant and world championship two years later.

The current Browns present the acid test of Veeck's promotional talents. "Wheezing," "gasping" or "decadent" were not adjectives to be applied to the St. Louis American League franchise when Bill took over last summer. "Moribund" was the word.

Many suggestions had been offered to solve the woes of the Brownies, the most popular one being to move the franchise as far as possible from St. Louis. The club's all-time high mark for annual attendance, set 30 years ago, is 712,918, the lowest club record in the majors. The figure hasn't touched 300,000 in three seasons. The general impression was that if the franchise were moved, something Veeck declares he has no intention of doing, the ball club would be missed by only a handful.

"The problem in St. Louis is no different from the problems I faced in Milwaukee and Cleveland," explains Veeck cheerfully. "It is only the solution that must be different."

Veeck's answer to the Brownie problem is novel. It is to give the Browns a winning club. And not because the American League has enjoined him from employing midgets, either.

"I'll try any stunt I can to get people into the ball park," frankly admits Bill, "but I learned long ago that it takes a winning team to keep them coming."

This opinion is shared by the manager Veeck hired to lead the Browns out of the baseball wilderness: the fifty-five-year-old Rogers Hornsby, generally conceded to be the greatest right-handed hitter in major-league history.

There is no nonsense about Mr. Hornsby where baseball is concerned. It is a matter of history that the forthright slugger kissed several jobs good-by because he wouldn't say "yes" when he thought "no" was the answer.

Hornsby never has made an off-the-record remark. When his opinion was sought, he gave it, regardless of whom it might hurt, including himself. Until a few years ago he was a steady follower of horse racing, and never denied his interest to anyone, including the late baseball commissioner, K. M. Landis, who fiercely opposed any combination of baseball and ponies. It has been quipped about the sport-shirted Veeck that he wears no man's necktie. It truly can be said of Hornsby that he wears no man's collar.

A Ukase to the Cards' President

"When I am a manager, I am *the* manager," was a principle set forth by Hornsby when he took his first pilot's job, with the St. Louis Cardinals in May, 1925. He thereupon proceeded to prove it, by telling the Cards' president, Sam Breadon, to keep general manager Branch Rickey out of the clubhouse, because Branch was advising his players.

He repeated this declaration of independence to more than one astonished boss, including no less a personage than the late William L. Veeck, Sr., father of his current employer. In 1932, the elder Veeck, as club president, was running the Chicago Cubs for Philip K. Wrigley. He was running the Cubs, but not Hornsby. Veeck, Sr., didn't like the way manager Hornsby was handling his players, particularly the pitchers. He told Rog so and Rog, in effect, told his boss to get himself another boy. He wasn't changing his system merely to keep his job.

"Some people may think it peculiar that I should hire a man who once was fired by my father," says the younger Veeck now, "but I can't see it that way. There was talk that Joe Gordon or Eddie Stanky would be the Brownie manager this season. I admire both of them tremendously as players. After Joe starred for the Yankees, he came to us in Cleveland and played great ball when we won the pennant in '48, the club's first since 1920. Stanky was a star for me in Milwaukee and the spark plug of both the pennant-winning Braves in 1948 and last year's Giants.

"However, I felt we couldn't afford to experiment with the Browns. Eddie has never managed, and Joe had only last season's experience at Sacramento. I needed somebody who knew the business from the ground up and I decided Hornsby was the man.

"When I was a kid around Chicago, Rog was my idol. It was real hero worship. I was only about fifteen when my dad arranged the deal which brought him from the Braves to the Cubs—and, incidentally, brought the Cubs the 1929 pennant."

Baseball's trade paper, The Sporting News, ran a front-page cartoon captioned, "Mr. Blunt Joins Mr. Stunt," when it was announced last October that Veeck had signed Hornsby. Rogers' first statement when he accepted the portfolio was: "No midgets." This was a reference to the fact that the Browns, adapting *(Continued on page 48)*

Midgets, free soda pop, orchids for the ladies, maybe even dancing girls—nobody except the great Veeck himself knows what carnival trick he'll dream up next to draw crowds. And the diamond spadework to help make the lowly Brownies respectable will be done by Hornsby

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

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COME BACK tc

How Papa and Mama me

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SORRENTO

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

nd courted each other and got married—and how they kept their dreams in a shoe

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

RIGHT from the beginning, Mama said, America was for her. After getting her eyes and head examined at Ellis Island, she was met at the boat landing by her brother, my Uncle Funzy. In those days Uncle Funzy, who was a musician—flute and saxophone—could barely support himself, let alone a greenhorn sister, and so he decided that the best thing for him to do was to marry Mama right off to somebody. That's why he just happened to have somebody along with him to meet Mama, somebody who was three times older than she was and just happened to be a bachelor and happened to have a good ice-and-coal business in the Wallabout Basin. Ice-and-Coal was bald-headed, but he had his own horse and wagon, and two thousand dollars under his mattress.

"Maria," Uncle Funzy said, after he kissed Mama, "this is Signor Bozzi."

Mama was seventeen then, the age when a bald head is worse than a mortal sin, and so no one could blame her for looking quickly at Ice-and-Coal and turning her attention back to America. She looked all around at the Battery, the Statue of Liberty, the el trains in the sky, and the skyscrapers along Bowling Green. Men, women, and children were coming off the motor barges, and the people who already belonged to the United States were kissing and hugging those who didn't belong. Mama stood there breathing in the air of salt and gasoline like it was perfume. Her eyes couldn't stand still and she was on her toes all the time from the excitement.

"Ah!" she breathed. As she stood there, smelling and looking at everything, Ice-and-Coal pulled nervously on the shoestring that was his tie. In his other hand, the one that wasn't nervous, he held his hat like it was a trophy.

"Signor Bozzi," Uncle Funzy said, trying the introduction in reverse this time, "I want you to meet my sister, Maria."

"Piacere," Ice-and-Coal said, bowing his head and giving Mama a better view of his baldness. Mama mumbled something to his head. Ice-and-Coal looked old enough to be her father, my grandfather, Nonno, who Mama had just left in Italy all by himself.

"Signor Bozzi has the ice business in summer," Uncle Funzy let Mama know. He started to pick up her valises and hampers, but Ice-and-Coal pushed him aside and grabbed the luggage himself to show Mama how strong he was, even with his fifty years and bald head.

Uncle Funzy went on: "And in the winter Signor Bozzi has the coal business."

"He digs the coal?" Mama asked. Uncle Funzy and Signor Bozzi, a couple of veteran Americans, laughed.

"Signor Bozzi lets the others dig it," Uncle Funzy said, putting his arm around his friend's sagging shoulders. "He sells it."

The luggage got lighter for Ice-and-Coal with the flattery. When they walked down the subway steps, Mama thought she was on her way to Hell, or to Signor Bozzi's coal mine, and until the train came out into the sunlight of Brooklyn, she fingered her rosary beads and kept her eyes shut for fear the Devil himself would hang his pitchfork on the strap over her head and sit down next to her. For Mama, marriages were made in heaven, and a man with a bald head and a coal mine didn't have a chance. . . .

It was the same with every other suitor Uncle Funzy brought around. After Ice-and-Coal it was a fat oboe player with tangled hair who worked all year round in the parks and museums; another time it was a plasterer who worked steady in the building trades and smelled like a walking house; another time it was a street cleaner who wore his white uniform to impress Mama, but he smelled of horses. Mama didn't want any of them.

"Maria," Uncle Funzy said one night after the street cleaner had left, leaving half a bottle of Asti Spumonti and a box of Italian pastries behind, "you're nearly eighteen years old now."

"Santa Maria della Grazie," Mama said, smiling. There were no days or months in Mama's calendar; the whole year was split up into three hundred and sixty-five saint's days and that was her way of letting Uncle Funzy know that her birthday was the same as St. Mary of Grace's, her namesake. Mama kept the smile on her face, waiting for Uncle Funzy to go on.

But Uncle Funzy looked at Mama and changed the subject. He didn't want her to think he was forcing her into a marriage just for his sake. He said, "There was another letter from Italy today."

"From Papa? What did he say?"

"He said he's got no money."

"So we send him some!" Mama said.

"And where will we get this money?"

"Where?" Mama said. "I'll go to work, that's where."

"It's not so easy finding a job without knowing the language."

"I'll find one," Mama said.

AND she did. Next morning she got a job as a pieceworker at the fur factory, where you did not have to know English to clean the skins off the animals. Now, with Mama working, Uncle Funzy stopped bringing suitors around and lost his interest in getting Mama married, especially, he figured, since she was so young and wouldn't be eighteen until *Santa Maria della Grazie*. Uncle Funzy relaxed. Mama was bringing money into the house, cleaning and washing for him, shopping and cooking for him—and so, instead of learning to play the saxophone better for commercial reasons, Uncle Funzy went back to his flute. Mama was still a child, he told himself as he sat back in the rocking chair in the front room, blowing away on his flute, and she had a lot of time yet for men.

But then Mama met Papa.

They were neighbors for a full month, living right next door to each other, before Mama saw him one night as they walked by each other on their way home from work. As he went past her, Mama looked up at him, but Papa walked right by her, as if she were a nun. That didn't stop Mama. The next night she smiled at Papa, a neighborly smile, and this time Papa just looked at her. In courting and things like that, Papa was always one step behind Mama.

"Buon giorno," Mama said the next night.

Papa smiled carefully at Mama, but he didn't say anything. He had his own ideas, and marriage wasn't one of them. His idea was to make enough money to buy a one-way ticket back to Italy and, with his American money, buy up ten acres of the most fertile ground around Sorrento, his home town, and raise olives. For his olive dream he went longshoring early every morning in the Wallabout Basin, and when he came home at night he cooked his own spaghetti, drank two glasses of wine, and went straight to bed with all his strength and his money. For Papa, only two things counted: making money and going back to Italy.

But Papa lost on both counts. One night Papa said *"buon giorno"* back to Mama and that was enough to start any Italian *(Continued on page 46)*

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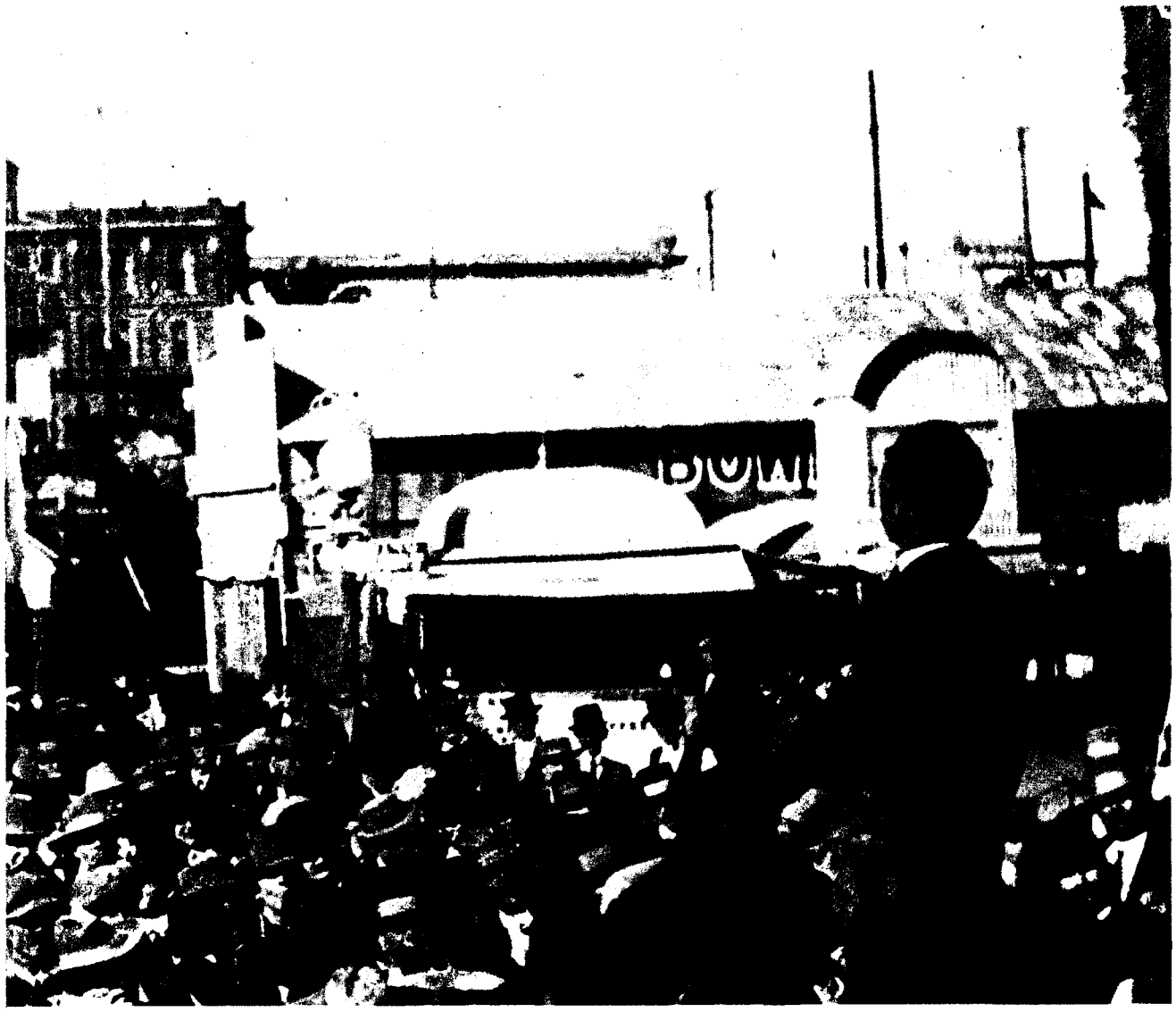
Continuing: LAST OF AMERICA'S TOOTH-PLUMBERS

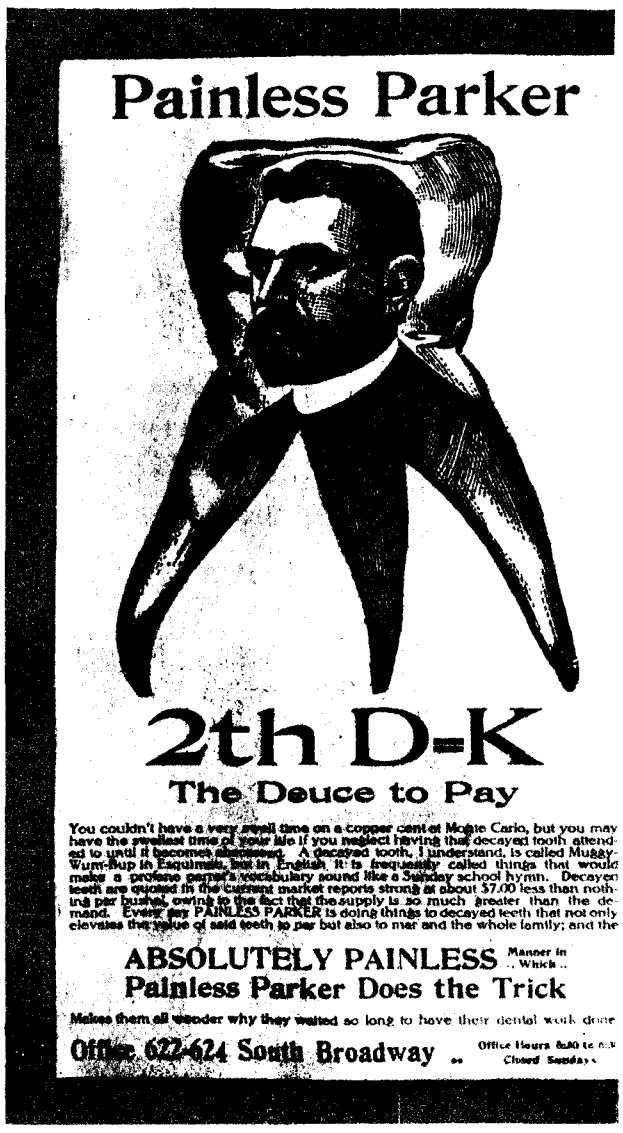
PAINLESS PARKER

The terror of ethical dentistry tries going straight, but fails miserabl

By RICHARD DONOVAN and DWIGHT WHITNEY

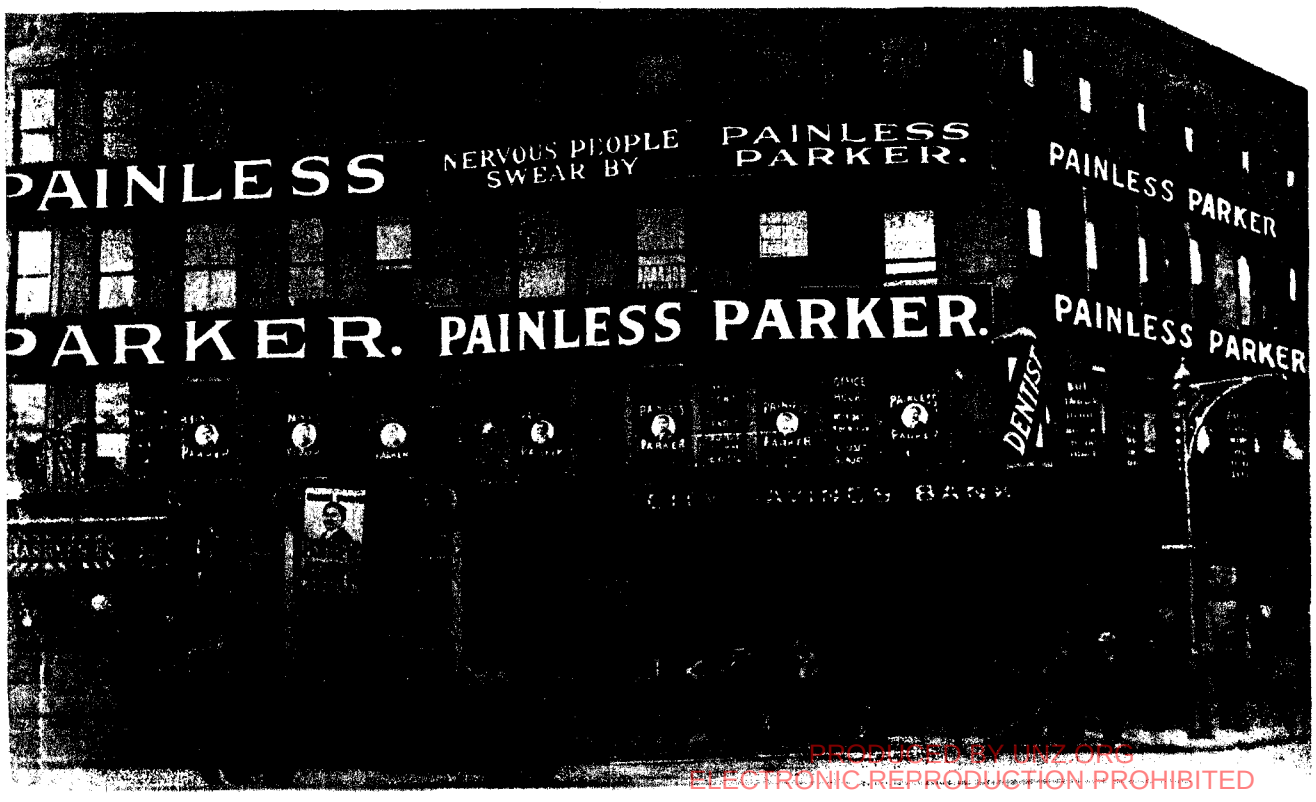


Los Angeles crowd gets the Parker lecture on the horrors of tooth decay, while a patient waits in the chair to experience the wonders of "painless" dentistry. Scene occurred in 1907


Painless Parker
2th D-K
The Deuce to Pay
You couldn't have a very swell time on a copper cent at Monte Carlo, but you may have the swellest time of your life if you neglect having that decayed tooth attended to until it becomes abscessed. A decayed tooth, I understand, is called Muggy-Wum-Bup in Esquimau, but in English it is frequently called things that would make a profane parrot's vocabulary sound like a Sunday school hymn. Decayed teeth are quoted in the current market reports strong at about 37.00 less than nothing per bushel, owing to the fact that the supply is so much greater than the demand. Every day PAINLESS PARKER is doing things to decayed teeth that not only elevates the value of said teeth to par but also to mar and the whole family; and the
ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS Manner in Which
Painless Parker Does the Trick
Makes them all wonder why they waited so long to have their dental work done
Office 622-624 South Broadway
Office Hours 8:30 to 6:30
Closed Sundays

American Dental Association shuddered when Parker ran ads like this in Los Angeles paper

Brooklyn building below was one of several branches Painless opened after abortive effort to become respectable. He also took to street with brass band, contortionist, and other acts



The late Frances Parker never quite became accustomed to husband's professional methods

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BUYS A CIRCUS

ıs success pursues him relentlessly from coast to coast

AS HE sat brooding in the train that was taking him, in the summer of 1895, from his native Canada to new and larger destinies in New York, Edgar Rudolph Randolph Parker, D.D.S., the dashing young dentist on horseback and medicine-show pitchman of the northern backwoods, felt oddly like a drowning man. His past life kept flashing before his eyes. It was all he could bear to do to look at it.

Dr. Parker, who was later to change his name to Painless Parker and become a legendary figure, as well as the problem practitioner of American dentistry, had been brought up by strict Baptist parents to be orthodox at all costs. He was a member of a profession that demanded absolute conformity to its code of ethics. He himself, when the respectable side of his nature was topmost, longed for nothing more than to settle down behind a modest shingle somewhere and practice low-paid, nonadvertising, ethical dentistry, the way most of his colleagues did.

But another side of his personality, the side that made him one of the world's great natural showmen, would not listen to parental teachings, dental codes or even the warnings of conscience. This side had driven him relentlessly across Canada and the United States in the doubtful company of confidence men, gamblers, tom-tom-thumping Indians, sword swallowers and kootch dancers, many of whom the doctor had hired to spellbind crowds while he lectured them on the horrors of tooth decay.

Dr. Parker squirmed in his train seat at the memory of the hundreds of street-corner tooth extractions he had performed, the bottles of worm killer, toothache medicine and youth philters he had sold, the countryfolk he had lured within reach of his drills and forceps with brass bands and banner signs advertising "absolutely painless" dentistry at cut-rate prices. All this had been most unethical, by American Dental Association standards, and had put the doctor in the very worst odor with all the ethical dentists in the Western Hemisphere.

It was this knowledge that made Dr. Parker deeply uneasy as he got off the train in New York and headed for Brooklyn, where his family had moved from New Brunswick, Canada, the year before. He could feel the "ethicals" laying for him. It was an odd feeling—considering that he had made up his mind on the train, once and for all, to go straight for the rest of his life.

Brooklyn in 1895 did not particularly impress the doctor, who was twenty-three and had seen much of the world as an able seaman, as well as a traveling dentist. But he made the best of it. Exchanging his bullet-ridden top hat for a derby and his frayed tailcoat for a business suit, he strolled down Flatbush Avenue one morning soon after his arrival and rented a small and dismal room in a frame building for an office. In an excess of ethical feeling, he had a sign that was a good deal smaller than the one he had broken over the head of a cop in Victoria, British Columbia, made up to say, simply, "E. R. Parker, Dentist."

To the mixed puzzlement and delight of his parents, who could not imagine what had got into Edgar, he began attending the local Baptist church, cultivating the neighbors and generally conducting himself with almost suffocating decorum. About the only links he kept with his barnstorming past were his flowing haircut, mustache and Vandyke beard, which made him look like Buffalo Bill, and the cornet he had long used to attract crowds.

In the hands of Dr. Parker, the cornet had always been a magic instrument. As he practiced it in Brooklyn, the sound carried across the street to the home of Miss Frances Wolfe, a pretty, thoroughly well-bred nineteen-year-old who was a friend of Dr. Parker's sister, Alice. When she could bear the blattings no longer, she strode across the street to demand that they cease. They did, largely because the doctor had lost his breath at the sight of Miss Wolfe.

In following weeks, Miss Wolfe had much cause to admire young Dr. Parker for his sobriety as well as his distinguished appearance. The doctor, for his part, had ample opportunity to observe Miss Wolfe in her home environment. She was inclined to be a little strait-laced, he noticed. Also, she had a great many relatives, all of whom seemed to be poor but proud. They worried Dr. Parker, but not enough to prevent him from asking Miss Wolfe to be his wife. Since she knew nothing of his background, and had the greatest faith in his prospects, she accepted at once.

An Agonizing Wait for Patients

"Blissful as it was," Dr. Parker recalled, recently, "marriage certainly put a terrible strain on my resolution to go straight. Day after day, I sat behind the curtain that divided my office into two equally repulsive rooms and waited for that miserable little sign to catch somebody's eye. It never did. My savings began to vanish and I got lines in my face; I passed out business cards at church and at club meetings; I even had my relatives and my wife's relatives ask around about toothaches among their friends. Nobody had one. Just about the only caller I had for months was a five-foot, 300-pound laughing boy named William Beebe. It was preposterous!" the doctor said.

The mountainous and jocular Beebe was a rent collector who had been a gifted circus press agent for most of his 50 years and was always on the lookout for something new to ballyhoo. With his sure instinct for exploitable material, Beebe divined the imprisoned showman skulking underneath the doctor's funereal façade, and after a few calls he came right to the point.

"You better do a little advertising before it's too late," said Beebe.

The doctor reacted violently at mention of that forbidden word. "Never!" he cried, leaping up. "I've got my position and my wife to think of."

"Exactly," Beebe agreed. "That's why you better start advertising."

Thereafter, Beebe tempted the submerged showman in Dr. Parker with extravagant predictions of what *(Continued on page 43)*

JOHN FLOREA

Parker, still a brisk spellbinder at 80, now bosses three-state dentistry chain from his headquarters in San Francisco

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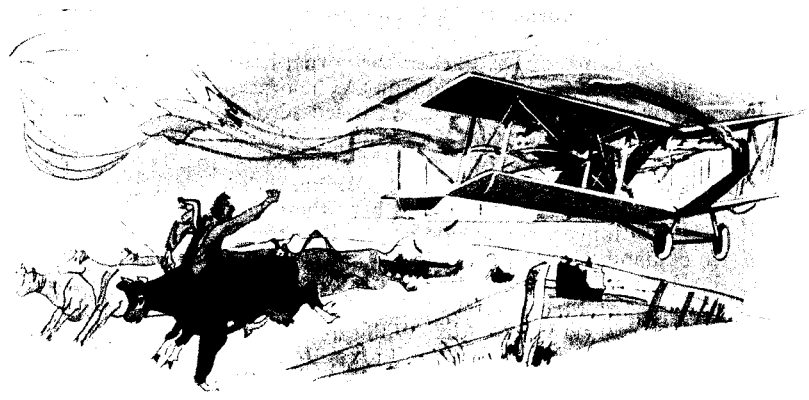
The Ruptured Duck

By WALT GROVE



THE morning that Mitch got the telegram from Eloise that changed his whole life, he was working on the south side of the hangar on the Ruptured Duck. The Duck was an open-cockpit, two-place biplane that had been several years old before the second World War began. It was the oldest airplane that Mitch owned. The rest of the Mitchell's Flying School (Planes for Rent to Private Parties) planes were new, ninety-five-horsepower, light planes, fresh-looking little red, yellow and blue cabin jobs. They were the planes that the students flew and that people wanted to rent. No one ever wanted to rent the Ruptured Duck and no one ever wanted to fly it.

The only reason that Mitch kept the Ruptured Duck was because it made the CAA inspector angry. The inspector, a bald little man named Dickie Williams, almost blew his top every time he had to recertify the Duck. "That thing!" he would say, losing control of himself. "That thing ought to be burned!" And as he inspected it, Dickie Williams would grow more and more angry until finally he would turn on Mitch and yell at him, "Damn you, Aswell Mitchell, you ought to be run out of Texas!"

Mitch had nothing against Inspector Williams. He just did not like being told what to do—by anyone—and so he kept the Duck. He had fallen heir to it when he bought the flying school from its original owner. The school consisted of two hundred and fifty acres of sun-dried Texas prairie and a large galvanized-iron hangar. The Duck had been thrown in for good measure.

Mitch, who had been a crew chief in the Army, and who had almost unbelievable luck with a pair of dice, made down payments on five new light planes and opened up for business. He did not teach flying himself, but had two instructors working for him on percentage. Mitch kept the planes in good flying condition, gassed them up, trundled them in and out of the hangar, and rang the bells on the cash register.

Mitch had only one salaried employee, a tall, sour string bean of a fellow who was called, with great humor, Shorty. The morning that Mitch got the telegram from Eloise Ledbetter, he and Shorty were working on the Ruptured Duck in the shade beside the hangar. In three days Dickie Williams would have to inspect the Duck, and Mitch wanted to make sure the airplane was in shape. Slowly he and Shorty were checking her over. Shorty, who had been born depressed, said nothing. And Mitch, whose heart and soul were black because of Eloise and her final words—"Good-by, Aswell"—had nothing to say.

Eloise Ledbetter was the only woman of mystery Mitch had ever known. She had appeared at the field one Saturday afternoon six months before, wanting to learn to fly. Although she was new in town, all she told Mitch about her past was that she was from Stiles, Texas, and that she had recently attended the San Antonio Business College. Eloise made no mention of lovers, friends or family she had left behind in Stiles; she didn't even tell Mitch what had happened at the business college. And he was filled with a burning desire to know everything about her, but he was far too shy to ask questions other than things like didn't she think it might rain later on in the evening, Miss Ledbetter.

Although Eloise had appeared with the suddenness of a wraith, there was nothing wraithlike about her. She looked like a female figure in a group that Rodin might have done on Love, Motherhood and The Good Life. She had all the qualities of a classical statue—great physical beauty, stonelike firmness of thigh, and large, innocent eyes. And soon, because of the generous proportion of her charms and the fact that she was a beginning stenographer at a low wage, Eloise owed the flying school $103.50.

The day Eloise soloed, Mitch fainted as she came in to land. When he regained consciousness, he was lying on the tarmac and Eloise was sitting with his head in her lap. Mitch had known then that he loved her more than anything in the world, but he did not tell her because he was shy. He tried, but the words did not come. However, he did make her promise to give up flying. He said that if she would give it up he would teach her how to be an airplane mechanic. So she promised, and every Saturday after that she would come out and they'd get greasy together fooling around with pistons, and Mitch began to think they had a lot in common.

Mitch wanted to marry Eloise, but he was afraid to ask her, and he was afraid to tell his mother. He knew he could not come right out and tell his mother—she hated girls—and he tried to think of some clever way to get around her. He thought of none, and then one day Eloise came to him with moist eyes and told him that she was leaving.

"I'm leaving, Aswell," she'd said.

Mitch had been unable to speak. He had been filled with violent and terrible emotions. He wanted to take her in his arms, but he was afraid to. He wanted to ask her why she was leaving—was there another man?—but he could not do that either.

"Good-by, Aswell," Eloise had said, sounding very sad, and she had walked away.

DURING the two weeks since that time Mitch had passed from heartbreak through hatred to bitterness and melancholy, and back to heartbreak again. His mother had gone around with a small secret smile on her face. Once she had said, "Say, whatever did happen to that what's-her-name girl?" And Mitch had jumped up and run out to the back yard and leaned against a peach tree and looked up at the moon and thought what a fool he had been.

It was slightly over a hundred in the shade where Mitch and Shorty were working. Standing next to the galvanized-iron hangar was like standing in an oven. A plane, shooting landings, was kicking up dust that rolled across the field at regular intervals. Two hundred yards down the road toward town was the spot where Mitch's mother had her sandwich stand and drive-in. It was a small white frame structure with a hand-painted sign: Mother Mitchell's Home Cooking—Pies.

Shorty was in the front cockpit, working the rudder pedals. Mitch had just skinned his knuckles when a wrench had slipped. He was sucking his hand and cursing silently. His mother had never allowed him to curse, and he had grown so used to cursing under his breath that he could not get out of the habit. The wrench had fallen to the ground.

Mitch bent over to pick it up. He was standing directly beneath the big wooden prop. As he bent over, the engine fired suddenly and the prop kicked over. It grazed Mitch's right ear and knocked him flat. It did not hurt him because he was a large man but it made him angry and he jumped up, waving the wrench.

"Shorty, I'll kill you!" He started around the wing.

"What for?" Shorty said. But he had hopped out of the cockpit and gone to the left wing tip.

"You know what for!" Mitch ran to the tail.

Shorty ran to the nose. "No, I don't."

"You touched that switch."

"Naw."

Mitch stopped. "Okay, you didn't. Come here."

"Put down the wrench," Shorty said.

"I won't hurt you."

Shorty stayed where he was.

Mitch dropped the wrench. "There."

Shorty came around the wing tip. "Trouble is there's a loose wire in the magneto."

IT WAS then that Mitch looked up and saw his mother standing outside the door of the drive-in, beckoning to him. It was a hot day and Mitch would have to walk all that way in the sun. He looked the other way.

"Mitch!" his mother yelled at him. "You come here this minute!"

"Mother's calling you," Shorty said.

Mitch gave him a dirty look and then turned and started up the road. When he went into the small restaurant, letting the screen door slam, he said, "What is it?"

"If I have told you once I have told you a thousand times, don't slam that door," his mother said. She was a large woman, almost as big as Mitch, with a clear skin and short red hair. "You know what that does to my nerves," she said. She did not look as if she had a nerve in her body.

"Okay, okay," Mitch said. "What is it?"

"Telephone."

Mitch covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "Go in the ladies'. This is a private conversation."

"I won't listen," his mother said. She sat down at a table. "Don't think I want to listen. I got more important things on my mind."

"Aw, Mother!" Mitch said.

"You just go right ahead."

Fuming, Mitch said, "Hello."

"Aswell Mitchell? This is Western Union."

Mitch became frightened. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. Message for you. Shall I read it?"

"Yeah," Mitch said, swallowing.

"Message reads as follows: 'Come at once. Your presence urgently needed.' It's signed 'Eloise Ledbetter.' "

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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Eloise Ledbetter was the only woman of mystery he'd ever known. And she needed him. Nothing—not even his mother—could keep Mitch from her

Now and then the man in the deck chair groaned faintly. "What is it?" Mitch said. "My father," Eloise said sadly. "The mean old selfish fake"

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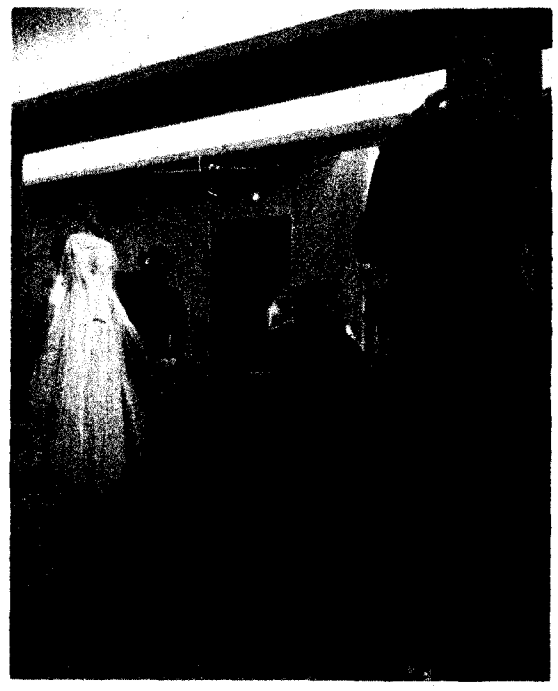
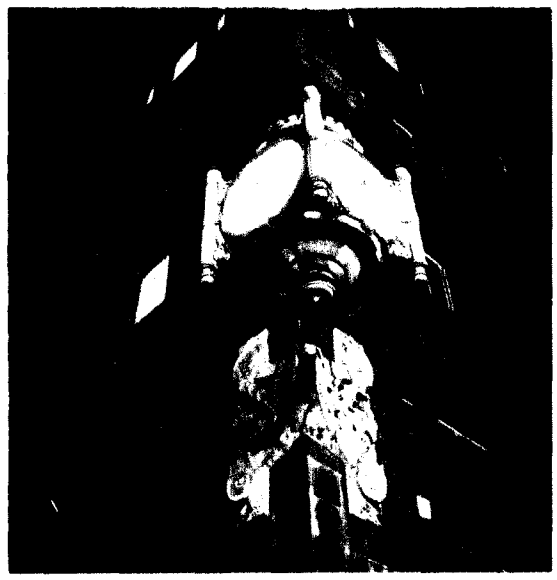
A striking architectural feature of Field's is the 13-story "well" on the north side of the great building. Bounded by balconies on most floors, it's topped by a skylight



Field's big sixth floor has 13 women's-wear shops. This one sells medium-priced dresses

Deep in a subbasement, the $750,000 boiler room produces 1,000,000 lbs. of steam a day



Celebrated Chicago landmark, famed Field's clock overlooks State and Washington Streets

BIG STORE'S

BIG BIRTHDAY

PERHAPS the best evidence that the United States of America is outgrowing its youth and fulfilling the promise implicit in its founding is the increasing number of centennial celebrations devoted, over the past few years, to honoring its institutions, its traditions and its enterprise. Among the most significant of the nation's centennials are those marking the growth of industry. Of these, few are closer to John Q. Public than the centennial celebration of America's department stores.

With their fantastic multitudes of goods and services, modern department stores are energetic symbols of competition in successful action. Stores like McCreery's in New York, 114 years old, Hager & Bro. in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 130, and Indianapolis' L. S. Ayres & Company, 104, are already well past their first 100 years. Last year Boston's famed Jordan Marsh Company capped its first century with year-long festivities. And this month, Marshall Field & Company of Chicago, one of the most famous and prosperous of all, launches a 100th Anniversary celebration of its own.

Marshall Field I, for whom the store is named, was thirty-one when he went to work in a small store run by famed old Potter Palmer. He was forty-seven when he took over as sole owner of the firm in 1881. Field, a shy, gracious man who wore white gloves when greeting customers, put meaning into the theory that a department store "ought to give the ladies what they want." Service was his key to success. He, thus, made his store the first of its kind in the country to provide a personal shopping service for its customers, introduce charge accounts and offer free deliveries.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR SIEGEL

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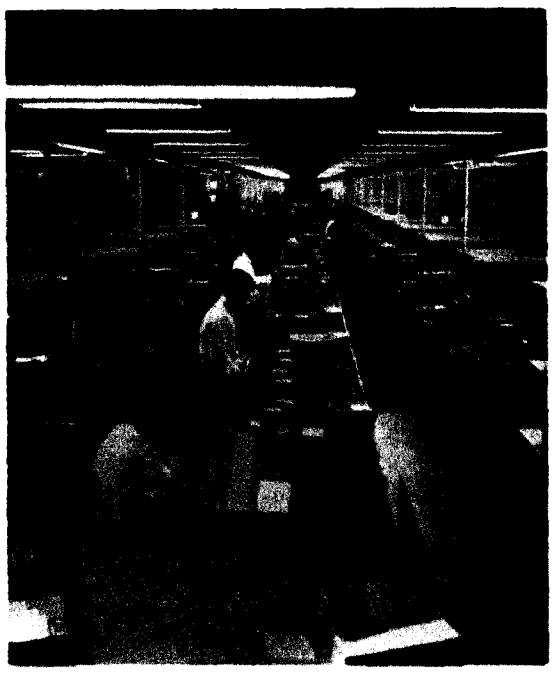
In Field's nursery, started in 1907, mothers can deposit children while they go shopping



In firm's South Side delivery station, night workers sort packages for next day's trucks

Saleswoman Laura Morrissey advises shoppers as they try on hats in the store's super-chic fifth floor French Room. It was here that a custom-made chapeau once was sold for $795

The Personal Shopping Service, launched by Field's in the 1880s, handles phone and mail requests from customers. Its switchboard alone (above) answers over 10,000 calls per day

Still blending business with service, Field's is a block square, 13 stories high, and has three prosperous branches in Chicago's suburbs. Its Chicago main store grosses an estimated $135,000,000 annually to make it a close runner-up to New York's huge 93-year-old R. H. Macy's and Detroit's 70-year-old J. L. Hudson Company. The store operates seven restaurants, its own laundry, bakery, cold-storage plant and gunsmith shop.

Field's, like many another retail colossus in America's largest cities, is virtually a world in itself. It even has its own celebrities. Film star Dorothy Lamour worked there; so did another Hollywood luminary, Arlene Dahl, and Chicago's present mayor, Martin H. Kennelly. The store has its customs and traditions, too. It is a custom at Field's to provide service for the customer, and it is a tradition in Chicago to meet under Field's famous clock on the corner of Washington and State Streets. The clock has marked the hours for a good long time, now. But this year all Chicago will listen as it strikes a century for a store that has become a symbol of Midwest America. BILL FAY

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HENRY LUHRS

He was quite sure she didn't really want to go. She wanted a fight, and, afterward, a good cry

The Victory

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

THOMAS LANHAM knew instantly, as he opened the door of his apartment, what the noise meant. Those cackles from young male throats, the cultivated whoops from the girls, the throb of the record player and the clink of ice in glasses could only mean another of the impromptu parties perpetrated so often lately by his nineteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, and the assorted college and finishing-school inmates who were her friends.

Isabelle, Lanham's wife, was away for the week end, and he missed her. This morning he had asked his daughter to have dinner out with him, but she had had a date, so he had eaten alone and gone to a poor movie. Now, lonely and at loose ends, he wanted to sleep, but with this young-set circus going on, he hadn't a chance. His temper began warming up. Gritting his teeth, he backed out and closed the door. A walk might calm him down.

Walking, he brooded. He loved his pretty, spirited daughter. It wasn't the understanding, generous love he felt for his wife, but it was real, and sometimes very proud. Uneasily, he wondered what Barbara thought about him and Isabelle. A week ago, they had come home and found her and three other girls and six apparently homeless and penniless, though expensively dressed, boys lounging and lunging about the disordered living room. Barbara, seeing them in the hall, had given them a little wave and a look that said: Please disappear. Lanham had called her out and said, "We don't want to join your party, but you might introduce us so your friends won't think we broke in." She had done it, with poise but no enthusiasm. The other girls had smiled and murmured properly; the young men, coming to their feet with prodigious effort, had given Lanham foggy looks in which he knew he saw good-natured contempt. To them, he was only another of the sucker "old men" off whom they would feed and drink for a few years by virtue of their being undergraduates in good colleges and therefore acceptable—indeed, indispensable—to parents who wanted their daughters adequately dated.

"Carry on," Lanham had said as soon as possible and gone to his room, muttering sourly.

Now, turning the corner and walking the last half block to his building, he criticized himself for having taken it so hard. If he couldn't manage his home and his daughter without anger, it was his own fault. That seemed a healthy idea, and he decided to go around the block again, thinking about it. He went on past his entrance, but a moment later wheeled around, ashamed, knowing that he had gone on only to escape facing Barbara and her friends.

Upstairs again, he turned the key in his lock and pushed the door inward. The music and laughter bore out on him like a blast of wind. As he stood there, his hand tight on the doorknob, a tall, sandy-haired boy loped into the hallway, carrying a pillow. He bent down, put the pillow between his feet and shot it back like a centered football. From the living room there came a shriek and the sound of shattering glass. The boy stood up and caught sight of Lanham at the door. He clapped a hand to his mouth and ducked back into the living room. Lanham heard a jumble of voices and then, clearly, that of his daughter, saying, "Oh, pay no attention. Relax."

The voices fell away, and Lanham heard quick footsteps. Barbara appeared in the doorway, holding a highball glass. "They're all afraid of you, Father. Come show them how harmless you are."

Lanham wished now that he had stayed out. He felt not like an adult going in among youngsters, but like a child being pulled—Barbara, surprisingly, had taken his hand—into a room full of formidable grownups. They moved among her friends—the lean, pale boy with the plaid waistcoat and baby-hair mustache, the languorous blonde with dead-white hands and tawny pancake make-up, the crew-cut boys, and the busty brunette with the hurried lipstick job. Most of them, Lanham saw, were drinking. Barbara, too, judging by the breezy, overloud way she introduced them.

He saw, too, as he went around the room, that a pipe from his own rack was now in the mouth of a grinning sophomore, and an old shaving mug that he had kept in the bathroom for twenty years was now on a side table, filled with beer. Other tables were covered with dirty dishes and the remains of an extensive late supper. There was a stain the size of a manhole cover on the carpet. One of the boys was standing beside the liquor tray, opening a fresh bottle of whisky. He turned and saw Lanham looking at him. "Oops," he said. "How about one for you, Mr.—sir?"

Lanham paid no attention to the nervous laughter from some of the others. His eye had fallen upon something under the piano. He suddenly realized that it was a large framed photograph of Isabelle, a picture he cared for. It was this, then, not a falling glass, that he had heard after the pillow sailed into the room. He went over and bent down beside it. The glass and the frame were broken.

"For Heaven's sake!" he said, and his throat tightened. No one else spoke. He took the picture in his hand. The glass crackled as he stood up and faced them.

"I'll get it fixed, Father," Barbara said.

"You certainly will," he told her in a low, strained voice. "And that's not all. You and your friends have used this place as a roadhouse for the last time. I'm damned tired of coming in here and finding it a shambles. You'll clean it up now, every inch of it. When that's done, you may consider the party over. Good night."

Lanham left the door of his room open a crack and listened with grim satisfaction to the clank of dishes and silverware in the pantry. He supposed he had sounded pretty stuffy, but he had got results. For once, he had not weakened. He glanced at the bent and broken picture of Isabelle and wished she had been there to see him.

IN a short time, Barbara knocked on his door and said icily, "Do you want to inspect the living room?"

He followed her. The room, to his surprise, was spotless and in perfect order. Barbara's friends were out in the hallway, whispering and giggling as they got into their coats.

"Very good," he said to Barbara. He was about to thank her, but decided he owed no thanks. He wondered if it might occur to her to offer an apology.

She gave him an injured look and said, "I didn't think my own father would cause me the worst humiliation I've ever felt."

Her voice was unsteady, and Lanham saw that she was holding back tears. Again he hardened himself. "You're lucky," he said. "If someone else had done it, it would have hurt more, and probably for longer."

The tears came. "You're mean!" she said. "You're horrible!" She ran to the hall and snatched up her own coat. "If my friends have to leave," she announced huskily, "then I'm going to leave with them."

It was nearly midnight, and Lanham did not want her to go out. He was quite sure, too, that she didn't really want to go. She wanted a fight, and, afterward, a good cry.

"Have fun," he said evenly. She looked almost as though he had slapped her, and he turned away quickly because he almost felt as though he had.

He went to bed and contemplated his victory. It was clear-cut. He had not weakened, even toward the end, when she had pulled all the stops. He had got hard and stayed hard, and that way he had defeated her. It was a strange feeling.

He had trouble getting to sleep. When he first looked at the clock, it was one thirty. After another hour, he got up and lighted a cigarette and went out to the living room. He turned on a couple of lamps. The room was clean now and in order, the way he liked it. There were no strident voices, no pounding rhythms.

At four o'clock, he took a small drink. It gave him no relief from his worries or from the questions that troubled him. These kids, he thought. You indulge them, and that isn't right. You punish them, and whether that's right or not, you teach them to punish in return. He knew that Barbara knew he was worried. She would stay out until he was so worried that when she came in he would feel like begging her to have her parties at home, so that he could hear the music and voices and, if he looked in, see her there among her friends, safe and sound. But he knew he could not bring himself to do that. If he heard her coming in, he would slip quietly back to his room and pretend to be asleep. His victory for the night—for all she'd ever know—would be complete. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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Nobody Can Keep Up with THIS JONES

By BEN MERSON

An ex-janitor, W. Alton Jones is one of America's least-known and most-talked-about business executives

A FEW months ago a leading Eastern university offered to confer an honorary degree on W. Alton Jones, president of Cities Service Corporation. It was the fifth such offer from as many colleges. And as usual Jones refused. When a baffled colleague asked him why, the six-foot three-inch oil executive explained, "I'm afraid I might learn to take myself too seriously."

The modest reply is typical of Jones, who rose from $45-a-month janitor to $150,000-a-year president of a petroleum empire. His curious shyness, coupled with his unique achievements, have made him one of the least-known and most-talked-about big business executives in America today.

In Wall Street, they speak of him in superlatives. Emil Schram, former stock exchange president, says, "Jones has done the seemingly impossible—since 1935 he has reduced the debt in preferred stock by over a quarter billion dollars, boosted the company's present stock from $2.12 a share to over $100 and raised the gross income almost to the billion-dollar mark."

In Washington, they speak of Jones with the same admiration. For he did as much as any man to help win World War II. He ended the dynamite shortage by building a secret plant at Maumelle, Arkansas. He increased the scope of our warplanes by constructing a 100-octane gasoline refinery at Lake Charles, Louisiana. And when the government could not decide whether to try to build tankers faster than the Nazis were sinking them—or build an oil pipe line from Texas to the East—Jones ended the indecision with the classic phrase, "You can't sink a pipe line." Then he built Big Inch and Little Inch in time for the Normandy invasion.

"Jones is incredible," says a Department of the Interior spokesman. "Big Inch was one of the few things on which the government ever made a profit."

At Cities Service, executive vice-president Burl S. Watson says, "If it weren't for Jones, there might not be a Cities Service today."

Despite their agreement on Jones the executive, neither Wall Street, Washington nor his associates know much about Jones the man. He is frankly uneasy with people, and this shows itself in his impatience, aggressiveness, whimsical humor and love of privacy. He never sees reporters. He seldom poses for pictures. And he has never been written up in his own company magazine. He will not even allow his name to be used by his favorite charities. "They can make better use of my checkbook," he says.

It took three months before he would finally consent to see this reporter. Then he demanded, "What's glamorous about me?—a money-grabbing businessman, who's been married to the same woman all his life, and who's never been kayoed in a night club."

Actually the only thing ordinary about Jones is his name. Towering head and shoulders above the average man, he has ingenuous blue eyes and his hair is still blond at sixty. He weighs 197 pounds. And his physique is that of a natural athlete. He has a 37-inch waist, 17-inch neck and 44-inch chest. His chest expansion is six inches—double that of Joe Louis. (The former heavyweight champion's chest expands from 42 to 45 inches.)

However, Jones did not discover athletics until he was well past fifty, an age when most men rediscover the armchair. The results astonished even Jones. He learned golf only 10 years ago. Today he consistently shoots in the eighties, and can drive a ball 250 yards. Ex-champion Bobby Jones, with whom he often plays, describes him as "tough enough competition for any professional."

He took up tennis even later and developed a dynamic base-line game that overwhelms some of the former college stars employed by Cities Service. But more surprising is his skill with a shotgun. He had never handled one until three years ago. But in July, 1950, he stepped out on the firing line at Bohemian Grove, California, and won a Bohemian Club trapshooting championship from a host of experts.

Jones plays with the same furious energy that he works. But he never takes a formal vacation. He "relaxes," as he calls it, on occasional week ends. "I tried it with him once," recounts George H. Shaw, a company director. "I haven't recovered yet."

It happened at Jones's summer home in Lake Placid, New York. First he roused Shaw at 6:00 A.M. and served him a typical Jones breakfast—five kinds of fruit, three eggs, ham, bacon, biscuits, coffee, milk, pie and cheese. Then he rushed his colleague off to the golf course.

"At the eighteenth hole," says Shaw, "I was so worn out from running after him that I putted myself into the clubhouse."

But not Jones. He found another partner and played another 18 holes. Then he called for lunch. "About twice the size of breakfast," says Shaw. "After that he went for a three-mile horseback ride. This made him warm, so he went swimming."

Shaw went home. Jones went to the tennis courts, where he played for an hour. Later he drove Shaw and several other guests 40 miles to a roadhouse for dinner. And when they got back, Jones suggested they go night-fishing for bass.

"Nobody would go," says Shaw. "So he talked us into playing bridge all night. Next morning Jones got up at six and went through the same routine all over again."

Jones's summer camp at Lake Placid, New York, is only one of the seven properties that he and Mrs. Jones own. He loves luxury. "I can really appreciate it," he says. "I was born on a slag pile in Missouri." He has a seven-room apartment on New York's fashionable Sutton Place, an estate on La Gorce Island off Miami, Florida, a 2,800-acre farm near Easton, Maryland, a 3,000-acre farm outside Lexington, Kentucky, and part interest in a 35,000-acre farm in Delta Farms, Louisiana. Besides these, he still maintains his boyhood home in Missouri and his first New York home in suburban Forest Hills, which, until recently, was occupied by George Pomeroy, who commands Cities Service's fleet of a dozen planes.

The farms are all *(Continued on page 56)*

Oilman Jones lifted Cities Service Corporation from a debt-ridden firm to a vast empire

BOB LANDRY

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COOTER JAMES

By JACK SCHAEFER

Give Cooter a herd of cattle to count, and you'd never catch him in a mistake. But keeping books in a store is something else—especially with customers like the red-haired widow

COOTER JAMES rode in from the line camp, blowing flakes of the first snow off his mustache and feeling sorry for himself. He was in no mood for light talk when he pulled up by the ranch-house porch and found Jess Winslow standing there watching him. "Jess," he said, "stock's all right and camp's tight. But you'd best send another man out. Can't winter it again."

"Trouble," said Jess Winslow. "I ought to know trouble's riding with you, the way your mustache sags. What is it? Age getting you soft?"

Cooter James was too low to flare much at that. "Only turned forty last year," he said. "Just when a man's got his growth and a bit of sense in him. Three years running, I've rode that line. Not doing it again."

"Money," said Jess. "That's what it is. You're hitting me for more money."

Cooter James sighed. "Not a matter of money. Matter of principle. Way back doing line work, got worried being alone. Promised myself that when I took to spooking easy and talking to myself I'd take fair warning. Last night an owl woke me shivering. This morning caught myself talking to the coffeepot. Saddled up and came straight in."

"Letting me down," said Jess. "That's what you're doing. Just when I need that line rode right, you're letting me down."

"Sorry, Jess," said Cooter. "Man that can't keep a promise to himself's a peaked kind of mangy pack rat."

"That's how you look to me this minute now," said Jess Winslow. "Jumping at owls and scared of your own voice. Pack rat's too nice a word."

Cooter James sighed again. He wasn't much to look at, and he knew it. Short and thickening around the middle, with a limp from a bronc-thrown broken bone that never healed right. Scrambled features burnt and weathered, with always-squinting, muddy-blue eyes and a hooked nose over a handle-bar mustache that drooped to hide a short upper lip. But he was a good hand on any man's ranch, and he knew that too.

"Easy, Jess," he said. "I'm quitting. Just made myself another promise. Going to winter warm and lazy in town. I'll thank you for my time quick as convenient." . . .

Cooter James rode into town, sighing soft into the drooping ends of his mustache. "Change," he said. "That's what I need. Easy living for a spell." He had money to spend and he spent it: on thorough barbering and town clothes and genteel living quarters—a room at Mrs. Pearson's boarding-house. Four days, and he had his fill of that. The food was solid and staying but he had an uneasy feeling that Mrs. Pearson disapproved of his table manners. The bed was too bouncy and the floor was too smooth and he had difficulty navigating among the fussy scatter rugs that gave treacherous footing for a man used to unfinished planks. He was uncomfortable in his town clothes and he felt shorter than ever in shoes that didn't have the high heels of his worn old boots. And he never could remember to scrape his feet on the mat before he went in the front door.

On the evening of the fourth day, Cooter took a long look at Mr. Pearson, who clerked ten hours at a stretch at the railroad freight office and came home to scrape his feet careful on the mat. Cooter sighed into what was left of his mustache and went upstairs to bed mighty thoughtful. In the morning, he rolled his town clothes into a neat bundle. He put on his old blue jeans and flannel shirt and work jacket. He struggled to get his feet into his boots again and jammed his faded Stetson on his head. He left an extra five-dollar bill on the bed and went downstairs and out the front door.

Two hours' walking found what he wanted—a sagging shed at the edge of town, abandoned when the railroad section gang moved on. Three days later he was snug and settled—the shed braced and tight, a bunk rigged, a cracked stove brought from the blacksmith shop, and food on shelves along one wall. He could wander around town and pass the time of day with plenty of folks, and stop at the livery stable to visit his horse. He could spend as many hours as he wanted sitting by his stove, reading through the stack of old newspapers he had found in a corner of the shed. Then, late one night, a board squeaked and he woke up shivering and got up and made a pot of coffee and started talking to it.

"What's wrong with me?" said Cooter. "Took fair warning. Warm and lazy in town. Still there's an itch inside I can't get at. Might be I need something new to be doing."

That was why Cooter James went to work in Silas John Unger's general store, and got himself involved with a barrel of flour.

Silas John Unger knew Cooter from the time they were Circle Bar hands together. Silas John was lean, with a lantern jaw and hair lightened with streaks of gray. He was maybe ten years older, and fatherly in his feeling for Cooter James. "Cooter, boy," he said, "it pleases me to have you acquiring some smattering of sense at last. I'm doing well and putting money in the bank. You should be doing the same. When the sun's shining, get ready for a rainy day."

"Rain don't bother me," said Cooter. "And storekeeping's not my style. Only want to wear out the winter with it, if there's work enough to warrant."

"There's work enough," said Silas John. "During the selling times, at least. When things are slack, we can play checkers like in the old days."

SEVERAL weeks went by, and Cooter was twenty-nine games ahead on the chart they kept, when Silas John read a letter in one morning's mail. He chewed a pencil and made tracks on a piece of paper and came out of the cubbyhole he called his office.

"Cooter boy," he said, "the country hereabouts is getting thick with homesteaders, and I'm thinking of adding a line of farm machinery. I'll have to go east to Chicago to tie the deal. Do you reckon you can handle things while I'm gone?"

"Reckon so," said Cooter.

Silas John tapped his nose with the pencil. "One thing worries me. You never had much head for figures. I like my books kept straight and neat."

Cooter blew air through the ends of his mustache that was growing out again the way he liked. "Set me on a corral rail," he said. "Drive steers past all day. Come night I'll have you the tally right, with the sway-backs and big-jaws marked. Reckon I can keep figures on a cramped little store like this."

"Steers are one thing," said Silas John. "Store goods another."

"Take your trip," Cooter said. "Take your time. If my figures don't tot up exact, I'll teach you how to beat that checker game of mine." . . .

Cooter James kept his figures clean and straight in the two books—one for cash and one for credit—and he lined down the pages neater than Silas John ever did. One day he tallied out fifteen cents ahead on the cash account. That bothered him till he undercharged a homesteader's wife fifteen cents on her winter dress goods and decided that that balanced the account. Then reports came of a blizzard in the hills, and people began crowding into town by wagon to lay in quantity supplies for the hard months. He was as busy as he had ever been at branding time, making up orders, packing goods into the wagons, and keeping the books posted.

He was a tired man but a triumphant man when Silas John strolled in and sat down on a nail keg and set his satchel on the floor and looked around. "You've been doing business," said Silas John. "My shelves look like people been buying."

"Been putting money in the bank for you," said Cooter. "Been protecting my checker game too."

SILAS JOHN went into his cubbyhole and bent over the books. After a while, he came out and looked at Cooter perched on the rear counter and shook his head and went back in and chewed a pencil. Then he began coming out and counting articles and going back in to check the books. He kept at this till Cooter was blowing his mustache, laughing.

"Enjoying yourself?" said Cooter. "Remind me of a chipmunk laying up nuts in a hollow tree." He slid off the counter and went up front to tend to a customer. When that was done, he found Silas John occupying the perch on the rear counter and jutting his jaw at a high angle.

"Cooter boy," said Silas John, "you've lost me a barrel of flour."

"Crazy as a cracked teapot," said Cooter. "Couldn't lose anything that big."

"You could," said Silas John. "There was nineteen barrels out back when I left. There's four now. That means you sold fifteen. But there's only fourteen marked in the books—three cash and eleven credit."

Cooter's jaw stiffened. "Certain of those figures?"

Silas John slid off the counter and straightened up tall. "That I am," he said.

"Right," said Cooter. His jaw stiffened even more and his muddy-blue eyes squinted at the corners. "Take the price out of my pay."

"That I'll not," said Silas John. "What's a little matter of a barrel of flour between you and me?"

"Not a little matter," said Cooter. "Matter of principle."

"Pay for it, then," said Silas John. "I know better than to try to stop you. But I'm giving you a bonus for taking care of my store while I was gone. I make it the price of a barrel of flour. You know better than to try to stop me."

Cooter sighed and his lips relaxed in a small smile. "Reminds me of the old days," he said. He reached behind the counter and pulled out the battered checkerboard. "Got another debt to pay," he said, and began setting the checkers in place.

Two weeks went by, and Cooter James was only seven games ahead on the chart and fighting to hold his lead. That gave a mild tingle to the days and it was pleasant wagging away the time with Silas John. It was pleasant too at Cooter's shed, where he could be his own boss yet be within a nice neighborly reach of other folks. Then, early one morning, a train tooted faint and far-off down the track and he woke up *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

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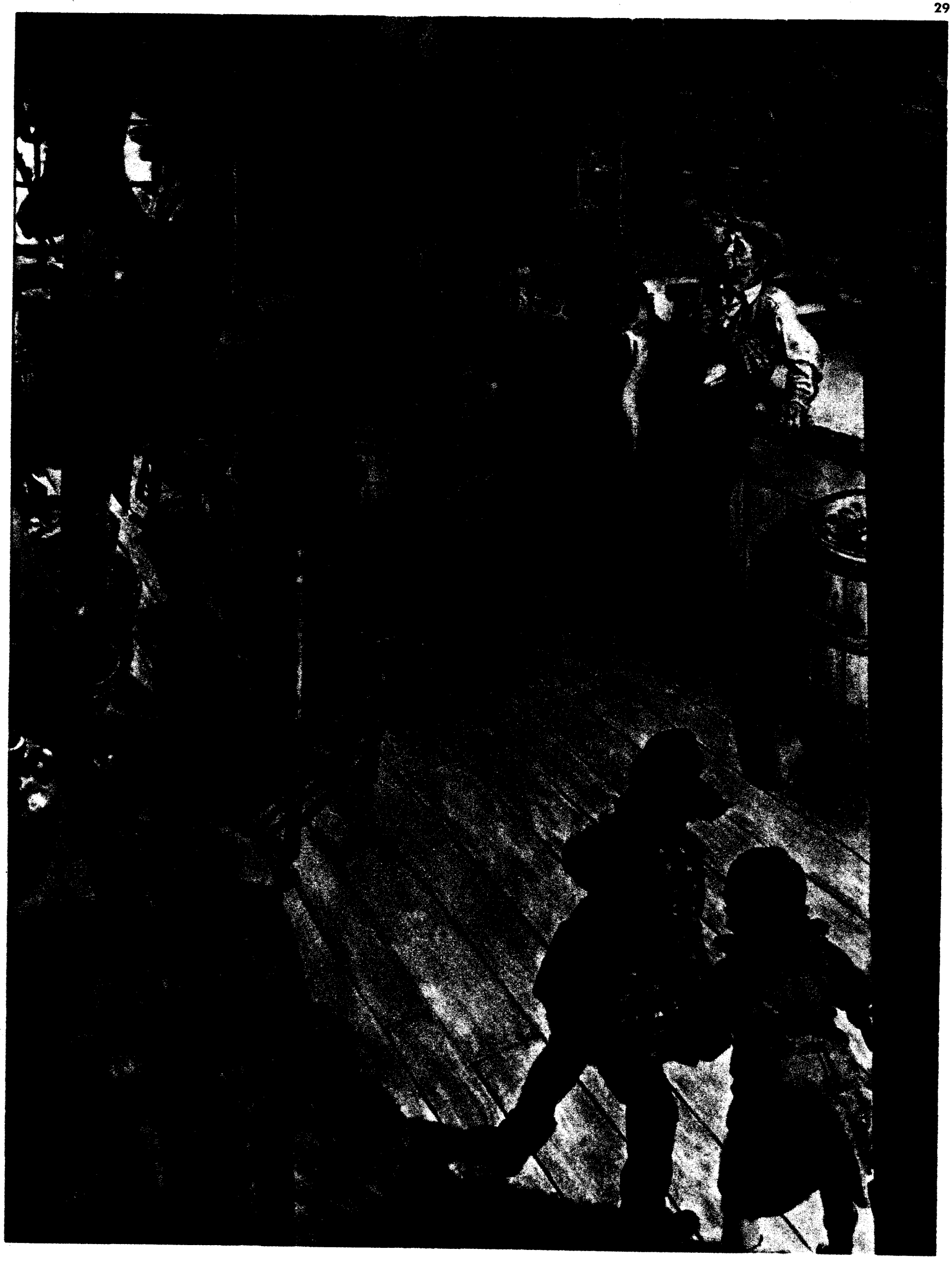

"Humph," said the woman. "Things like that don't slip minds easy. Stop squirming and tell me what you thought." "No," said Cooter. "Won't"

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FASTEST WOMAN *in the*

By HELEN MARKEL HERRMANN

In a rare triumph of will and courage Jacqueline Auriol, lovely aviatrix daughter-in-law of France's President, came back from a disfiguring crash to fly a jet plane to the world speed record for women

LAST May, for the first time anywhere in the world, a woman piloted a jet plane at the speed of 510 miles an hour. When she landed at the airfield near Marseilles, France, and pulled off her oxygen mask, revealing a head of cropped brunette curls, a mechanic shook his head. *"Cette Jackie,"* he said reverently. *"C'est formidable!"*

Which is French for hubba-hubba, backed up by a long low whistle.

Cette Jackie was Madame Jacqueline Auriol, daughter-in-law of Vincent Auriol, the President of France; wife of his son and press secretary, Paul; mother of Jean-Paul, twelve, and Jean-Claude, nine, and now the fastest woman in the world.

As the small, white-overalled figure walked across the field, the throng of onlookers cried, cheered, and threw roses. For she had achieved not only a new record for her countrymen but for herself an undisputed place in the ranks of France's fabled heroines.

At thirty-three, Jacqueline Auriol had become a living legend; she had virtually risen from the dead, near victim of an air crash two years before which had smashed her lovely young face.

A few years back, as President Auriol's beautiful daughter-in-law, Jacqueline was the most photographed young woman in Paris: deputy hostess to Mme. Vincent Auriol at the Presidential residence, the Élysée Palace, official tea pourer and effortless smiler at state occasions.

It was a world she knew well. Since childhood she had been accustomed to a life of protocol. Her father, Pierre Douet, was a wealthy shipbuilder and an important citizen. Jacqueline had gone to school at Nantes, studied art in Paris and spent week ends skiing in the mountains with friends. There, on a ski slope, she met young Paul Auriol and they fell in love.

The courtship was not, however, without its obstacles. The Auriol family had long belonged to the Socialist party; Vincent Auriol was one of its most influential men. That his only son should want to marry the daughter of a rich shipowner seemed hardly appropriate. M. Douet could hardly have agreed with him more.

But love, in the foolish *américain* tradition, prevailed, and the wedding took place in a small mountain chapel one February morning in 1938—"under ideal snow conditions."

When war broke out a short year later, Paul joined the underground, and Vincent Auriol, after imprisonment by the Pétain government, followed by months under surveillance and in hiding, was spirited away to England. Jacqueline, refusing to

Jacqueline Auriol smiles acknowledgment of ovation after setting new women's mark of 510 mph (average speed) in her Vampire jet

INTERNATIONAL

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WORLD

leave France, lived quietly in the country, chiefly occupied with avoiding the Gestapo and finding enough food for Jean-Paul, then four months old.

When Vincent Auriol returned to France and became its chief of state after the war, Jacqueline and Paul came to live at the Élysée Palace: Paul to be his father's press secretary, Jacqueline to become the most envied young matron in all Paris, pace setter of the swank set.

Like all French women, she was eager to make up for the long war years of privation and anxiety. She was gay, witty, and beautiful to look at. She loved clothes and occasions; her elegance graced the great *couturier* collections, the most lavish theater openings and the dancing at Maxim's on the rare nights when she was free of official duties.

Much sought after, Jacqueline Auriol had the rare honor of being made *Chevalière du Tastevin,* a society of wine connoisseurs whose membership is usually reserved for men of letters and statesmanship. Among its famed members are Churchill, Charles Laughton and former ambassador William C. Bullitt. Jacqueline was initiated at the historic old abbey at Beaune in the presence of her father-in-law, wearing the peaked cap of the *Tastevins*—which traditionally slips a little askew as the tasting progresses—and both Auriol and Churchill, *Tastevins* in good standing, attested that never had the ancient ceremony been so gala.

In the gaiety of postwar Paris, long pent-up, it seemed fitting compensation to have an authentic beauty in residence at the Presidential palace. A glamor-starved populace eagerly followed Jacqueline's life from endless accounts in the Sunday press. The President and his wife liked their daughter-in-law to accompany them. When he officially toured West Africa in 1947, Jacqueline went along. Day after day the French newspapers showed Madame Paul Auriol, in light silk dresses and straw hat, shaking hands with native women, standing at the President's side, chic and smiling.

Introduction to Her Flying Career

"I think the first 30 years of my life, I did nothing but smile," she recalls now. "Most of my life was transacted at dinner parties. Even my introduction to flying took place over a first course."

She was seated one night next to Commander Raymond Guillaume, one of the most renowned pilots in France. She asked him about flying, casually, as one makes conversation with a dinner partner.

"I suppose," she remarked lightly, "it is a job like any other."

Guillaume looked at her. "Yes," he agreed slowly, "but it is also the closest thing I know to being free."

Jacqueline found herself genuinely interested. When Guillaume asked her and her husband to go up with him, she eagerly accepted.

At first she flew without enthusiasm—"as some women take up canasta," she explains, "simply to have something to do. Then all of a sudden I discovered a world where—no matter what your name—the only things that count are merit and skill and courage."

When Paul found he could not spare the time, Jacqueline continued taking flying lessons. She spent her days at Villacoublay, a big private airfield outside of Paris, rushing back to the palace at five o'clock to change her blue mechanic's uniform for a Jacques Fath ball gown. When she appeared in the plush Élysée sitting room, few suspected the change slowly crystallizing within her.

"When I began to fly, I suddenly discovered that my life before had not been full and joyous, but empty and superficial," she says, as though looking back on a period of inner turmoil. "I felt as though I had been caught in a vise, slowly suffocating. . . . Suddenly I wanted to *(Continued on page 58)*

WIDE WORLD

In period before crash, Jacqueline was one of France's most famous beauties and a leader of society. Family photo, taken in early 1947, shows Jackie with (l. to r.) son Jean-Paul, President Auriol of France, her son Jean-Claude, Mme. Vincent Auriol, and her husband Paul

While in America last year for plastic surgery, Jackie (with instructor Richard Buyers) attended Bell Aircraft's school in Buffalo and in 21 days won license to fly helicopters

WIDE WORLD

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A FOOTNOTE TO SABOTAGE

By JOHN SAVAGE

Captain Théophile Rameau was a coward. He told me so himself. He preferred a good wine to a display of courage. He didn't know he would have to risk his life in the pursuit of an armed and dangerous spy

THERE'S nothing wrong with the newspaper accounts of the Aiken conspiracy, as far as they go. The capture of Salvador Ybarra probably did save the South Carolina H-bomb plant from something very serious.

But the newspapers, in their alarm at the sabotage plot itself, have neglected the brighter side of the story. They've slighted the details of Ybarra's capture in New Orleans, and they've left quite unexplored the character of the man who caught him —a half-pint Frenchman with a couple of gold teeth and some unusual ideas about courage.

Maybe the reporters think Théophile Rameau is not, on the level of international affairs, important. Maybe all reporters have a hole in the head. Whatever the reason, it seems to have been left up to me to publish what I know.

My connection with the affair began on the gulf coast of Mexico, early this month. I had just finished a special translating job at the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City, and I was in Veracruz to get a ship back to the States.

I could have hopped a plane, of course. and been back in Washington in a matter of hours. My deliberate choice of slower transportation had been made for three reasons—two little and one big: I liked ships; I didn't like my Washington landlord; I needed time to make an important decision before I faced my boss.

After a certain amount of chasing around, I succeeded in arranging passage from Veracruz to New Orleans on a French freighter.

I got my first look at the freighter as I hurried out along the concrete dock, following the small Mexican who was carrying my bag. Up to then, all I knew about the ship was what I'd read on the list in the travel bureau: *S.S. HIRONDELLE, Captain T. Rameau, for Le Havre via gulf ports.*

As soon as I saw the Hirondelle, I was glad I wouldn't be riding her all the way to France. She was one of the early-model Liberty ships—the ones that had a mischievous tendency to break in two. I could see she was wearing a steel cinch all the way around her middle, which was how those ships had to be doctored.

It was a good thing I'd hurried, because she was about to shove off. An officer in tropical shorts was standing on the flying bridge, with a megaphone in his hand. I remember wondering who he was. I couldn't believe he was the skipper, because he seemed altogether too small and ladylike. I thought he might be the first officer, but firsts are usually tough too. I couldn't figure it out.

Anyway, I hurried up the gangway just in time. And I didn't get a closer look at the megaphone man until eleven o'clock the next morning.

By that time we were rolling toward Tampico, in the teeth of a *norte* that was doing its best to blow us back to Nautla. The ship was empty of cargo and riding high, which made her buck quite a lot. I was standing on the little deck aft of the stack, enjoying the lively weather and trying not to fall on my nose, when this megaphone fellow clattered up the ladder from the captain's quarters, carrying a small bottle of wine. He passed me with an affable nod, and I watched him fight his way through the wind out onto the starboard end of the flying bridge. When he got there he latched the bottle into a kind of clamp arrangement on top of the gyrocompass.

He must have seen my puzzled look. When he got back beside me, out of the wind, he grinned, said, *"Bon jour,"* and began explaining, in careful English, what he was up to. "The motion of the ship harms not the wine. But during a few hours before it is drunk, the wine must be permit to settle. Now, these compass—"

Just then the Hirondelle's bow slammed down hard on a tall sea. It was a brutal slam. I felt the old girl shudder, and I heard things falling off shelves way down inside her. The Frenchman rolled his eyes, pulled a long, buffoonish face, and hunched his shoulders in mock terror. Then he smiled abruptly and went on telling me about the wine—obviously a subject very close to his Gallic heart.

While he stood there, grinning like a schoolboy and giving me his story about the compass and the wine, I looked at him. He was the captain, all right, but he was the unlikeliest-looking captain I ever saw. I couldn't help remembering something my landlord had said, a month before: *"There's no use in Eisenhower. The French won't fight anyway. They're a nation of ballet dancers and barbers. What little courage they had was beat out of 'em by all those wars."*

Captain Rameau was wearing white shorts and a short-sleeved white shirt. His arms looked muscular, but with that aromatic, blue-white muscularity you'll notice in the arms of a barber.

He was somewhere under forty years old, and he stood about five feet four. His face was friendly and sharp, with a large, bony nose and a couple of gold teeth. "These compass," he repeated, with considerable pride and enthusiasm, "is a magnetic compass, with a gyroscope which keep it level. It is the only place on ship which remain at all times level. So, for my dinner wine of each day, I place it on the compass in the morning, and by evening it is rested and clear. You understand?"

I told him I understood. I thanked him for explaining, and he bowed and trotted sideways down the ladder. That left me alone again, and I stood there thinking what a complete pip-squeak our captain was. Should have been a wine steward, I thought. Should have been a barber at the Crillon.

This opinion lasted me all that day and most of the next.

We made Tampico the next afternoon, and a tug nudged the Hirondelle up the oily river to the dock. The stevedores got the cranes and slings working and started loading hundred-pound pigs of lead, for the war industries of France.

I had always liked Tampico. I got hold of the first officer, the one the French call *le second capitaine,* and asked him how long we'd be in port. He said we'd be loading until the next morning, so I gave my passport to the Mexican immigration agent and caught a rattletrap bus into town.

The first place I went was the telegraph office, which faces the big Indian laurel trees of the square. I wired my sister in New Orleans not to be surprised if I was late, since my confidence in the Hirondelle and her captain was pretty limited. Then I crossed the street—still wondering lazily how Captain Rameau had got where he was—and sat on one of the green slat benches in the square. I'd been there about ten minutes, watching the town wake up from its afternoon snooze, when something happened.

It was a peculiar thing. I'll never be able to prove it had any connection with the story I'm telling, and yet I have a feeling it ties in. One FBI agent in New Orleans is inclined to agree with me, but he can't prove anything either. It began when a man in a worn blue suit walked by, carrying a brown brief case. He had a Middle-European look, and he needed a shave. I watched him idly as he walked halfway around the square and then stopped to tie his shoe, putting his foot on the end of a bench that had a sleeping Mexican on it. He leaned his brief case against the side of the bench; I remember that.

I was halfway out the door when I heard the shot behind me. I sprinted for the back room. Rameau had discovered the man we were after

MY GAZE moved on to a couple of girls who were passing by, but a minute later I saw the Middle-European again. He walked past me toward the Estrella restaurant, and I noticed something different about him. No brief case.

I glanced at the bench where he'd tied his shoe. No brief case. No Mexican. Just an empty bench.

"Hey!" I called. "You've lost your—"

He gawked over his shoulder at me and then broke into a panicky run. He was still running when he disappeared down a side street.

I let him go, of course. If he had some secret reason for slipping brief cases to Mexicans, it was no skin off *my* nose. Queer though.

A little later I forgot about it temporarily, because Captain Rameau came by. He was walking briskly, but when he saw me he stopped and asked if I knew a suitable place to eat dinner.

Since I remembered a pretty good restaurant from last year, we wound up eating *chiles rellenos* together and sharing a bottle of Spanish wine.

One good thing about a Frenchman is that you always have something to talk about with him. Paris. I'd spent two years in the Paris Embassy right after the war, and if I decided to give in to my boss I'd be going there again. So the subject had a special interest for me.

Sitting in that Tampico restaurant, with no other customers around us, we talked about Paris for almost an hour. I discovered, to my surprise, that Captain Théophile Rameau was one of the most intelligent and entertaining ginks I'd ever met.

My estimate of his *bravery,* however, didn't begin to improve until dinner was almost over.

We were just finishing *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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Collier's COLOR CAMERA

HULA KIDS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Waikiki, Hawaii

ABOUT 130 years ago, some 42 years after Britain's far-famed and fabulous Captain James Cook discovered Hawaii, a boatload of very proper Bostonians on a religious mission arrived in the islands. They took one look at Hawaii's brown-skinned maidens doing the hula in little more than grass skirts, and ran for cover. They came back with long-sleeved, high-collared, ankle-length Mother Hubbards which the wriggling ladies obligingly, albeit reluctantly, donned for public performances. The Hawaiians called the long dresses *tutu holokus pupule*—crazy costumes—and some 50 years later, the grass skirts were back.

Today, tourists to the isles of sunshine can still see the hula performed in all its grass-skirted, lei-laden glory. Modern Hawaiian women—and men, too—have never lost the touch. What's more, by teaching the art of hula to the younger generation, they're making sure that the dance will be around for a good many years. The beach at Waikiki, in the shadow of famous Diamond Head, is dotted with *keikes* (rhymes with "take ease" and means "kids") learning the traditional dances of the islands. The centuries-old hula is, in fact, more a storytelling device than a dance. And though most tourists keep their eyes on the midsections and hips of the dancers, the things to watch are the hands which, in sign language, weave words into stories.

Keikes learning to hula aren't ready to perform the legends which the dances retell. The youngsters learn only the basic dance movements, but they like to hear the old tales. Most of the stories are of love and bravery in the days when the people of Hawaii were half-wild pagans.

One of the favorite hula tales is about Chief Kamehameha the Great, who would entertain his warriors by letting them throw spears at him as he danced. Another is the story of Hiiaka, a beautiful maiden whose sister's lover, Lohiau, lay dead at the top of Kalalau Mountain. Hiiaka arrived at the foot of the mountain just before sunset. Because it soon would have been too dark to climb, Hiiaka prayed to the gods to make the sun stand still. The prayer was heard, and Hiiaka climbed the mountain, vanquished the guardians of Lohiau's body and restored it to life.

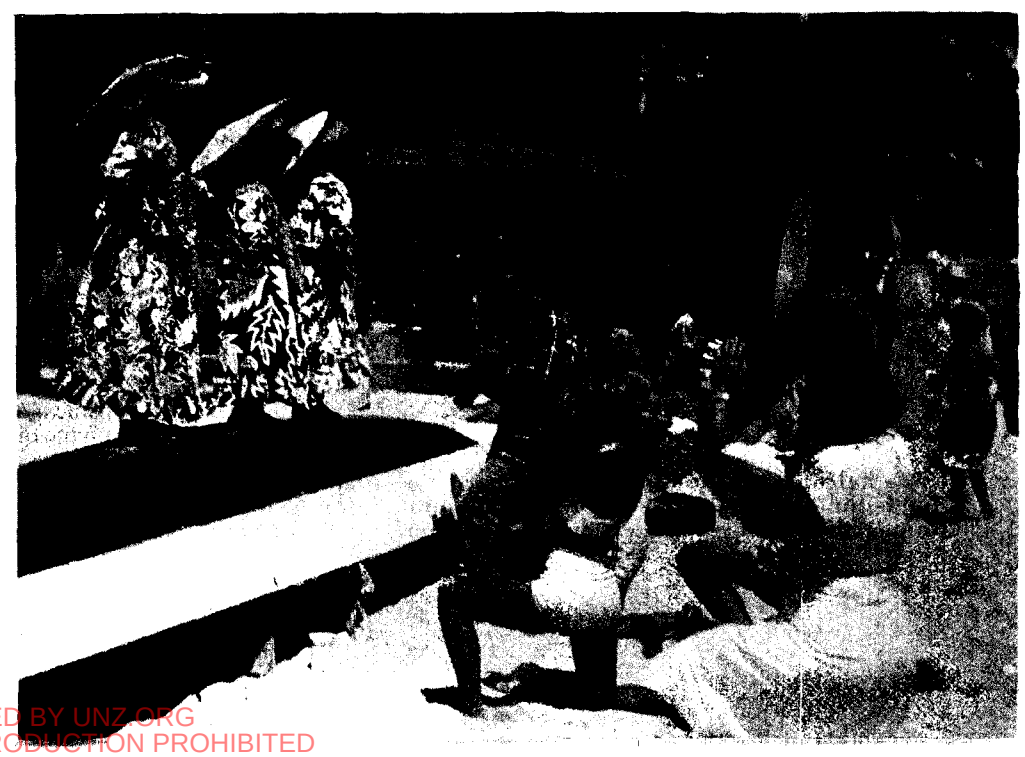
It has been a long time since new legends were added to the hula repertoire, but if stories have not been added, something else has. Today's hula dancers represent a world kinship. The youngsters, especially, reflect in their faces the great melting pot Hawaii is. Most of them have traces of many nations in their backgrounds. Their forebears have been Chinese, Japanese, Samoan and Philippine, as well as French, Norwegian, English, Yankee and German. The lines have been crossed and recrossed so many times that there is hardly a pure Hawaiian left in the islands. But even if contemporary *keikes* are not direct descendants of the ancient Islanders, they dance essentially pure hula, in costumes which recall the splendor of old Hawaii.

Besides the traditional grass skirts and flowered leis, the sun-bronzed children wear a modern version of *holokus*, long dresses adapted from the old Mother Hubbards, but brightly colored and gay as ice cream and candy. For some dances, they wear flowing "court robes" or "princess gowns," just as the old pagans wore them in the days before civilization put a virtual end to Hawaiian royalty. It's a great way to go to dancing school, and while *keikes* are learning their lessons, they are also helping to perpetuate the great tradition of the hula—long and gaily may it wave.

BILL STAPLETON

Typical hula students wear grass skirt or court robe costume (above), and "princess gowns" (below) that are modern variations of dress once reserved for Hawaiian royalty. Like most Islanders, these girls offer handsome evidence of the many bloodlines that intermingle in natives

To the delight of picture-taking tourists, three little girls in comic hula costumes pose on beach in front of the Halekulani Hotel, Waikiki



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Their lesson over, Rebecca Kaneshiro and Myra Harada play in the prow of a canoe nearby. Rebecca holds a gourd, used to make hula music

A class of *keikes* ("kids") practices the hula on beach. Behind them is towering Diamond Head, Hawaiian landmark. They wear traditional grass skirts made of ti leaves, a kind of palm which is considered only authentic skirt material. They make flowered leis themselves

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Mrs. X says she'll just lie down for a while

The thing to do is burn the omelet thoroughly

A sandwich and a glass of milk will be enough

Helpful Husbands Are Happy Husbands

By WILLIAM MANER

ALTHOUGH there are books full of instructions for doing almost everything you are likely to fall into, there are gaps that ought to be filled, and I've filled them. Some of them, anyway. I don't think there will ever be a successful treatise on How to Keep Marbles Out of Children's Ears, for instance, although I know an expert who could write one on How to Get Them In, if he could be taught to write.

One vital need that hasn't been filled (until now, that is), is a set of instructions for husbands helping out around the house while their wives are ailing. Not ill, you understand, but ailing.

This is the problem: Mrs. X gets up, and halfway through breakfast, which she isn't eating, says to Mr. X that she thinks she will just go lie down for a few minutes. Oh, no, she isn't really ill, she just thinks she must be catching cold or something; she just doesn't feel too well.

Mr. X is naturally concerned, and insists that she stay in bed all day. Forget about everything and just get a good rest; it will be the best thing in the world for her. Mr. X has been rating a day off from the office, and this is a good time to take it. Mrs. X mustn't worry about a thing.

That, then, is the situation, and this is the way it can be handled.

The first thing to do is answer the telephone. It will ring while you are washing the breakfast dishes, and it will be the woman who comes to clean once a week. She won't be feeling well, either, and doesn't think she can make it today. Tell her you understand perfectly, and that you will tell Mrs. X. She'll be sorry to hear about it.

Just how sorry you'll learn when you tell Mrs. X. Tomorrow is the day her club meets, and she particularly counted on having the house thoroughly cleaned. Make her go back to bed and tell her you will take care of everything. The doubtful look will be a challenge to you, so get out the vacuum cleaner at once.

Do the job systematically. Start at one end of the living room and work across it. Don't try to get the dust off the mantel or the molding. Nobody will notice. And before you put the vacuum cleaner away, remember that if you keep it running while you look over the magazines on the table, you will forestall any questions from the bedroom.

Now you've finished the living room, and here it is barely ten o'clock. What does the cleaning woman do all day?

While you're looking in the closet for a screw driver to fix the lamp plug you stepped on while cleaning behind the desk, it will occur to you that this is a good time to get your fishing box straightened out. Take your box from the closet and open it on the coffee table, moving the magazines and the cigarette boxes to the floor so you will have plenty of room. There's no sense in doing a job if you don't do it right.

Before you get going on it, go upstairs to see if there's anything you can do for Mrs. X, like getting a glass of water or something. You'll be out of cigarettes anyway, and will want to get some from the table by the bed. Tiptoe into the room, apologize for waking Mrs. X when she turns over, get your cigarettes, and go. Forget about the water.

As you close the door, she will call and ask you if you would mind running down to the grocery store for her. The list is downstairs in the kitchen, in the—but you know where she keeps her list, and you'll be glad to go to the store. Isn't that the reason you stayed home from the office? Go back upstairs after you've looked for the list and ask if she's sure she put it where it belongs. Don't argue with her when she gets up to find it.

Listen quietly as she goes over the list. Salt, bread, wax paper, canned spinach (the kind in the red can, not the blue can), onions (don't get them too large), and something to nibble on—anything; she just feels like something to nibble on. Oh, you know, a candy bar or something; anything. Oh, yes, and on the way back get a tube of tooth paste at the druggist's.

At the grocery store you'll find it's wiser, when you can't find spinach in anything but blue cans, not to buy spinach at all. The best thing to do is substitute Harvard beets. After all, vegetables are vegetables, but blue cans are not red ones.

Selecting the onions is no problem. You won't get them too large, but you will find that you don't know how many to buy. Buy two. That's a safe minimum which will carry you through until Mrs. X is up and around. While you're buying the onions, you'll find that the fresh fruit looks good, and you might as well go ahead and buy some pomegranates. You've always wanted to try them, and maybe Mrs. X would like them. And the plums look good, too. Buy a large bag.

"Something to nibble on" gives you free play. Look over the candy selection carefully. Peanut marshmallow bars, almond caramel bars, something that looks as if it might have a pink filling, mints, nuts, and plain chocolate. Get one of each.

There won't be any wax paper in stock, so pick up a loaf of nut bread, and your shopping is finished.

When you get home, tell your wife to turn off the vacuum cleaner and put it away and go back upstairs. Be firm, and start lunch.

Lunch is no problem, if you plan it ahead. Clear broth, an omelet and the pomegranates will be nice. Pay no attention to any instructions; this is your party, and you're going to give her a nice little surprise.

The first thing to do is to break the eggs into a bowl, beat them up thoroughly, then look on the shelves for a can of broth. There won't be any, but the omelet will be more than enough, if you add another egg. Add another egg.

Take the frying pan out of the sink, where you left it with the rest of the dishes while you answered the telephone, wipe it off as best you can, and put it back in the sink. There ought to be a clean one around. There ought to be, but it seems to have been thrown out, or something. Wipe the first pan well again, preferably with a dish towel, turn the stove on, and burn the omelet thoroughly while you're looking for the large tray that is usually kept in the dining room.

Make a nut-bread and Swiss-cheese sandwich, take it upstairs on a saucer with a glass of milk, and tell Mrs. X that you've just remembered some things you have to get out of the office by late afternoon. Assure her that you'll finish the breakfast dishes when you come home, and if she's feeling better, you'll take her out to dinner. You can get lunch downtown.

There's nothing to be gained by telephoning in the middle of the afternoon to find out how she's feeling. She'll be at the druggist's getting the tooth paste you forgot. And don't worry about your fishing gear. It will be on the coffee table when you get home. THE END

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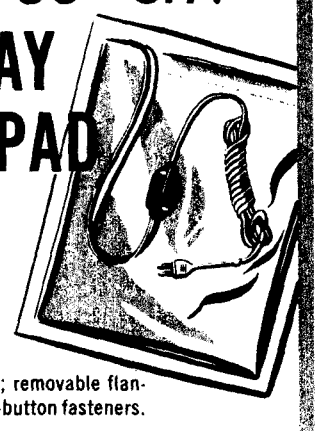

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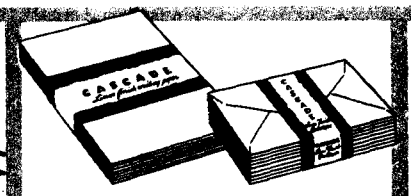

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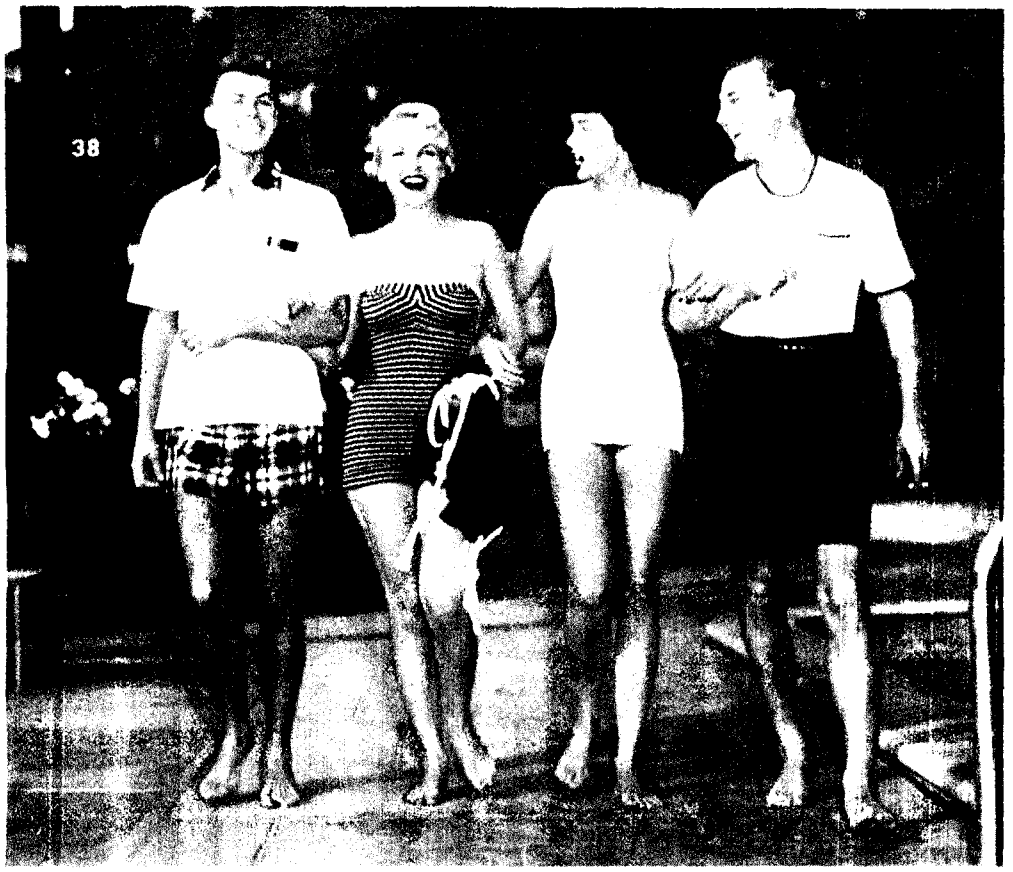


Beach shirts that match swim trunks (l.), and walking shorts (r.) are increasingly important in the style picture. The men's outfits are by Gantner & Mattern; the women's suits by Cole of California

NEW FOR '52

By BERT BACHARACH

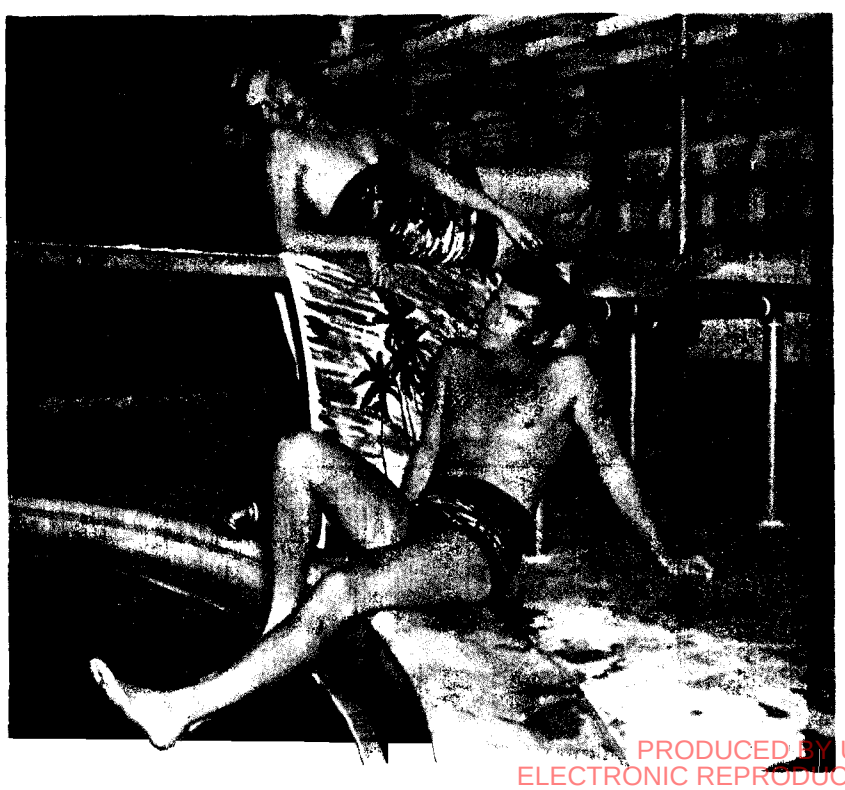
ARE you one of the ever-increasing number of lucky people who can head for a hot-weather resort in the middle of winter? If so, you'll have a ready-to-wear interest in some of 1952's colorful new beachwear, as highlighted on this page. And, in the event that you can't get away from the cold weather, our pretty pictures should give you a momentary respite from the world of snow, ice and wind—as well as a chance to see and perhaps even pick out what you will be wearing next summer. Just name your favorite color or shade, and you'll find it in profusion among the new numbers. Moreover, you can take your choice of a near-endless variety of patterns, whether bold or subdued. For those who like to wear as little as the law allows, there are swim suits that are tighter and briefer than ever. The fashion swing, however, seems to be toward the more conservative styles. For example, in most sections of the country, men's boxer trunks are far more popular than the knitted, form-fitting types. Actually, the most notable change in men's beachwear is in the development of complete outfits for the pool or ocean—that is, sport shirts or knitted shirts that match or blend with the swimming trunks. Terry-cloth-lined beach jackets and huge beach towels are other matching accessories now available to complete the ensemble. But good looks are only part of the beachwear story. Comfort and practicality are the major features.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Columbia Pictures' John Derek and Barbara Hale carry matching motif a step further. Identical shirts are from Westwood Knitting Mills

Now Miss Hale and Derek turn to cards, wearing twin bathing suits of Indian design by Jantzen Knitting Mills. They have shirts to match

Allied Artists' John Bromfield and Hal Wallis' star Corinne Calvet (Mrs. Bromfield) have matching outfits and beach towel by Catalina



20th Century-Fox players Craig Hill and Ava Norring blend well in different colors—his suit by Gantner & Mattern, hers by Catalina

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Russia's "Eisenhower" Is Preparing, Too

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that Zhukov is a good politician as well as a good general—indeed, in Communist Russia one must be a politician, a *Communist* politician, if one is to achieve high rank—and that he considered it personally expedient for him to emphasize, in view of his past services as a czarist officer and his months of study in Germany, his antipathy to Hitler's Reich. But in any case Zhukov's speech marked a turning point in the history of the Red Army, which eventually led to sweeping reforms, displacement of many of the older leaders, and temporary abolition of the commissar system.

As Hitler's inevitable *Drang nach Osten* approached, Zhukov's star was in the ascendancy. In the summer of 1940, he commanded the Soviet troops which occupied Bessarabia and northern Bucovina during the period when Hitler and Stalin were dividing up central and eastern Europe between them. Then, in the winter of 1940-'41, Zhukov was named chief of staff and he speeded up the work of reform Timoshenko and Stalin had started.

"Personnel, armaments, military thought—these are the three cardinal principles for an army," he wrote in Pravda, on February 23, 1941, in an article on the twenty-third anniversary of the Red Army. And then, with a touch of the dialectical semantics which is typical of a Communist, he wrote (referring to his own earlier victory against the Japs at Khalkin-Gol):

". . . they (the Soviet forces) were able to bring the power of their Socialist technique into play and apply it according to all the rules of modern warfare."

This military gibberish should not, however, be interpreted as typical of the processes of Zhukov's mind. Communist double talk and Marxist jargon are a veneer, a patina which overlay the immutable principles of war, the principles that govern the strategy and tactics of the Red Army as well as of all other armies. And Zhukov knows those principles well. General Lucius D. Clay, onetime U.S. occupation commander in Germany, has called him, and the compliment is in no sense a condescension, "a master of the orthodox."

The exact place of "Zhuk the Beetle" in the list of history's great captains probably can never be accurately assayed until defeat or revolution opens the Communist archives to the West. We know what the West thought of him—the "outsiders" who saw dimly through the Iron Curtain. Kurt Dittmar, the German military commentator, Liddell Hart tells us, recorded that the Nazi generals or historians have dubbed him a "first-class tank general"; "the greatest Russian general"; or "the ablest of the Russian field commanders," and have praised his "remarkable leadership." But few, if any, really know what qualities comprise his greatness.

Professional knowledge and competence are, of course, one of the essential ingredients of Zhukov's success. Bravery and a fanatical adherence to the Communist party line—qualities which particularly distinguished the old cavalry commissar, the walrus-mustachioed Semyon M. Budenny—were important but not adequate, alone, to meet the test of fire during the German invasion of Russia.

Budenny, and many like him—products of party politics rather than military schooling—failed during the great war. Zhukov succeeded—a proof that at least during dire crisis "personal merit (as D. Fedotoff White puts it in The Growth of the Red Army) expressed in military professional terms does guide the Soviet government in the choice of the incumbents of the most important army posts."

Yet professional knowledge—the narrow knowledge of tactics, of weapons, of men—does not alone explain Zhukov's success. His mind is a product of study, and even before it was again popular to do so, Zhukov had not hesitated to study the imperialist campaigns of Russia's czarist days. He learned how space and winter and a judicious application of the doctrine of the counteroffensive had helped General Mikhail Kutusov, with his Fabian tactics, to defeat Napoleon.

Some German sources even say that out of Zhukov's brain was born the Russian strategy of World War II—the exchanging

"If you ask me, this is a mighty dangerous spot for a safety zone!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

ONLY
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT
STOPS BAD BREATH*!
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

Colgate's Has the Proof!
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
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For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* that it stops bad breath.* There's a big difference!

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No Other Toothpaste or Powder
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Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

READER'S DIGEST reported the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! And, while not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in this scientific research.

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

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1951 CAR WITH 1951 GASOLINE PULLS FAR AHEAD OF SAME MODEL CAR USING 1925 GASOLINE 10 SECONDS AFTER START OF ACCELERATION TEST

New Jersey Turnpike Tests Prove Motorists Now Get 50% Better Gasoline

Priced the same as twenty-five years ago, 2 gallons do work of 3

Dramatic tests made on the New Jersey Turnpike, America's newest super-highway, prove that 2 gallons of today's gasoline do the work that 3 gallons did in 1925.

Today's gasoline, the tests showed, can be worth 50 per cent more by every measure of automobile performance and economy. To make the test results even more remarkable—while the price of most things you buy has gone up, today's high quality gasoline costs about the same as gasoline did 25 years ago—only taxes are higher.

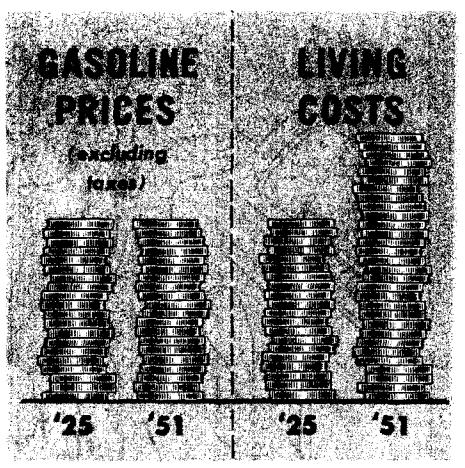
This gain in gasoline quality has been the direct result of constant competition in every branch of the oil industry. Every day, oilmen go after *your* business by doing their jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

You benefit from this constant competition among America's privately-managed oil companies with the finest petroleum products at the lowest prices in the world.

Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

OLD AUTOS like this touring car of the early twenties, shown here at start of another acceleration test, also took part in gasoline economy tests. These economy tests proved that 2 gallons of the high quality gasoline you buy today give more mileage than 3 gallons used to give. By every test, 1951 gasoline proved 50% better than gasoline of 25 years ago.

NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE Commissioner Paul L. Troast and Lt. Col. James Metcalf enter a test car as official observers to witness actual proof of dramatic gasoline improvement.



1951 GASOLINE is a bargain. While general living costs have risen 48.3% since 1925, gasoline today is priced about the same as 25 years ago—only taxes are higher.

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of space for time, the "scorched-earth," the fighting retreat, and then the heavy counter-offensive. Whether Zhukov was responsible for this conception or not, it is certain that there was a definite change in Russian strategic concepts just prior to and during World War II. Frunze, the high priest of Soviet military art, was an exponent of the offensive in war, and "offensive-mindedness"—endorsed by Stalin—was the basis of all Soviet military principles prior to the war. But:

"I believe that a well-organized counter-offensive is a very interesting type of offensive," Stalin wrote not long ago. "The old Parthians knew of such a counteroffensive, when they drew the Roman General Crassus and his troops deep into their country and then dealt a counteroffensive and destroyed them. Our brilliant General Kutusov ('brilliant . . . Kutusov'—shades of Czarist imperialism!) also knew about this very well; he destroyed Napoleon and his army with the aid of a well-prepared counteroffensive."

Studying for an Army Career

There is no doubt that Zhukov is a student of war and military history; in the days when he was an unknown in Moscow in the twenties and early thirties, he spent his time in reading and writing, in studying not only Marxist literature—a requirement for all Soviet officers—but also tactical appreciations, military history and foreign languages.

Zhukov's sound professional grounding should not, however, be misunderstood. This general is not a military pedant; he is, in no sense, an intellectual, as he showed later in Berlin when at small and private parties he demonstrated an amazing capacity for vodka, a yen for singing lustily Russian folk songs and (when well oiled) a rough and raucous speech and manner more befitting the soldier's barracks than the commander's tent or the student's study. Marshal Vassily D. Sokolovsky, chief of staff to Zhukov during many of his World War II victories, is far more the intellectual type, the quiet planner, the studious Clausewitz, than is his former chief; the two, in fact, made a good team. But this, too—the ability to pick his chief of assistants—may be one of the reasons for Zhukov's success.

But these qualities are not sufficient to explain Zhukov—man or general. They are coupled, indeed, with others perhaps even more important. He is a product of the people and he has not lost his common touch; he knows how the Russian *muzhik* reacts, how to use him, how, if necessary, to expend him, how to capitalize upon the fatalism, the delight in abstract arguments, the love of the soil and the pride of fatherland which always has characterized the Russian peasant.

But a knowledge of his tools—arms and the man—are essential to all generals. Zhukov seems to have another quality which many generals lack; some might call it moral courage, others a poker sense, still others self-control. Three incidents in his career best illustrate this quality. The first occurred in the Mongolian fracas with the Japs which brought him fame. Zhukov calmly dismissed as "impossible" reports from his subordinates, some of them portentous with alarm, that the Japs were massing for heavy counterblows. He had estimated the situation with precision and he refused to deviate from his prearranged plan because of the alarms of war or the advice of juniors.

The second incident occurred during the battle for Moscow in the first winter of the Russian invasion, the battle that—even more than Stalingrad—decided Hitler's fate. It has been said that in war victory goes to him who can commit his reserves last. But it takes a poker face and an iron will to commit your reserves last, especially when the battle is going against you, and your contemporaries and subordinates are clamoring for aid.

So it was in late November and December of 1941 when the Germans were driving closer and closer to Moscow and the Russian armies were reeling. Zhukov had been put in command of the Central Front in October, a time of crisis, but he knew the German drive had not been spent; he eschewed the spectacular, collected reserves—and waited.

It was hard to wait. There were many who cried, "Now—or Moscow is lost." But Zhukov hid his horsemen in the dense pine forests, brought in his Mongolians and Siberians, threw some virtually untrained Moscow levies in as cannon fodder against the Germans to gain delay, dribbled in a few of his precious reserves when German progress forced him to, and then—with a German spearhead 14 miles from the capital but the enemy's momentum slowed and winter at hand—hit the Nazis with all he had. This restraint won the decisive battle of Moscow and, some say, the war.

A third instance of Zhukov's self-control was reported in the convivial days after Germany's defeat. General Carl (Tooey) Spaatz, commander of our Air Force in Europe, and a high collection of Allied "brass" went to Berlin for the Allied-Russian–German surrender ceremonies. Following the signatures which marked the end of the Third Reich, the Russians laid on one of their inevitable sumptuous banquets—heavily garlanded, as usual, with caviar, rich food and innumerable vodka toasts.

Zhukov, always at public ceremonies a man of discretion and dignity (in sharp contrast to his behavior in small and very private parties beyond the searching eyes of the MVD, when he can be a jovial, friendly and roistering companion) drank the toasts in white wine, an action which for a Russian celebrating victory represents a remarkable example of self-control. Be it recorded to the eternal glory of "Tooey" Spaatz that he matched the Russian toast for toast in vodka, and "Tooey" left the hall upright.

But all these qualities do not explain Zhukov's success. Professional competence, broad study of the art of war, understanding of the men he commands and the weapons they use, self-control and moral courage (coupled with a knowledge of when to let his explosive temper explode), administrative ability and a capability for picking good subordinates—all these are probably less important than Zhukov's ability to lead, to inspire men.

He is, and was during World War II, a "soldier's general," and in the Russian army, so marked by extreme contrasts, this is saying a mouthful. Someone has written that the best and the worst things you have heard about the Red Army are true. They are an army which has some of the best equipment in the world, some of the finest, best-disciplined, crack troops, modern armored formations, and yet withal an army of rabble, undisciplined, illiterate semi-savages, who kill, loot, rape and ruin much as Genghis Khan did centuries ago, an army that straggles by foot, lives off the country, moves in motorbusses, and by horseback, eats captured cattle, rides into action on tanks, playing accordions and strumming guitars. An army of Cossacks and White Russians, Mongolians and Armenians, Ukrainians and Koreans—an army of amazing contrasts and impossible combinations.

Yet Zhukov managed them, led them, inspired them, drove them to victory despite incredible casualties and hardships, somehow molded the whole discordant mass into armies of victory. This is his real achievement, this his greatest quality—the quality of leadership, just as it was in a totally different sort of way the real meaning of Eisenhower's accomplishment. The soldier's viewpoint—the viewpoint of the tough, hard-bitten leader who expects and respects in others the courage and concentration he himself displays—is predominant in Zhukov's make-up.

Red Deserters Looted Berlin

In Berlin shortly after World War II, numerous Russian deserters—armed, undisciplined, tough—were holed up in the ruins of the American sector. These men, hundreds of them, hid out in the daytime and sallied forth by night to steal, rob and murder Germans and to carry back with them to their hide-outs food, liquor, loot—and sometimes women. On one occasion a lone young American paratroop captain came upon four of these tough characters, all of them armed with sub-machine guns, holding up Germans at a station in the U.S. sector. The captain intervened and when the Russians offered fight he shot all four of them. Zhukov wrote a formal letter of protest to the United States authorities, and General Clay mentioned this protest when he next saw Zhukov.

"Oh, I had to write that," Zhukov said, "but that's just a formality. What I really want to know is, where do you get men like that captain?"

All these characteristics—professional knowledge, self-control, leadership—served Zhukov well during World War II. There was nothing particularly novel in Zhukov's tactics, or in his strategy; indeed Russian strategy was probably the product of several minds, with Stalin and the Politburo participating in all major decisions. But as General Clay has said, Zhukov is a "master of the orthodox"; that is, he knew and practiced the sound principles of the military art. How well he practiced them is attested by his record of victory. Zhukov was the personal one-man "fire brigade" upon whom the Kremlin called in all major emergencies.

In the fourth month of the Russian invasion, when the high tide of German conquest was surging close to Moscow, Zhukov was appointed commander of the Western Front army in relief of Timoshenko and given what then seemed the almost impossible task of saving the Russian capital. Here his qualities of leadership, ruthlessness and passionate faith in Russia were demonstrated to the full. He issued a "Hold or Die" order:

"Not a step back . . . Halt the Fascists! . . . Cowards and panicmongers must be destroyed ruthlessly as traitors to the fatherland . . ."

The troops were directed to shift from passive to active antitank measures—to hunt out and destroy Nazi armor.

Moscow Divisions Sacrificed

Zhukov let his lines give slowly, fed into the breach the bodies of the four virtually untrained Moscow divisions, held and hid his Siberian reserves, as they reached the Moscow area, in the dense woods, north and south and west of the capital.

The Germans came within 14 miles of the capital, and in the trenches dug by women and children the bones of the men of the Moscow divisions still are buried. But in late November, Zhukov struck back. He fed in his hoarded reserves first on the flanks, north and south of the capital, and let the Germans push deeper in the center.

Then, in early December, when a bitter subzero cold spell settled down prematurely upon the land, he struck all along his front, and forced the Germans into the winter retreat, which not only saved Moscow and turned a war of blitzkrieg into a war of attrition, but also really marked the beginning of the end for Hitler's Reich. In his successful defense of Moscow, Zhukov not only showed his leadership but utilized to the full the Red Army's skill in winter warfare and its mobility—meshing together foot soldiers, armor, horsed cavalry and ski troops.

Throughout the first two years of the German invasion, Zhukov was a trouble shooter. In between field commands, Zhukov did general staff work in several positions. At various times he was chief of the general staff, Deputy Commissar for Defense or Stalin's personal representative. Twice—once before he assumed command of the Moscow defenses; later, in 1942, when the Germans made a second gigantic bid for victory—Zhukov was the *spasitel* (savior) of Leningrad. With General Andrei A. Zhdanov, now dead, he reorganized the defenses of the old czarist capital, countermanded orders to destroy the city and retreat, and helped to make it—though at frightful cost to the Russian defenders—another death knell of German hopes.

Zhukov took over the southern sector of the Russian front in the spring of 1942 (again relieving Timoshenko) and helped to restore the Soviet lines after the rout at Rostov. Again he sold space for time, husbanded his reserves, and—fortified by Stalin's general order which commanded the MVD to shoot any soldier who retreated without orders—he restored the Russian positions. Later, he played the principal field role in the organization and execution of the counteroffensive which relieved Stalingrad, trapped the Sixth German Army of

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General Friedrich von Paulus, and led to the seizure of the initiative by the Russians all along the front.

For these defensive services Zhukov was appointed Marshal of the Soviet Union, and he began to become Russia's best-known soldier.

In the spring of 1943, when the Nazis staged their last desperate major offensive in Russia, Zhukov again blunted the enemy blow at Kursk and counterattacked with a ferocity which sent the Germans reeling westward.

In all these operations Zhukov was essentially a counterpuncher. He showed a mastery of restraint and a sense of timing remarkable for an army like the Russian which then, at least, was relatively primitive in its communication network and which used far smaller staffs than our own. It is these defensive victories, rather than his later offensive successes, upon which Zhukov's fame principally rests.

It is true that he showed skill and forcefulness on the offensive and in the co-ordination of major operations in 1944 and 1945 in the western Ukraine, Poland and Germany. But he used the traditional Russian tactics of mass and weight and power—the concentration of large numbers of break-through divisions, one echeloned behind the other, on a very narrow front, supported by massed artillery and great numbers of tanks and mobile guns, and Stormovik close-support planes.

He, like all other Russian commanders, would try to emulate—and sometimes succeeded in doing so—the strategy of Cannae, the strategy of the double-envelopment. Two break-throughs would be attempted at separated parts of the front; tanks and artillery would sweep through the two gaps and join behind the enemy front to encircle German forces.

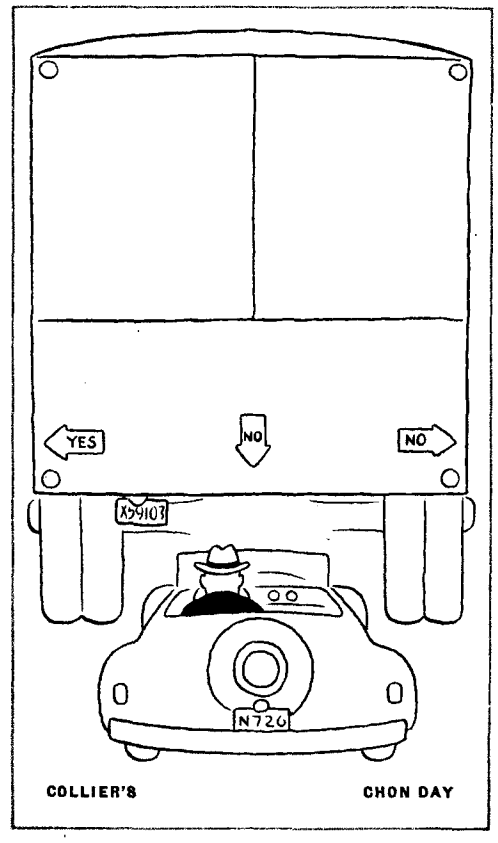
Zhukov Indebted to Hitler

The success of these tactics of mass and this strategy of annihilation was due, however, not alone to Zhukov's competence but to a number of other factors, some of them peculiar to the Russian art of war. Most important, perhaps, was Hitler's paranoia, which overruled continuously the sound military judgment of his generals, and pinned the German forces to the defense of fixed positions—thus sacrificing their greatest advantage, superior mobility and flexibility. The ruthless attitude of the Russian toward human life was a factor of major importance; no non-Oriental commander could possibly postulate victory upon the frightful price in human lives which Zhukov and other Russian commanders constantly were willing to pay.

As Eisenhower notes in his book Crusade in Europe, to the Russians "great victories . . . inevitably require huge casualties." This terrible disregard for human life is exemplified by the tactics Zhukov used in attacks upon positions defended by mine fields. He did not bother with mine detectors or mechanical detonators; as he later told Eisenhower in Berlin, he sent his foot soldiers directly across the mine fields, taking his casualties but moving on. Zhukov showed little interest, therefore, when Ike, after the war, discussed with him measures to reduce casualties and to put troops into battle fresh rather than exhausted. The soldier, to Zhukov, is a pawn to be expended.

And he expended them—yet, in the doing of it, kept their respect and loyalty. Toward the end Zhukov's victories, culminating with the capture of Berlin, were achieved with overwhelming superiority—in men, in tanks, in trucks and guns (superiority in part the product of U.S. aid). The Germans were overwhelmed—six to one, 10 to one, 20 to one; the road to victory was a road of blood.

When Zhukov smashed into Berlin with his First White Russian Army, "the Great White Army," some called it, he was at the apex of his fame. His likeness was on



posters on the walls of Moscow's houses. He had reached a higher peak of power and was better known in the Soviet Union than any Communist soldier before or since. As Eisenhower noted, "He had a longer experience as a responsible leader in great battles than any other man of our time." Too high a peak . . .

He was the first commander of the Soviet zone of Germany, and as such he became well known to Eisenhower, Clay, General Bedell Smith and other Americans, all of whom respected his soldierly qualities, and his straight shooting.

". . . our principal contacts," General Smith records in his My Three Years in Moscow, were "with Marshal Zhukov and General Sokolovsky, both of whom we admired very much and who, I felt, would be great men in any country. These two, and their principal subordinates, impressed us not only by their ability, but by their frank and straightforward attitude . . . However . . . there still was an arm's length between us in our dealings."

For Zhukov, to Eisenhower's mind, was a "firm believer in the Communist system" —a sincere and convinced Communist who had no understanding of, or little use for, the individualism of the West. He could not comprehend the Western concept of the free press. He was irritated because two American reporters had written during the war that he was several inches shorter than his wife and that he had two sons. He personally invited Eisenhower to compare his height with that of Mrs. Zhukov (then in Berlin) and he declared he had two daughters and no sons.

"Now you see what kind of lies some of your writers publish about us," Eisenhower records him as saying.

Zhukov is vain. At a big parade in Berlin he usurped the place of honor in the center of the reviewing stand for himself and his officers, and wore full-dress uniform—a dazzling blue tunic, covered with all his medals, with off-shade trousers. The late General George Patton was there, with General Clay, and Patton took one look at Zhukov and said to Clay:

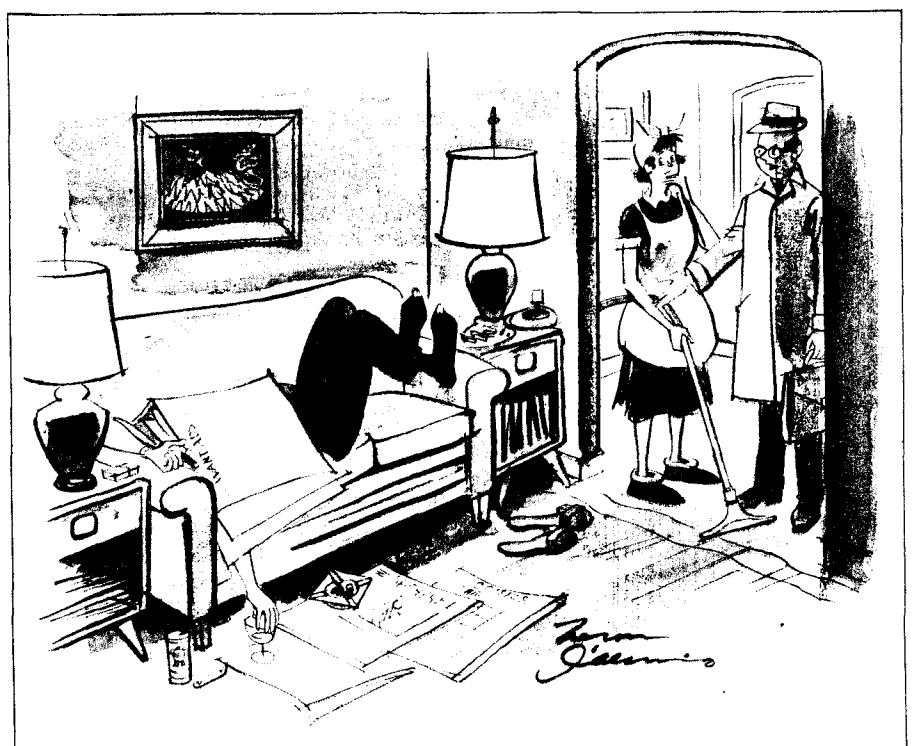
"Damn it, Lucius! Why didn't you tell me he was going to wear all his medals? I've got just as many as he has and I would have worn mine!"

When the American troops marched past, "Georgie" Patton—never to be outdone by any man, Russian or non-Russian—moved front and center and, with General Clay beside him, took the salute standing directly in front of the Russian reviewing contingent.

Zhukov was, therefore, friendly, but correct, and it was probably not his friendliness with Eisenhower and other Western generals—contrary to impression—that led to his eclipse. Eisenhower visited Moscow in August, 1945, at the invitation of Stalin, and Zhukov accompanied him. The brief-lived Russian-American "marriage of convenience" was then still happily joined, and Eisenhower was everywhere received with tremendous enthusiasm, as was Zhukov. Zhukov was invited to pay a return visit to the United States; Clay was to go with him in Eisenhower's personal plane, and Eisenhower's son was to act as Zhukov's aide. Zhukov enthusiastically accepted, but the trip was first postponed —suddenly (Clay learned of it only 24 hours before) on the plea of illness—and then abandoned. Zhukov's star was setting.

He had undoubtedly become "too big." Personal antipathy between him and Marshal Nikolai A. Bulganin, member of the Politburo and the Communist party's proconsul in the military field, was unquestionably a factor in Zhukov's eclipse. But coupled with this—in fact, probably an inseparable part of the relationship between Zhukov and Bulganin—was the Communist party's fear of the generals they had created. The Red Army leaders, developed out of crisis in World War II, had done their job. Now it was time to put them back in the shadows and let the spotlight play alone on the "One God, the Only God —Stalin."

The first step was to separate Zhukov from his fanatically loyal army. In the spring of 1946, after one year in Germany, he was kicked upstairs, and became commander in chief of Soviet ground forces in Moscow. But he held this job for only a few months before he went into the shadows. He was sent to Odessa and commanded a military district there; his name was rarely mentioned, and only on one or two occasions was he seen in Moscow. He got the silent treatment; he was too valuable to be purged.



"Well, I'm glad to see your brother is making some use of the Help Wanted section"

Was He Really in Manchuria?

Just exactly how long Zhukov stayed in Odessa is not certain. There were reports, entirely unconfirmed, that he had been sent to the Far East after the Korean war started, to co-ordinate joint Russian-Chinese operations. This seems unlikely, but if he actually went to Manchuria he was there only a few months. For last July he shared the rostrum in Poland with Rokossovsky and Molotov, and today he has definitely emerged from the shadows.

For what purpose, or in what job, is not yet clear. The machinations of Communist politics, and the strange gyrations of the party line could, perhaps, cast Zhukov once again into darkness overnight. But his value as a soldier, his acquaintance with Western commanders, his assessment of Eisenhower, whom he once toasted as "the greatest military strategist of our time," his knowledge of Germany—above all, his experience in great battles and his effective discipline and hard but inspiring leadership—are probably too valuable to Soviet Russia to cast away. It seems certain that he continued, as an adviser, to exert some influence on general staff decisions, even as an exile, and today that influence is increasing.

Is he the Eisenhower of the East? What would he do if war came tomorrow?

On record is Zhukov's opinion that, "movement, continuous forward movement —that is the test of successful military preparation."

This could mean—simplified—a Russian version of the German blitzkrieg, a lightning offensive. Yet such an offensive strategy is against Russian tradition, and Zhukov himself had an important share in postulating the strategy of the counter-offensive which he applied so successfully against the Germans and to which Stalin has committed himself since the war.

It seems certain, too, that Zhukov still has a liking and, above all, respect for Eisenhower, whose bluntness and decisiveness could, when necessary, match the Russian's. Zhukov knows something of Western military capabilities; Eisenhower and Clay saw to that after the war. Zhukov is not blinded, militarily, by the astigmatism of Communism. And his exact relationships with the hierarchy of the party—particularly with Marshal Bulganin—are a matter of doubt.

But Zhukov is first and foremost a soldier, and even if he has political ambitions —and there is no evidence that he has—he no longer holds a field command, and the Red Army today is thoroughly infiltrated with political commissars and under the eye of the MVD. Zhukov's present role is more akin to that of inspector general, or supreme commander; he is far off from his troops.

But if war came, those very qualities that once distinguished him—hard, driving leadership, fanatic inspiration, courage and self-control—might again put his likeness on Moscow's walls. But never without suspicion; in Soviet Russia, "Mr. Big" must always be whittled down to size. THE END

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Painless Parker Buys a Circus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

he could do for him, and the doctor, who had now to think of his wife's conscience as well as his own, wrestled the Devil daily. At this critical period, no one at all came into his office and his wife's relatives began to speculate aloud whether Frances hadn't been a trifle hasty in marrying.

Then, one day, *two* patients came in at the same time. One seated himself in the dentist's chair and the other sat fidgeting on the waiting-room side of the curtain. All might have gone placidly, and Dr. Parker might not today be the king of the chain-office dentists, had not the first patient perceived an unholy eagerness in the doctor's eyes and bounded out of the chair with cries of alarm before he had had a hand laid on him. The waiting patient, who had evidently needed only the slightest jar to set him in motion, also ran out bellowing. The doctor chased them both half a block, and then, throwing his forceps to the ground, returned to his office and got in touch with Beebe.

"It may be too late," Beebe said, doubtfully, "but I'll see what I can do to make something out of you. The first thing I want you to do is drop that E. R. Parker handle. From now on, you'll be known as Painless Parker, the Expert Exponent of Extraordinary Excellence. Got that?" Beebe yelled. "P-A-I-N-L-E-S-S Parker."

Although the day this christening took place was not circled in black on the calendar of the American Dental Association, the oversight was later corrected. In Dr. Parker, Bill Beebe had a born pitchman, already blooded in the crude forms of backwoods spellbinding and needing only the silken hand of an experienced master of display to turn him into a spectacle. In Beebe, Dr. Parker had one of the inspired attention-getters of his time. Together, on a long-range campaign of public education about teeth—to be repaired in the Parker parlors, of course—they were a combination to be hailed or damned, according to one's view of dentistry's mission. Whatever one's view, they could not be ignored.

Back to Street Dentistry

With his wife and so many of her relatives watching him, Dr. Parker had to sneak back onto the path of wickedness. But he could dissemble as well as the next man, and soon had a Morris chair rigged on a soapbox in the back of a wagon and was ready to start preaching tooth salvation and pulling teeth in the streets of Brooklyn.

One thing worried him. His dental pitches in the past had been directed mostly at back-country innocents, or rubes—an American species now supposedly rendered practically extinct by the movies, radio, mass magazines, rapid transportation and so on. The doctor, who was fairly new to the big city himself, thought there weren't any rubes in Brooklyn and consequently he was a little timid on his first expeditions. But when crowds came running at the call of his cornet and stayed to listen, open-mouthed, to his sermons on dental care, and then fought one another to have their teeth removed or repaired, "painlessly," in the back of the doctor's wagon, Dr. Parker perceived his error and began to lay joyfully about him with forceps, pry and chisel.

The first inkling Frances Parker had about what was going on was when the doctor bought her a new watch one day. When she asked where he had got the money, he grew evasive. Fortunately, she did not press the matter, nor did any of her relatives discover the doctor at work in the streets for the next three or four months. When that time had passed, Dr. Parker, with Bill Beebe's assistance, had built a good-sized company, including a small brass band, a contortionist, two Irish tenors and several utility performers, and was making enough money to rent two offices in a Flatbush office building and hire a couple of dentists to man them.

The doctor's routine rarely varied. First he would blow several loud blasts on his cornet and then the band would strike up a patriotic air. When a crowd had gathered, the entertainment would begin. Between the acts, Dr. Parker would inject hydrocain, a rude but often effective predecessor of novocain, into waiting gums and then go to work with other instruments that flashed evilly in the sunlight. After particularly successful extractions, Dr. Parker would present the wavering patient to the crowd and announce triumphantly: "Folks, here you see one more example of painless dentistry. He will tell you himself that the operation you just saw performed here in the open air did not hurt a bit."

The patient would just begin to mumble thickly when the band would blow a fanfare and launch into Over the Waves.

It is a point of dispute between the doctor and those who do not use the Parker System, which is to say the 70,000 ethical dentists in the United States, whether these early extractions actually were painless. Eminent practitioners have said that hydrocain was an inefficient and somewhat toxic anesthetic at best, and that when it failed Dr. Parker, which was supposed to be about half the time, he drowned the patient's screams by wigwagging his musicians to go into action. Dr. Parker says this story, like so many others about him, is false.

To avoid discovery by his wife or her relatives, Dr. Parker usually held his street exhibitions a safe distance from his house. But a showdown was bound to come.

"This may be a little hard to visualize," the doctor, now eighty, mused recently, "but I want you to try. I was in the middle of a busy day on Greenpoint Avenue when I saw the contortionist, whose day off it was, climbing onto the stage we had set up. I went on filling a bicuspid until I realized that the man was drunk and intended to put on his act then and there, in his street clothes. Before I could drop my scaler, he was already down on the boards and unlimbering his arms and legs. Before I could reach him he had apparently slipped a spinal disk in an attempt to wrap his left leg twice around his neck, and was locked in a dreadful tangle of limbs.

"I took off my coat at once and began to grapple with him," the doctor recalled, "and the piano player joined me. By this time, the crowd was scrambling up on the stage to view our struggles, and was making book on our chances of success. It was very vulgar. Then the piano player got his hand caught in the contortionist's toils. When I could not extricate him, I decided to call an ambulance, and while fighting my way to the fringe of the crowd on this errand of mercy, I came face to face with my wife who had been shopping with her Aunt Evelyn and her Aunt Clarice and had obviously witnessed the entire scene.

"For once," said the doctor, "I was speechless. I couldn't move and I couldn't even answer the nurse who ran after me to say they had finally got the contortionist unwound. My wife spoke first, and then to the nurse, who said the pianist had sprained his fingers getting them free and could no longer perform. I'll never forget her words.

" 'I play the piano,' she said. 'I'm sure Aunt Evelyn and Aunt Clarice will excuse me while I help Edgar out.' "

The doctor was so sobered by his wife's calmness on this occasion that he considered returning to the obscurity of ethical practice. Although she had pinch-hit for him once, Mrs. Parker was not won over to sidewalk dentistry by any means, and continued to urge her husband to give it up. But Bill Beebe had a Painless Parker exploitation campaign of such size and ferocity under way that retreat was impossible.

Also, for the first time in years, Dr. Parker was feeling the pleasant sensations that are said to go with having money in the bank. These sensations were becoming rather intense, for the doctor was beginning to put a good deal of money away—wads of it, in fact. The doctor couldn't reason why on moral grounds, but the fact remained that when he was a good dentist, fortune wouldn't be seen with him, but when he was a bad, i.e. advertising, dentist, fortune got right up in his lap and tugged lovingly at his Vandyke.

This is not to say that profits came to him the moment he met Bill Beebe. They waited a month or so. In the second month, currency came slowly, almost reluctantly, as though it had not quite made up its mind about the doctor. The third month, it came faster. But it was not until his fourth month as a sidewalk practitioner, when his show was becoming a hit up and down Flatbush Avenue, that Dr. Parker heard the first warning rumble of what was to become a stampede to his offices.

Branch Offices Multiply

Ten months after Beebe had lured him from respectability, Dr. Parker had to rent two floors of a flatiron building on Flatbush Avenue, hire 14 more dentists, each of whom handled three chairs, and put in an overhead cash-carrying system to haul receipts to the cashier. When revenues rose to the staggering height of $5,000 a day, Beebe advised the doctor to go into branch dentistry, and presently the name Painless Parker appeared on buildings in the five New York boroughs, and outside offices in Albany and Troy. In Brooklyn, he had offices at Nostrand Avenue and Fulton Street, Broadway and Gates Avenue, Bergen and Hoyt Streets, Broadway and Reid Avenue, and near the Wallabout Market, near the water front.

To say the name appeared is understatement, of course. Beebe had little faith in the ability of the human brain to retain visual images. When he ordered signs for the doctor, he ordered them 20 by 110 feet and ran them all around the second floor of various buildings.

"Painless Parker—I am positively IT in painless dentistry! Yes, me!" shouted one of the signs, dashed off by Beebe between happy glances at the Parker ledgers. The "IT" was four stories high, and Dr. Parker recently estimated it could be seen four miles.

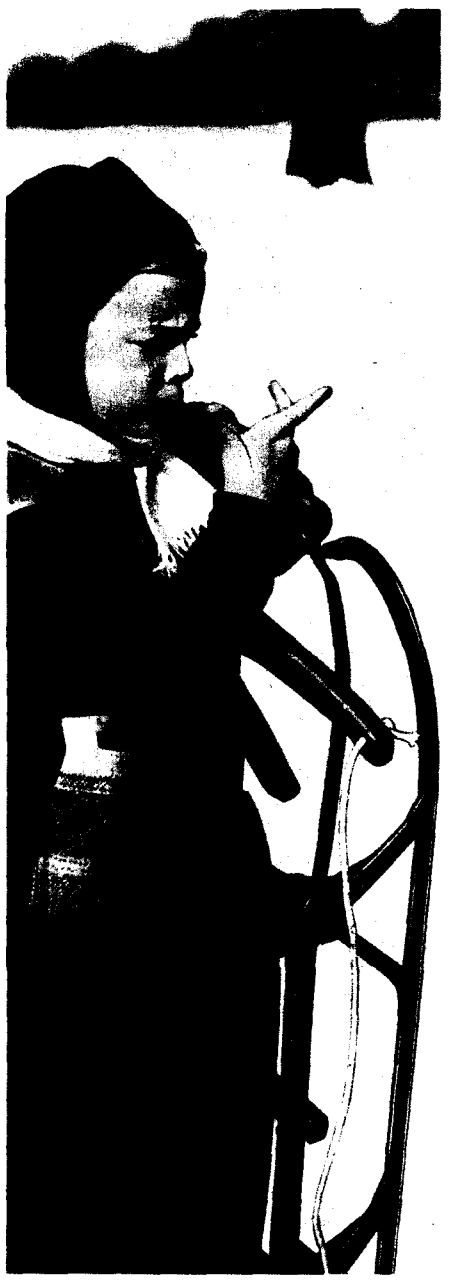
"Painless Parker—Pre-eminently Par-excellent, Positively Painless Perfection of Practice and Philanthropically Predisposed to Popular Prices!" read another, also composed by Beebe, whose ear for alliteration was perhaps overdeveloped. Between the words were giant paintings of molars, each adorned with a portrait of the doctor.

Lest the signs somehow go unheeded, Beebe hired tightrope walkers to teeter high over gaping throngs between Parker's offices and the building across the street, shouting, "I've been to Painless Parker; he doesn't hurt a bit!" on the trip out, and "I'm going to Painless Parker, he doesn't hurt a bit!" on the trip back. Lest this also fail, Beebe hired human flies to creep up and down the sides of the building, bellowing the same theme. He also insisted that the doctor continue his street practice, accompanied now by a 15-piece band, acrobats, dancing girls, tragedians to read from the bards, jugglers, minstrel men and occasional choral groups.

As an added attraction, the doctor dipped every so often into a bucket of small coins on the wagon seat and, crying, "Hurrah!", flung showers of nickels and dimes over the heads of the crowd.

Besides riveting the attention of his relatives, who watched his triumphal run on the sidewalks of Greater New York with growing dismay, and who constantly complained to Mrs. Parker that her husband was no better than a peep-show operator, Dr. Parker attracted other eyes. These belonged to the King's County Dental Society.

For months, the society had ignored the doctor's extravaganzas in hope the public



Never neglect a cut finger

The tiniest injury can become infected. Always protect with BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

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would tire of them. When it did not, the society asked the city aldermen for a law prohibiting public tooth-pulling exhibitions, and further laws against display advertising by dentists and against chain dental systems. The laws were opposed by the mayor, who held a dentist could practice under water if he obeyed the police regulations.

Immediately thereafter, Dr. Parker's name came in for much unflattering mention in the press. Some papers had it that the doctor lied when he said dentistry could be painless; others that he substituted brass for gold in crownwork and fixed teeth so badly they had to be done over by other dentists. Still others pointed out that the street was a manifestly unsterile place to perform a surgical operation, and that therefore Parker risked thousands of lives.

Whether the society was behind all this sudden anti-Parker publicity is difficult to say. It is certain, however, that the more bad publicity he got, the more malpractice suits piled up against him. In 1900, alone, such suits reached a total of $275,000.

"Naturally, I was framed," growls the doctor. "If there'd been anything to those suits, I'd still be paying off. But I didn't lose a suit. Most of them never came to court, in fact, because they had been started to scare off my customers."

Indeed, the doctor's books, carefully kept by Beebe, show a grand total of $900,000 in suits filed against Dr. Parker in the ten years he was in Brooklyn. Of this amount, the doctor had to pay only $4,000. As for the effect of the suits on the public, Dr. Parker's only problem was how to avoid being trampled to death when he opened the doors in the morning.

"The reason I stayed in business then is the same reason I'm in business now," the doctor says. "I gave the working people a service for a price they couldn't get elsewhere. What makes me mad is those dang ethicals saying I never added anything to the progress of dentistry. Why, I was the first man to bring dental anesthetics to the masses, and the first to educate people about their teeth. Also, I invented group practice. I would like to remind you," the doctor concluded, rather grandly, "that the U.S. Army and Navy use group practice today and think it is one hell of a good idea."

Association Concedes a Point

On at least one of these points—that the doctor was a trail blazer in making the nation tooth-conscious—the American Dental Association is inclined to agree. On the others, the association, which has long since come to an uneasy truce with Dr. Parker, and which feels the world will never see his like again, does not wish to comment.

In Brooklyn, of course, with the doctor crying tooth redemption in the streets every day, the association's attitude was less aloof. But despite repeated attempts to outlaw him, despite newspaper roastings, lawsuits, business cares and the pained remonstrances of his relatives, many of whom he supported, Dr. Parker continued to get richer and more famous. By 1902, he had 17 offices and over 500 employees. Two years later, he had a personal fortune verging on a million dollars and, with Bill Beebe laboring prodigiously in his behalf, was almost as well known around the nation's dinner tables as Wild Bill Hickok.

With success jostling him from all sides, the doctor might have been expected to exchange active dental practice for business management. But he would not think of it. Patients were fascinating. Some liked to have all their front teeth capped with gold and have stars, moons or other symbols engraved on them. Fighting Bob Fitzsimmons, the ex-heavyweight champion, had the doctor plant four 2½-carat diamonds in his molars, and other, lesser, patients settled for cheaper stones.

Some people tried to bite the doctor's fingers off when the hydrocain didn't work, and others laughed when they had been drilled to the point where men lie down and howl like dogs. Still others said plates were against nature and stubbornly risked starvation gumming their meals, while others would not let the doctor near them until they had examined *his* teeth, found he had them all and been assured they were all products of Painless Parker care.

Little foibles like these added tone to practice, the doctor felt, but they also added strain. By 1905, overwork, the ambushes of the nonadvertising dentists and the constant proddings of Bill Beebe had worn Dr. Parker's trucklike constitution down to the point where his hands began to shake. He continued working a 12-hour schedule, but the price was nervous exhaustion and loss of judgment.

To show how his judgment was affected, we need only cite the day he walked into the Brooklyn machine shop operated by the Mack brothers, who were manufacturing the first Mack trucks. A lanky and melancholy mechanic from Detroit was there, vainly trying to interest the Macks in helping finance an automobile he hoped to build. To put him off, the Macks introduced the mechanic to the doctor.

"This is Henry Ford," they said, offhandedly. "He's trying to peddle stock in a horseless carriage. Maybe you'd like to buy some of it."

"Sorry," said the doctor, loftily uttering the line that haunts him to this day, "but I'm not putting good money into any wild-eyed stock schemes."

When his fatigue became more noticeable, Mrs. Parker urged the doctor to take a long rest in the country. The doctor refused at first, but then one day, after a long conference with Beebe, he came home exhilarated and announced he was ready to go. Something in his attitude aroused Mrs. Parker's suspicions, and they were confirmed next day when the doctor met her at the train with Beebe, the brass band and most of the medicine show, all set for a long-delayed return engagement in the sticks.

Whether from forgetfulness or design, Dr. Parker neglected to take a piano player along, and through dozens of one-day stands in the hamlets of upper New York State, Mrs. Parker was obliged to bang away on the Battle Hymn of the Republic and other airs while the moonlike Beebe beamed and the doctor blew the rube call on the cornet, like a man stalking moose. Her most trying day came when the Parker parade reached a country fair, near Poughkeepsie, New York.

"I believe I rescued that entire territory from dental disaster," the doctor recalled, recently. "Starting at 8:00 A.M., I extracted 357 teeth, my all-time record for one day's work, before sunset. It was a savage and barbaric scene, I'll tell you, and the woods rang with the cries of the wounded. But it had to be done, even though I'm sure the strain of it was what caused my breakdown later on."

The doctor got up and walked to a long and yellowing necklace of human teeth that hung on the wall of his main office in San Francisco.

"Here're the teeth," he said, tossing them to a friend. "Kindly count them."

The doctor's breakdown occurred soon after his return to Brooklyn in 1905. What set it off, very probably, was the sudden death of Bill Beebe, who passed on in the middle of planning unbelievable exploitation feats for the doctor. After that, Dr. Parker's nerves gave out and he took to his bed for a long time, arising finally to find himself not only thin and wan but with a stutter—a catastrophe for a pitchman.

COLLIER'S **"Don't ever say we didn't have a white Christmas!"** LAFE LOCKE

When he felt a little stronger, the doctor returned with his family, which had now grown to five, to a large country house he had bought some years before in Mapleton, Long Island. This splendid three-story edifice was surrounded by great lawns and had a stable full of blooded horses and a porte-cochere of the most fashionable design. The house was one of many gifts Dr. Parker lavished on his wife to make up for his inability to remain "respectable." While reading the paper there one evening, he happened to come across an ad describing the wonders of California.

Whether it was then the idea of going to California to retire hit him, the doctor does not remember. But it was then, or soon after.

"I was thirty-three years old," the doctor says, "and the father of three daughters and a son—Dorothy, Helen, Janey and Edgar. Also, I was rich as hell. Suddenly, I couldn't see why I should keep on sticking my hands into people's mouths all the time."

After turning the matter over in his mind, the doctor sprang it on his wife. To his amazement, Frances Parker absolutely refused to move West. The doctor retreated in confusion to the library, but in a few minutes he was back, his eyes blazing with pitchman zeal and his stutter all gone.

"I was masterful," the doctor says, flatly. "I started out slow and gradually stepped up the pace until I was jumping around and hollering. Then, I let down to a purr, pacing that big living room at Mapleton. I painted pictures of the jeweled beaches, the deserts, the palm trees. I invoked the spirit of the pioneers, and I promised to buy her an orange grove and devote the rest of my life to gentleman farming. It took me an hour and it exhausted me. But I changed her mind."

Moving Was a Vast Operation

Moving to California to retire was no offhand job for the Parkers. The doctor filled six boxcars with household furnishings, and two cattle cars with expensive horses. He leased or sold 15 offices, adding to his large and expanding fortune, and turned the remaining two over to a cousin and his brother, Hal, to operate under the Painless Parker name. He started out for San Francisco but the earthquake got there ahead of him and he turned south for Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles, Dr. Parker settled his family in a large house on West Adams Street and went out to see the city. It wasn't much, but the doctor did not care, since he intended to move out of it as soon as he had found a suitable orange grove. He bought a fiery-red Peerless touring car, drove Mrs. Parker on a round of several groves and finally found one that filled her eyes with delight. Declaring that this was precisely the place he had been looking for to retire, the doctor made a down payment on it. Next day, he was on his way to town to close the deal when he happened to pass a weathered doorway over which hung a small sign, saying, "J. F. Fram, Dentist."

The doctor eyed it coldly and passed on. Half a block beyond, he slowed down and stole a glance back up the street. Then, slowly and carelessly, he began to retrace his steps. When he got to the door of Dr. Fram's shabby, one-room parlor, which happened to look very much like the room in which he had spent his worst moments on Flatbush Avenue, Dr. Parker glanced furtively around and ducked in. Dr. Fram, a mincing little man with a rabbity air, seemed astonished to see him.

When the doctor left Fram's office an hour or so later, that emaciated little man was in a state of high agitation and Dr. Parker was smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Fram & Parker," he mused aloud, gazing at the little shingle. "Or Parker & Fram, rather."

Instead of going to the real-estate office, Dr. Parker went downtown to a bank and deposited $500 in a separate account.

"This is to start me in business," he informed a teller, solemnly, "and I intend never to overdraw it."

That evening, the showman and the respectable man engaged in a fearful struggle inside Dr. Parker. It was madness, he reports the respectable man as saying, for him to think of starting a third career at thirty-four, particularly on a pittance like $500. Also, there was his wife to think of, and beyond her the ranks of ethical dentistry, waiting to fetch him a clout he would not soon forget if he transgressed the dental code again. On the other hand, the showman is said to have argued, he could not let that poor, hounded devil Fram sit there and starve to death. Not that he, Dr. Parker, relished the thought of starting a new string of offices, or anything like that. But poor Fram . . .

Dr. Parker arose renewed the next morning and apologized to his wife for having to put off the orange grove, temporarily. He had a two-tone klaxon, a set of Swiss bells and a small organ installed in the Peerless, and later he arrayed himself in his bullet-ridden top hat, tail coat and morning trousers, Ascot tie and spats and about 15 carats' worth of diamonds. Mounting to the wheel, he drove to Dr. Fram's office,

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jangling the bells and bowing to the natives en route like a visiting maharaja.

After stopping to warn Fram to limber up his forceps, Dr. Parker drove to the busiest corner in town where he short-circuited his ignition and, with a little help from a string of firecrackers, produced a backfiring remindful of Gettysburg. Automobiles were rare in 1906, and since the doctor's seemed about to blow up, people came running from every direction. When the crowd had grown to sufficient size, the doctor fixed it with a glittering eye and began to lecture on the terrors of tooth neglect. In a matter of minutes a patient was sitting in the tonneau of the Peerless, gratefully waiting to become the subject of Dr. Parker's first public tooth-pulling exhibition in California.

That afternoon, patients began to call on Dr. Fram, saying a Dr. Parker had sent them. By midweek, Dr. Fram was shaking with fatigue and still the patients piled up in his office. Over the week end Dr. Parker was obliged to rent more rooms in the neighborhood, install more chairs and pitch in on the indoor as well as the outdoor trade. Because he was determined not to overdraw that $500, the chairs were his old stand-by—rockers set up on soapboxes.

Soon after this, the doctor hired more dentists, on a commission basis, and began to run ads in the papers. Before two months had gone by, four Painless Parker dental offices had opened in Los Angeles, receipts had risen to around $1,000 a day, tax free, and Mrs. Parker was no longer speaking to her husband. Dr. Fram, whose nerves had been twanging like banjo strings, did his best to service the overflow business Dr. Parker sent him. But one day, the strain apparently proved too great, and he went away, leaving no forwarding address.

"Must have been terrified of prosperity," the doctor concluded, recently. "Or else his conscience was pinching him. It couldn't have been the pace," the doctor added, after some thought. "He wasn't handling more than 80-90 teeth a day."

Threats From the Black Hand

Dr. Parker had no sooner got well under way in Los Angeles, with a new brass band, new acrobats, jugglers, mind readers, two-story signs and so on, than he began to generate opposition. Black Hand letters that threatened his life and the lives of his children turned up in his mailbox. The doctor countered with a blanket newspaper ad campaign, featuring Parker-composed jingles that extolled the Parker service in rhyme. These jingles were forerunners of the singing commercial, and people clipped them out and repeated them to their friends. This publicity helped Dr. Parker's income rise like a freight elevator while, alas, the incomes of many of Los Angeles' nonadvertising dentists steadily declined. Before long, every ethical dentist in Los Angeles County was a fixed Parker enemy.

Dr. Parker made friends, too, but often in rather unusual ways. One of the most unusual beginnings to a Parker friendship involved a quick-tempered dentist named Rimm, who was Dr. Parker's only local rival in the field of advertising dentistry. Dr. Parker's meat had been Dr. Rimm's poison, as the saying goes, and one day, in desperation, Rimm hauled out a large shooting iron, poked it in Dr. Parker's ribs as he was climbing into his new red demonstration car, and ordered him to drive out into the country.

"Certainly, sir," Dr. Parker exclaimed, scrambling behind the wheel at once. "Whatever you say."

The doctor drove in uneasy silence for a few blocks and then his natural sociability reasserted itself and he offered haggard Dr. Rimm a cigar. It was refused, vulgarly, and this so nettled the doctor that, despite the gun waving in his face, he pulled up and lighted one himself.

"If you're going to kill me," he said, "I certainly intend to have one of these Havanas. They cost me 50 cents apiece. Incidentally, what's your name?" inquired the doctor, knowing full well what his passenger's name was. "I always like to know who's shooting at me."

This approach so confused Dr. Rimm that his hand began to tremble. It trembled so hard that Dr. Parker had to help him hold the gun level. After supporting the weapon for some seconds, the doctor got tired, let go and it dropped to the floor boards, whereupon Dr. Parker began immediately to give his would-be murderer advice on how to improve his business. The advice proved so sound that Dr. Rimm became a devoted admirer of Dr. Parker and followed his lead for many years. Finally having made a lot of money, Dr. Rimm was seized with an urge to turn ethical and so, presumably, became an enemy again.

Restoring Spice to His Life

By 1910, Dr. Parker had built up a new fortune well in excess of the one he had made in Brooklyn, and was beginning to feel a little jaded. By this time, he had so damaged the dignity of the dental profession, however, that the local association had finally decided to organize against him. This opposition soon put the spice back in life.

The first anti-Parker blast came from Hampton's Magazine, a national publication, which published an article about the doctor called The Tooth Tinkers. It gave a terrifyingly graphic description of a "helpless patient" writhing in one of Dr. Parker's chairs while the doctor pulled all his teeth out, the good with the bad, and also rang in a little sleight of hand, palming store teeth to make the patient think they had been extracted painlessly. "Dr. Parker's flamboyant, irresponsible tactics are making a mockery of a serious medical science," the article said, and went on to charge that the doctor was only interested in assembly-line dentistry, because that was where big money was to be made.

Dr. Parker, feeling better all the time, promptly ran a series of ads blasting the "Dental Trust," which he charged was jacking up fees, catering to the rich, failing to educate the common man in dental matters, and other evils. He then invented a mythical medicine man named Dr. Henry W. Rainmaker and bought more ads to tell his story.

"Dr. Rainmaker," Dr. Parker wrote, "was the great-granddaddy of all ethical medicine men and held his place in the tribe by one big bluff. Great Chief Ouch-in-the-face would hobble up to Dr. Rainmaker and complain that his head was about to explode. But did Dr. Rainmaker reach down in his carpetbag, grab the right pair of pincers and yank out the offending molar? No!" wrote Dr. Parker, furiously. "Ouch-in-the-face was strung along with a complicated diagnosis, mostly in grunts and wise wags of the head. He was given a couple of tarantula's tongues and a prayer to chant, and told to call back tomorrow.

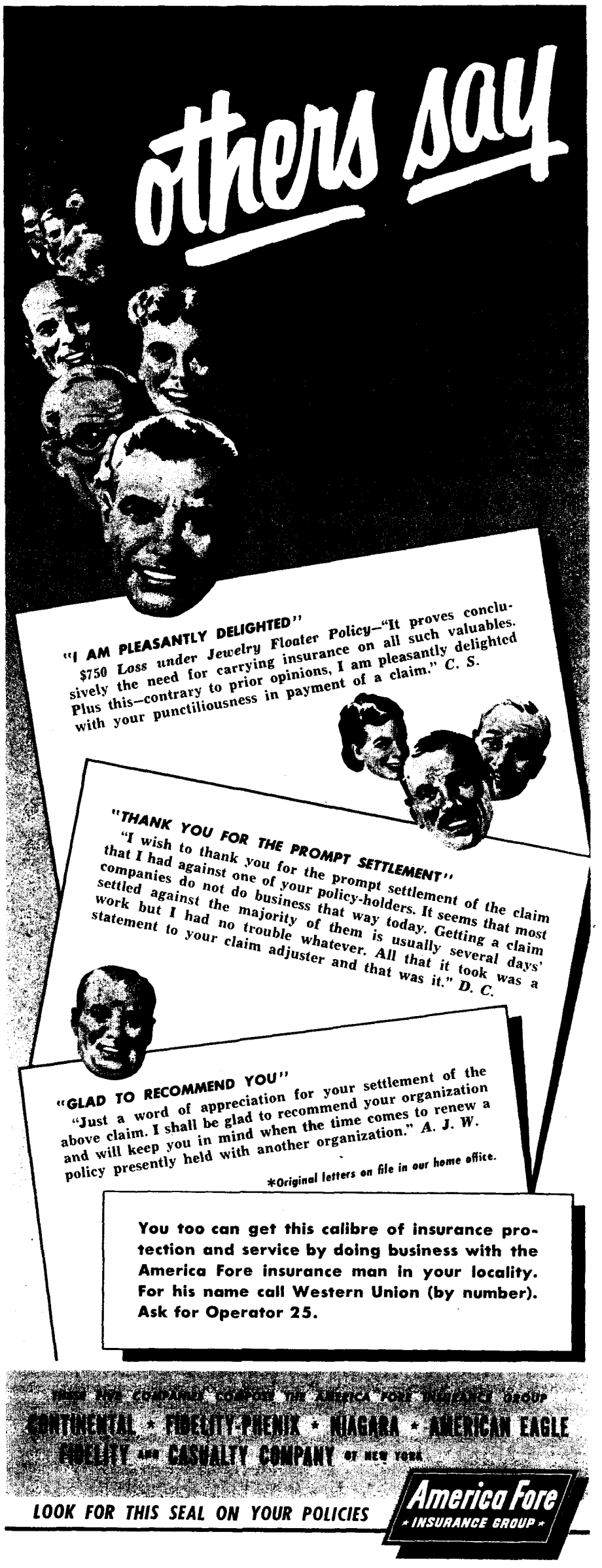
"Meanwhile," Dr. Parker wrote, in ever greater heat, "Dr. Rainmaker for the small price of a barrel of wampum would perform a similar incantation in his wigwam. Many moons and wampum barrels later, Ouch-in-the-face would be just as badly off as he was before . . ."

Whether it was the moral of this tale, or the anger and persistence with which Dr. Parker told it, the Rainmaker story became a conversation piece in Los Angeles, and the dental association was obliged to retire for a while.

During the lull, Dr. Parker took a big step. All his life he had operated side shows while dreaming of better things. Now, he decided to go after the real article, and install himself, in a costume of unimaginable splendor, in the center ring.

He decided to buy a circus.

The final hilarious chapter in the life story of Painless Parker will appear in Collier's next week. Don't forget to order your newsstand copy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Come Back to Sorrento

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

romance. They began by sitting cheaply on Mama's stoop; then he took her for a walk in Fort Greene Park; and finally he took her in for a pizza, which, as far as Mama was concerned, was just as good as being engaged.

A week after the pizza, Mama proposed. It happened on St. Anthony's Eve, a warm night in June, when the Italians of north Brooklyn were having a *festa* for the saint who watched over them. Papa walked along the street, which was arched with bright bulbs, sulking along beside Mama with his hands in his pockets.

"Isn't it nice?" Mama said, looking all around.

"*Stupidi!*" Papa said, meaning the *festa* and the people who went to *festas*. He looked all around him: at the statue of St. Anthony; at a black-dressed old woman who was pinning a dollar bill to a gold-braided banner next to the statue; at a one-armed man who was trying to sell little pieces of wood blessed with holy water that were supposed to have been chipped off the original cross; at the pushcarts and stands lining the sidewalk, where laughing and happy people were buying clams and *scungilli*, skewered pieces of meat, roasted nuts on a string, and chestnuts out of charcoal fires. "Look at all the dopes," Papa said, waving his hand and showing Mama everybody.

"Patsy, what are you saying!" This was the first time Mama had heard Papa talk that way and it shocked her right to the little gold cross she wore on a chain around her neck. Shaking Papa to get into the spirit of the thing, and holding on to his arm, she dragged him off to the end of the street, where a small wooden bandstand had been temporarily built. Uniformed musicians, dressed like soldiers, were playing a fast military march.

UNCLE FUNZY, wearing a scarlet-and-gray suit that was five sizes too big for him, was buried behind the clarinets and spitting into his flute.

Papa looked up at him, shaking his head. "When is that loafer going to get a job?"

"Patsy, stop talking like that! What's the matter with you tonight?"

"Nothing's the matter with me tonight! It's true, no?"

"No," Mama said. "Alfonso's working right now. They're paying him three dollars to play."

"So once a year your brother Alfonso makes three dollars! That's work?"

"Not once a year," Mama said, sticking up for Uncle Funzy. "There's weddings and funerals—"

"Weddings and funerals! He must wait for somebody to get married or die—that's a job?"

The band number ended. The conductor, a little man who looked like a picture of King Victor Emmanuel that Papa later hung in our kitchen, bowed to the people in the street under the bandstand, pressing his baton with his thumbs and smiling at them under his plumed hat. He continued to bow when nobody was clapping.

"Come on," Papa said, starting off ahead of Mama. "We have a pizza and then I take you home. St. Anthony or St. Joseph —I get up early tomorrow and work just the same."

They walked along together through the noise and confetti of the street, Papa with both hands in his pockets, trying to disown everything connected with the *festa*, and Mama holding on to one of his arms. Papa was out in front of her by a stride.

"Patsy," Mama said, looking back at the bandstand, "I wish you liked my brother better."

"Why should I like him?"

"Why?" Mama said.

"Yes, why?" Papa said.

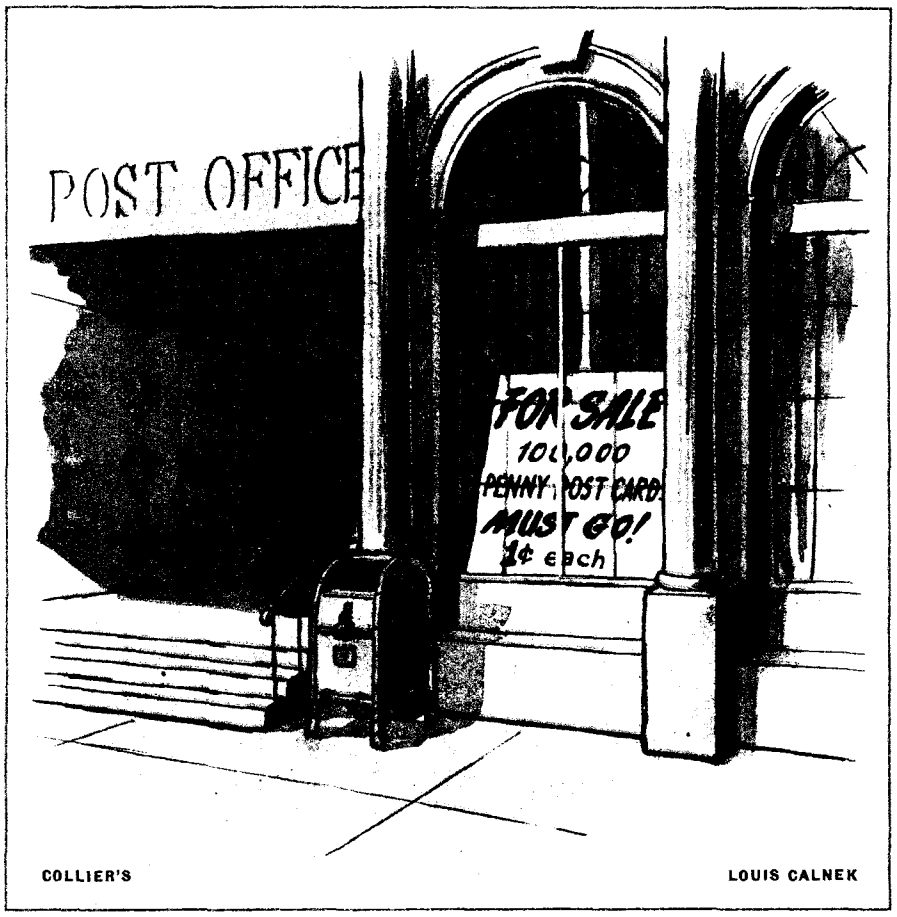
"It's just that—well, now that I'm working, I'm going to start my dowry."

"Your dowry? What's that got to do with your brother?"

"Nothing," Mama said, talking to the moon. "Except that when I get married, I would like him to be the best man." Mama held Papa's arm tighter. Papa looked over his shoulder at her and walked faster down the street to the pizzeria. . . .

That Sunday afternoon, Papa called on Mama to take her for another walk through Fort Greene Park. Dressed in the striped shirt and green-looking suit he had brought over from Italy, he brushed back his mustache and knocked on the door. As he stood outside in the hall waiting, he was surprised to hear Uncle Funzy practicing the saxophone again.

"Come in," Mama said, and she opened the door for Papa and went bustling around



COLLIER'S LOUIS CALNEK

the kitchen. Papa noticed that the kitchen table was set for dinner, and he started to go out.

"*Scusi,*" he said. "I thought you were finished eating. I'll come back later."

"What later?" Mama said, laughing, pulling Papa back into the house. "Today you eat with us."

"I just ate," Papa said.

"Sure you just ate," Mama said, nodding her head to herself, as if she knew all about bachelors and their eating habits. "What did you eat?"

"I ate a sandwich."

"A sandwich! That's what you call eating? You work six days a week, twelve hours a day, and then comes Sunday and you eat a sandwich!"

Mama pushed Papa into a chair and went away shaking her head in pity for all the bachelors in the world. Papa watched her as she took a chilled bottle of Chianti out of the icebox. She set it in the center of the table, winking at Papa, and went back to the stove to look inside the oven, where he could hear something crackling and bubbling. Still sorry for men who work all week and then eat sandwiches on Sunday, Mama took out the shallow baking pan and moved it back and forth under Papa's mustache. It was *lasagna*, Mama's best dish, and the smell of the baking *mozzarella*, the stringy cheese, and the spiced sausages, little bites of fire, made Papa hungry all over again.

"Sandwiches!" Mama said, not forgiving Papa for being a bachelor and eating the way he did. "Today you eat!"

Uncle Funzy wiped the gravy off his chin with a faded yellow napkin, slapped his thighs, and said, "Ah, Maria, that was delicious and something to remember. Now I go to New York to the job."

Papa put his wineglass down. "You got a job?"

"Didn't Maria tell you?" Uncle Funzy said, brushing bread crumbs off his pants to the floor. "I got a job in Greenwich Village, playing the saxophone in a small restaurant. I eat and I sleep there."

Now Papa got a worried look on his face, seeing the sudden end of the walks in the park and the baked *lasagna*. "And Maria —she goes with you?"

"No," Uncle Funzy said. "She stays here."

"All alone?" Papa asked. This was worse than going to New York. Italian girls were not supposed to live all alone; they were better off dead.

"Sure, all alone," Mama said. "I got a job over here, not in New York."

"I know," Papa said, not knowing anything. "But you can't live all alone."

There was a long silence, but Papa didn't understand what it meant. Mama shrugged her shoulders. Uncle Funzy got up, not saying anything, looking down at Papa as if he didn't care one way or the other if he ever became his brother-in-law. Uncle Funzy knew a good thing when he saw it. Here was Papa, a strong shelter in a storm, a hard-working man who saved his money, a strong man who would never be sick a day in his life, a thrifty man who never went out wining it up with the boys in the café, a smart man who never gambled on the horses or the lottery, American or Italian, and a man who might lend you a few dollars to tide you over a lean period. What more could any brother ask who was anxious to see his sister married off? He should chaperon his kid sister? Must the mouse guard the cat?

"But it's not right," Papa was saying, as Uncle Funzy went into the bedroom to pick up his packed valise and cased saxophone. He came out a moment later, and Papa was still trying to tell Mama that it wasn't right.

"I'll see you next week," Uncle Funzy said to Mama, and he kissed her with his cheek. To Papa he said, "*Arrivederce*"—and he was gone.

Mama and Papa were alone now. Papa began moving his feet like he was pumping a player piano. There were still pieces of cheese stuck to his mustache.

"You want some more wine, Patsy?" Mama said, starting to clear the dishes off the table.

"No, *grazie,*" Papa said, getting up.

"Finish the bottle," Mama said, filling his glass. "It makes the blood. You drink wine and I clean the dishes."

Papa sat down. Not wanting to break Mama in wrong, he didn't offer to help her with the dishes. Every now and then he looked at her. He turned the glass of wine slowly around in his fingers, thinking.

"Drink, Patsy," Mama said from the sink.

BY THE time Mama got through cleaning the dishes, Papa was almost through with the bottle of wine. He didn't say anything to Mama, and Mama didn't say anything to him. Mama was happy, humming away. Papa tapped his empty wineglass on the table, made some more thinking faces, and then filled up the glass again. While Mama was hanging the wet dishcloth out of the window to dry, Papa suddenly said, "Maria, how would you like to go back to Italy someday?"

Mama nearly fell out of the window. "For a visit?"

"Not for a visit," Papa said. "For staying."

"For staying?"

"We save our money first," Papa said, "and then we go back to the old country."

"We?"

"Me and you," Papa said.

"We get married, Patsy?"

"Sure! What do you think—without married?"

"Patsy!" Mama screamed; and in a second she was all over Papa as if they had been married for ten years. Papa just sat back in his chair, beaming from one end of his mustache to the other, acting as if he had done her a big favor and rescued her from becoming an old maid.

"Patsy, we get married right away!"

Papa shook his head, slowly and firmly. "No, we must wait. You work some more and I work some more. We save our money, and then we get married."

"No, no!" Mama said, shaking her head back at him. "We get married right away! What's the difference if we get married next month or this month?"

"Who said next month?" Papa said, shaking his fingers at Mama. "I'm talking about next year!"

"Next year? Oh, no!"

"Sure," Papa said. "That way we'll have more money. I'll put your dowry money with my money."

"You'll put the money in the bank?"

"What bank?" Papa said. "I keep it in the shoe."

For fifteen years, from house to house and from closet to closet, that old clodhopper shoe that Papa kept his money in followed us. Mama named the shoe "*Mezza-Italia*" or "Half-Italy" because of its half-boot shape and because if it ever got filled up to the top, or around where Sorrento would be, Papa was going back to Italy. Most of the time, what with babies, sicknesses and layoffs, there was never enough money in the house to fill out the tip of the shoe, or Reggio Calabria, as Mama called it. But that Sunday the shoe was filled up with silver coins and dollar bills all the way up to Bari, a city around the ankle.

"Next year, when the shoe fills up," Papa told Mama, "we get married."

"And then?" Mama said.

"And then we'll see," Papa said.

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"All right," Mama said. "I'll work, but what will the people think?"

"Who cares what they think!" Papa yelled, dismissing all the neighbors with the back of his hand and sweeping them all out of the window. "We do what we want, not what *they* want! And even after we get married—what's wrong if we get no babies and you still work, huh?"

"No babies?" Mama said, joining her hands and looking for the Blessed Virgin in the ceiling.

"We get babies," Papa said. "But in Italy, not here."

That was that. Even before she married him, Mama knew Papa's stubbornness. She watched Papa as he relaxed back in his chair with the last glass of wine in the bottle. But before she resigned herself to skinning squirrels in the fur factory for another year, not having any babies in America for God knew how long, and going back to Italy, she said, "It's no good, Patsy."

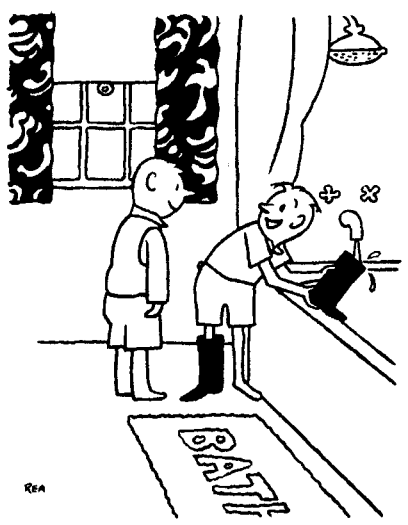
Papa sat up. "What's no good?"

"Everything's no good," Mama said, throwing her hands out and walking around Papa's chair. "You say, we got to save money. But is it saving money when we pay *two* rents? We pay one rent for my house and one rent for your house."

That started Papa thinking again. He was still trying to figure it out when Mama said, "If we pay *one* rent, we save all that money."

It was too logical. "*Buono*," Papa said, through thinking. "We get married next week, before the next month's rent begins."

TRYING to get Papa to marry in church was a big job for Mama, not because she was afraid that she was marrying a man who was slowly becoming an atheist but because Papa didn't want to pay the little extra money for the priest's services. He protested that he didn't want any special candles and carpets to get married—but in the end the church and Mama won out.



"You just fill them with water and wade around without messing up the house"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

"Listen to me, Patsy," Mama said, when his blood went down enough for him to hear her—and with facts and figures, Papa's gods, she showed him that in order to get married for two dollars in City Hall, the way he wanted, they would both have to take a day off from work without pay because City Hall was closed on Sunday, the only day they had free; but if they got married in church on Sunday, they could both go right back to work on Monday without losing a day's pay. Mama waited for Papa's answer.

"It's logic," Papa agreed. "But I talk to the priest first about the price." . . .

On Sunday they were married.

The next morning, when Papa got up to go to work, Mama was scrambling eggs for him in the kitchen, dressed up as if she were going to get married all over again. She was wearing her white wedding dress and her white shoes. Papa looked at her.

"Is that the way you're going to work?"

Mama laughed and pushed Papa on the arm. "Are you crazy, Patsy? In a fur factory?"

"So why are you all dressed up?"

"I'm making a surprise for you."

MAMA was always full of one surprise after another, but Papa didn't know that yet. Before the day was over, he was going to get his first. But that morning, as he watched Mama walking in her wedding white around the kitchen, he thought to himself that she was still romantic about marrying him, or that maybe she'd heard from somebody that it was good luck to wear your wedding dress the morning after you were married. So Mama was superstitious, but in time—a year or two at the most—he would cure her of that. Mama finished serving Papa and sat down next to him, spreading the pleats of her dress over her lap so that it wouldn't get too wrinkled.

"You better hurry up, Patsy," she said, flicking at her dress, "or you'll be late for work."

"You better hurry up, yourself," Papa said, biting a raw onion to help the taste of the eggs. "And get out of that dress."

"I got plenty of time," Mama said.

It rained that morning when Papa went to work, and it was still raining when he came home that night. He snapped the water out of his hat into the hall and opened the kitchen door. He stood in the open doorway, sniffing Mama's cooking. Under her apron, Mama still had on her wedding dress, but she had changed her shoes for a pair of slippers. Mama, seeing Papa, quickly closed the oven door, as if she didn't want him to see what she was cooking. Leaning against the doorjamb and pulling off his high hip boots, Papa began to smile.

"So that's the surprise," Papa said, standing the boots up against the outside wall. "It's *lasagna*."

Mama didn't say anything.

Papa shut the door and came into the kitchen in his woolen-stockinged feet. Still smiling, he hung his longshoring hook on a nail in the door and sat down at the table. Suddenly he jumped as if he had sat down in a fire. "What's this?" he yelled, pointing at the table. There were three places set at the table. "Who's coming to eat—your brother?"

Mama wouldn't look at Papa. "Nobody's coming."

"Nobody? Then why is there three plates?"

Mama turned to smile at Papa; and as though it were the most natural and logical thing in the world, she said, "One plate for you, one plate for me—and one plate for my father."

"Your father!"

"It was a surprise, Patsy."

"Oh, *Dio!*"

"That's why I dressed up," Mama explained. "He came to America this morning and—"

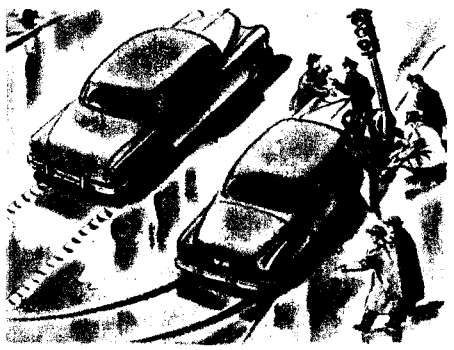
"He's living here—with us?" Papa interrupted her, hitting his knuckles on the table.

"Why, sure," Mama said. "He can't live with Alfonso. So he lives with us until he feels better and finds a job. He's in the front room in the rocking chair. The ocean and the rain gave him the rheumatism."

And that was the dowry Papa got: my grandfather, Nonno. Mama never went back to work in the fur factory because she had to take care of Nonno, and because pretty soon my big sister, Concetta, was on her way to being born. After that came Amelia, and then me. Yet with all his ranting and raving about hardships of one kind and another, Papa felt that it was all worth it; and there were times when he seemed almost to feel, like Mama, that their marriage was made in heaven. But from the day Nonno came to live with Mama and Papa, the pile of money in the shoe went from Bari, not too far from Sorrento, all the way down to Reggio Calabria. THE END

"I get along very nicely on George's salary, but poor George. . . . !"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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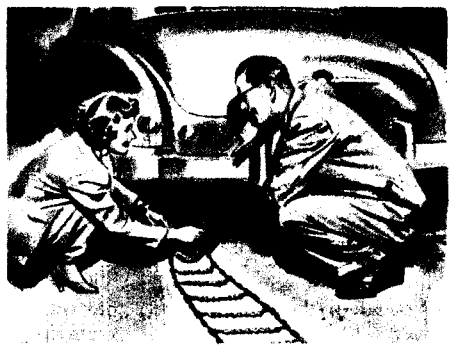

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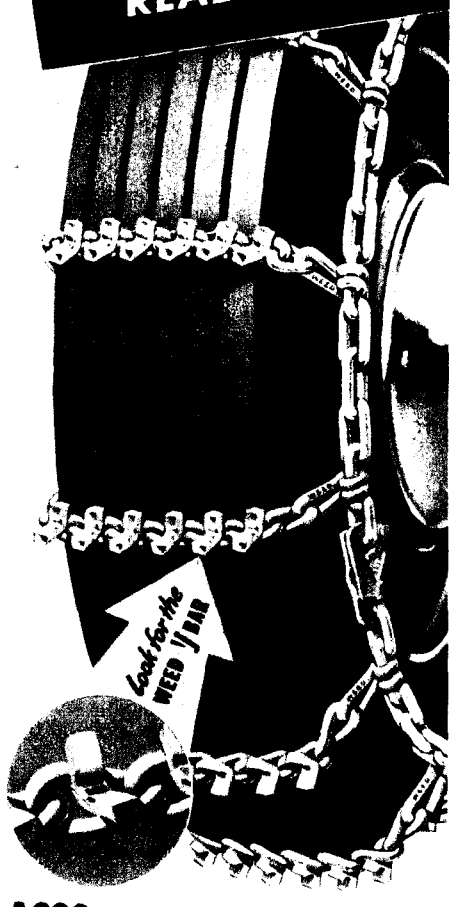

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The St. Louis Browns Stop Singin' the Blues

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the theme of an old James Thurber story, had used Eddie Gaedel, a three-foot, seven-inch Chicago stunt man, as a lead-off hitter against Detroit one Sunday late last August.

"Everybody must have speculated at one time on what would happen if a big-league pitcher were suddenly called on to face a midget," explains Veeck. "It occurred to me that I'd like to see it actually happen. So I hired the midget and put him under contract. He played only one game but it was worth it, just to see the look on the face of Bob Cain, the Tiger pitcher, when the pint-sized batter stepped up to the plate.

"I suppose," continues Bill, "I got more of a going-over from coast to coast for using that midget than for any other stunt I ever pulled. But, what the hell! It was funny, I enjoyed it, and I certainly needed a laugh at the time.

"People told me I was ruining my dignity. So, what's my dignity? Is the whole country going to collapse just because a midget takes a turn at bat for the Browns?

"I've been criticized, too, about Max Patkin, my acrobatic clown coach. Just because Max sometimes feels like standing on his head in the coaching box they say it lowers the Browns' dignity. Again that word—dignity. How much dignity can a club have that's 40 games out of first place? My idea about Patkin was that he'd give our fans something to take their minds off the team. A fan leaving the park after we got whipped 10 to 2 would be thinking how funny Patkin was standing on his head, instead of how lousy the Browns were. When you're *winning* games 10 to 2, you don't need any Max Patkins."

Veeck took over the Browns last July 5th when the club was so deeply entrenched in the cellar it couldn't see seventh place, even on a clear day. The attendance was limited to the morbidly curious, of whom there never have been too many in St. Louis. Missouri comes honestly by its nickname of the Show-Me State.

A Team Nobody Talked About

What Veeck showed Missourians for the balance of the season was sufficient to get them talking about the team. This in itself was a notable achievement, for it had been years since anybody in St. Louis talked about the Brownies, let alone looked at them. But such accomplishments come easily to Bill.

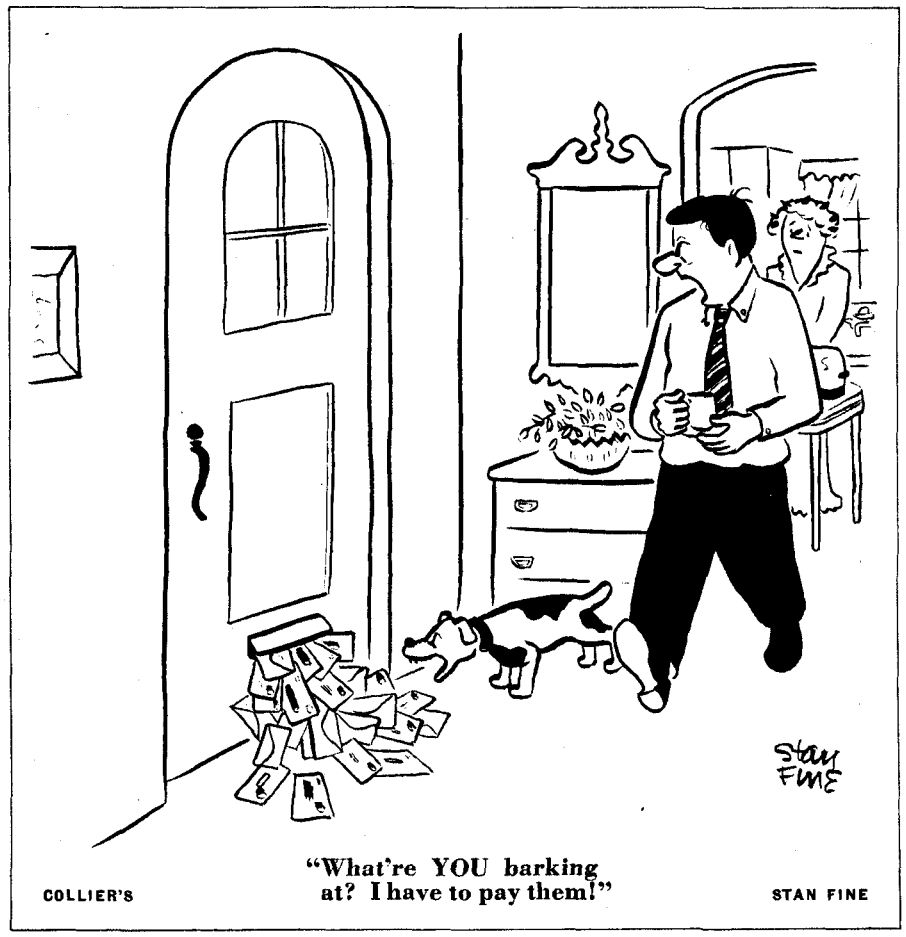
It was at Milwaukee that Veeck first unfurled his peculiar talents to the baseball world. When Bill took over the Brewers in June, 1941, he was rewarded with a turnout of exactly 22 paid admissions. The club, in eighth place, had drawn a total of 35,389 up to that time. The next year, the team finished second and drew 198,975 fans.

Veeck, capitalizing on his friendship with the Cubs, had induced them to part with Charley Grimm, who was a coach there. He installed Grimm as his Milwaukee manager. The combination was not only successful, but hilarious. Home games at Borchert Field were preceded by antics zany enough to make Olsen and Johnson's Hellzapoppin look like a Theatre Guild production. On one occasion, a customer was presented with a cake of ice as a door prize; later, another got a flock of uncrated pigeons. A third was presented a spavined horse (which he walked disconsolately about the fringes of the outfield while the game was in progress).

The climax came with Grimm Appreciation Night. A 24-foot-high papier-mâché cake was wheeled onto the field before game time. Out of it stepped Julio Acosta, a left-handed pitcher, Veeck's present to Jolly Cholly, who had been crying during the season for pitching assistance. Then, for the only time in his life, Bill made a request of a manager. He asked Grimm to start Acosta. Charley did and Julio won.

Once started, there was no stopping the Brewers, even though owner Veeck departed in 1943 to enlist in the Marines. The club drew better than 300,000 and won a pennant under Grimm in 1943. Although Cholly returned to the Cubs in 1944, Milwaukee won another pennant that year under the same Casey Stengel who recently finished piloting the Yankees to three straight world championships. Meanwhile, the Brewers' attendance was running between 300,000 and 350,000 a year. Veeck sold the club in 1945 for more than $200,000, making a tidy profit.

The profit was fair enough for a young man just starting out—especially one who had been prevented by the little matter of a war from giving his full attention to business. But it was at Cleveland, where he took over in June, 1946, that Bill really hit the jack pot. He invested $179,000 to get approximately 30 per cent of the Indians' stock. No other stockholder in the syndicate owned more than 10 per cent. Veeck sold out his interests in November, 1949, for a reported $700,000.



COLLIER'S — "What're YOU barking at? I have to pay them!" — STAN FINE

Bill merited his profit at Cleveland, just as he had in Milwaukee and just as he hopes to do in St. Louis. When he assumed command of the Indians, the club had drawn only 289,000 and was languishing in sixth place. Veeck could move the team up only one notch in the standings, but he gave a terrific blood transfusion to the box office. The Indians finished with a home attendance of 1,057,289 for the season, an increase of about 100,000 paid admissions over its previous all-time record, set in 1920.

This was only the beginning for Sport Shirt Bill on the shores of Lake Erie. The attendance was upped another half million in 1947, when the club finished fourth, and baseball's all-time attendance record was shattered in 1948 when the Tribe won the pennant. A total of 2,620,627 paid their way into Municipal Stadium that year.

Under the promotion of Veeck, Cleveland put new attendance records in the books for single games, double-headers, night games and World Series games. All the stunts he had pulled at Milwaukee he repeated on a grander scale in Cleveland, including one night set aside to honor a fan. (The fan, one Joe Early, wrote a Cleveland newspaper demanding to know why there were special "days" and "nights" only for players and not for spectators. Bill answered with a night for Early, and Joe wound up showered with gifts, including an automobile.)

In the course of all the stunts, however, Bill never overlooked his prime purpose in Cleveland—to give the fans a winner. His trading of Allie Reynolds to the Yankees for second baseman Joe Gordon set up an excellent double-play combination for the Indians as the ex-Yankee Flash teamed up with manager and shortstop Lou Boudreau. Veeck paid $100,000 (to the Browns, incidentally) for left-handed pitcher Sam Zoldak, who proceeded to win for Cleveland. He brought in Larry Doby, who became the first Negro to earn a regular playing berth in the American League. Within two and a half seasons, this had added up to a pennant and a World Series victory, as well as record gates.

"It was the same formula at Cleveland as at Milwaukee," explains Veeck. "First, stunts to build up an interest in the ball club and then a winning club to retain that interest. In each city, the team went from seventh or eighth to the pennant in two years. I'm not saying it can be done that quickly in St. Louis, but if the Browns can get into the first division this year, I certainly will have made a start.

"This is a real challenge to an owner. Within a week after I had sold my interest in Cleveland, I had made up my mind that I would like to take a whack at the Browns. And here I am.

"I realize, of course, that the attendance records of the Indians can't be duplicated here. In Cleveland, we had that big Municipal Stadium and could shoot at week-end crowds of 70,000 and up. The capacity of the Browns-owned Sportsman's Park is 30,000 and we need a steady stream of customers for all games, instead of the special night-game and week-end turnouts we had in Cleveland."

Veeck is leaving no stone unturned, no speech unsaid, in his effort to direct that steady flow of customers to Brownie games. The Browns last season drew a skimpy, 293,790, but even that meager figure represented an increase of 15 per cent over their 1950 home attendance. In his first four months in St. Louis, Bill talked to approximately 150,000 people at luncheons, dinners, smokers and assorted shindigs. He averages at least two speaking engagements a day and thinks nothing of speaking a half-dozen times in one night if the places are close enough together for him to make them.

No gathering is too big or too small for Veeck. He has spoken to the Knights of Columbus, Knights of Pythias, Elks, Masons, B'nai B'rith, Moose and Odd Fellows, among others. When he returned from watching the World Series last October, Bill's speaking calendar showed only three open weekdays all the way up to February 19, 1952, the day he intends to leave for the Brownie camp at Burbank, California. The three open dates were on the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's holidays.

Speaking Date Made Far Ahead

An idea of Veeck's program may be gleaned from the fact that he already has accepted an invitation to speak in connection with the 100th anniversary of the St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church of the St. Louis area. The date: October 20, 1952!

Veeck usually keeps his Sundays free of speaking engagements, but for a while he made up for the omission by appearing Sunday evenings on a sports program over radio station KWK in St. Louis with his pretty wife, Mary Frances. It was a refreshingly frank show. On one program, Bill poked fun at Phil Wrigley, the Cubs' boss, for testifying that there were enough ballplayers to form six major leagues.

"Phil's Cubs finished last in the National League," Veeck pointed out. "If there were enough big-leaguers to form six leagues, how come he didn't have some of them?"

On the same program, Bill also sounded off on the proposal to have all major-league umpires working directly on assignment from the commissioner's office, instead of each league having its own staff, as now: "It would merely give you twice as many umpires to be mad at when you lost."

Veeck's speaking engagements are not confined to Greater St. Louis by any means. He hops into his car and drives in any direction at the drop of an invitation. He has traveled all over southern Illinois and the surrounding territory and has spoken as far away as Des Moines, Iowa. A stanch advocate of the civic slogan that "St. Louis, the gateway to the Southwest, is the 49th State," he has an eye to attracting customers from Oklahoma, Arkansas and even Texas, who have been known to make the pilgrimage to St. Louis for a taste of major-league baseball, a commodity which in that city usually has been the exclusive property of the Cardinals.

On one of his trips, Veeck picked up Charley Grimm, his partner and manager in the hey-nonny-nonny days at Milwaukee. Charley, who has a farm at nearby Robertsville, Missouri, assumed he was going out with Bill for the evening. Instead, he found himself on a three-day barnstorming tour, bereft of comb, razor or a change of linen. The pace was so fast, Grimm had no chance to call home, and Bill restored Charley to Mrs. Grimm just when that patient lady was considering calling in the FBI.

"I'm not asking you to come out and see the Browns this year," was the tenor of Veeck's remarks to his audiences last summer. "In fact, I advise you not to. I go out to see them because I have to. I'm telling you, however, that we'll have a better team next season, one that you won't be ashamed to look at."

There was a method in Bill's seeming madness. He knew that if he built up his audience to expect big things immediately

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after taking over, one visit to Sportsman's Park might chill a customer for another decade. "If they come out in '52 and see a team that has a chance, they'll continue to come out," he reasons.

Veeck made St. Louis aware of the Browns not only through his stunts on the field and his campaigning, but also by his consideration for such fans as did show up last year. Those who phoned in reserving tickets received a card with a nickel attached when they picked up their reservations. The card explained that the phone call was appreciated by the Browns and that the cost was on the ball club. One day shortly after Bill assumed control, he stepped to the public address system and invited everybody in the stands to have a drink—beer or pop—on the house.

Veeck moved the Browns a long way forward in the respect of St. Louis fans when he signed the deposed Cardinal manager, Marty Marion, as a player coach. Marion, "Mr. Shortstop" in his playing days, is extremely popular in St. Louis and the fans felt that he was ill-used when owner Fred Saigh turned him loose after one year as Cardinal manager.

There are only so many fans in St. Louis and Bill realizes that he will have to compete with the Cardinals for them. He has taken a long stride with Hornsby, the first pilot ever to bring a pennant to St. Louis, as his manager, and Marion as his coach. To complete the array of ex-Cardinal heroes now with the Brownies, the fabulous Dizzy Dean will broadcast the games.

The formula for improving the Browns is elastic. Between July 5th, when Bill took over, and the Cincinnati draft meetings last November 19th, 15 players were dropped from the roster and 29 added. The manager was changed, one new coach signed and five others released or assigned to other duties. Veeck doesn't expect more than five or six players who were with last year's club to be on hand by opening day, 1952.

"When you're in last place you can afford to make trades," explains Bill. "How can you hurt a club which is already last? Almost any change is bound to be an improvement. That's the principle on which all my deals so far have been based. And contending clubs are less chary when they're dealing with a last-place club than when they're dealing with a team which might be battling them for the pennant. Furthermore, the last-place team gets first crack at the minor-league draft (Veeck picked George Schmees, who batted .328 for Hollywood, and Earl Harrist, a pitcher who was 16-16 with Oakland), as well as first crack at the waiver lists."

Why Satchel Paige Was Signed

There are 18 Negro ballplayers in the Brown farm system but Veeck insists that none will be brought up unless major-league possibilities are evident. "When I picked up Satchel Paige last summer, it wasn't because I thought he would draw customers," asserts Bill. "I believed that he could help us in St. Louis, just as he helped Cleveland win the pennant in '48."

And it seems perfectly clear that it *is* St. Louis Veeck is thinking of, and not some other city, despite the rumors that he intends to transfer the franchise elsewhere.

The late Mark Steinberg, St. Louis lawyer and Brownie stockholder, was instrumental in swinging the deal which gave Bill control of the club. Mark, shortly before his death, confided to this writer that he arranged the transaction only after satisfying himself that Veeck had no intention of moving the franchise out of St. Louis.

Veeck himself says he can't understand how the report keeps circulating.

"Just because I'm considered a screwball," he says with a smile, "everybody thinks I should move the team to Hollywood. I deny this rumor a dozen times every day, but nobody seems to believe me. If I were going to move the franchise, I've certainly wasted a lot of man-hours going around the countryside and persuading people around here to buy tickets for 1952."

St. Louisians apparently are taking him at his word; his popularity in the city is phenomenal. In a poll of 28 sports writers and sportscasters for the city's outstanding sports figure of 1951, Bill (who had been there less than four months) finished second to the great Cardinal star, Stan Musial. Charles H. Busch, a police captain who also is Exalted Ruler of the Elks, says: "That shows how we feel about Veeck. Stan has been a sports hero here for years and Bill had been with us less than five months when the poll was taken."

Mayor Joseph M. Darst joins in, declaring: "It is a stimulating experience to meet and know Bill Veeck and stimulating to the city, too, to have a young go-getter like him at the head of a ball club. We long have known what the Cardinals meant as a civic asset and the Browns will be one also."

St. Louis sports writers, among the least hysterical in the majors, are aboard the Veeck band wagon. J. Roy Stockton, sports editor of the Post-Dispatch, remarked: "Bill is the kind of person we like to have around, and he's always around. He understands our position, and his stamina makes him always available. You can call him at three in the morning and get a civil answer. In fact, he's apt to call *you* at three in the morning, wanting to know why you haven't called him."

Bob Burns, sports editor of the Globe-Democrat, calls Veeck "the shot in the arm St. Louis needed." He likens Bill's civic status to that of top hero Musial, and adds: "I hope the strange marriage of Hornsby and Veeck doesn't wind up in a divorce. Bill has done an unbelievable job of selling the Browns."

The partnership of Veeck and Hornsby, strange as it may seem on the surface, has a common bond. Both know baseball and both are intent on giving the Browns a winning team.

Veeck's admiration for the man his father fired is limitless. He believes that Rogers has improved through experience and through the work he did conducting a baseball school under the auspices of the Chicago Daily News. Bill points out that Hornsby won the Texas League pennant with Beaumont in 1950, after the club had finished last the previous season, and took the Pacific Coast League flag with Seattle last season after the team had finished sixth in 1950.

"Like Casey Stengel, Hornsby is one of the few managers who can improve a player by instruction, as well as direct a team on the field," declares Veeck. "He's what Branch Rickey used to call 'a technician as well as a tactician.' Rogers is a better manager now than he ever was.

"When I had Cleveland, I hired Hornsby in 1948 as a personal batting coach for Pat Seerey. Pat was a big roly-poly outfielder who could hit a ball a mile but struck out far too often. Rog worked with him and made an improvement, but when Hornsby left the club Pat trailed off and we had to let him go to the White Sox.

"Hornsby will never change a hitter's style as long as he is going well. Take Gil McDougald, the infielder who played so well for the Yankees last year and wound up earning league rookie-of-the-year honors. Rogers had him at Beaumont in 1950. Gil has an unorthodox stance, almost facing the pitcher, with his left foot pointing toward third base and the bat held loosely. Just as the pitcher starts his windup, McDougald runs his right hand down to the end of the bat as though he were chalking a billiard cue.

"It is a stance that figures to give a batting stylist, particularly one like Hornsby, the horrors. But Rogers allowed the boy to hit his own way, and last spring made a special trip on his own to Phoenix to warn Stengel and the Yankee coaches that McDougald was a good hitter as he was, and to pay no attention to his peculiar style."

While Veeck is knocking himself out around the Brownie office and orating throughout the country, Hornsby remains at his home in Chicago, visiting St. Louis for occasional conferences and trade talk with Bill. The Rajah figures his work will start when the bell rings in the Burbank training camp next month.

Hornsby, who once averaged over .400 in batting for a five-year period in the National League (1921-'25), has some definite theories on hitting. Among them:

"The principal thing a good hitter needs is guts and confidence. He should feel sorry for the pitcher every time he steps to the plate. Don't worry about the pitcher hitting you. Let the pitcher worry about you hitting him with a line drive.

"A batter who keeps his eye on the ball should at least tick the ball every time he swings. If he doesn't, he's taking his eye off the ball. When I was hitting good, I could see the ball and bat make contact. It is only when a hitter is in a slump that you should study him, attempt to find out what it is he is doing wrong and correct it, if possible.

"Hitters have it softer now than when I broke in. The spitter, shine ball and all the other trick pitches have been outlawed. All a batter has to look for now is the fast one, curve and knuckler. And maybe a slider, although personally, I think that's a delivery pitchers should stick in their back pocket and forget. It causes most of their trouble. The ball curves only horizontally and doesn't snap off like a real curve and the result is that it is often hit for distance. To me a slider is simply a 'nickel curve.' "

Pitchers Give Too Many Walks

Hornsby also has other ideas about pitching. He feels major-league hurling isn't as good as it used to be, and he thinks he knows why.

"Too many bases on balls," says the Rajah simply. "If my pitchers are knocked out, they're knocked out and that's that. But I don't want them to walk themselves out of the box. The main thing is to get the ball over the plate.

"Too often pitchers get cagey with a weak hitter and walk him, setting the stage for the good hitter to break up the game. I tell my pitchers that if the ball were hung up on a string, the .250 hitter would still be a .250 hitter and the .300 hitter would get his share of hits anyway.

"I'll encourage the Brownie pitchers to do some thinking on their own, not to throw a pitch simply because the catcher calls for it. You go over the weaknesses and strong points of all the hitters in the pregame meetings, and the pitcher should know at least as much about the batter as the catcher. The catcher's signal isn't sacred—it's merely a suggestion."

Whatever customers Veeck lures into Sportsman's Park this summer will appreciate Hornsby's decision to eliminate the time-consuming, on-the-diamond huddle that takes place so often when a pitcher is in trouble. Rog can't see this delay.

"When I think one of my pitchers has had enough, I'll simply wave him out and wave the next fellow in," declares Hornsby. "Where do you get talking to a pitcher who's obviously in trouble? I never saw one yet who wasn't dead sure he could get the next hitter out."

Hornsby's attitude on this subject is uncompromising, as is his whole approach to the game. He demonstrated that when he advised his own boy, Bill, to get out of baseball after the youngster batted only a little better than .200 with Oklahoma City in the Texas League last season. Bill took the hint and now is learning the petroleum business in the oil fields of Odessa, Texas.

One of the Rajah's rare, dimpled smiles crosses his face when he mentions his son. "Funny thing about Bill," says the man who, with Bill Veeck, is taking over the toughest assignment in baseball. "He called me up in Chicago one night last September, proud as punch, to tell me he had hit three home runs in a week.

" 'Three home runs in a week!' I said to him. 'That's nothing to waste long-distance tolls on. I used to hit that many in an afternoon!' "

THE END

Jiggs's creator George McManus

Next Week in

Collier's

JIGGS AND I

During 40 years of drawing Bringing Up Father, George McManus has lived a unique and very full life. You will share many laughs with him in this happy autobiography

Mediterranean Rescue

Rear Admiral Daniel Gallery, who was there, recounts the vivid details of one of the biggest, most dramatic naval operations—the search for two U.S. Navy fliers lost at sea

Will Warren Pivot to the Presidency?

The governor of California has already announced that he too is in the Presidential race. Why, and under what circumstances, is he likely to win the G.O.P. nomination?

HE CALLS THE HIT TUNE

One of the most remarkable personalities in the world of music is a gent who has a classic way with an oboe and a Midas touch with popular songs . . . Here's Mitch Miller

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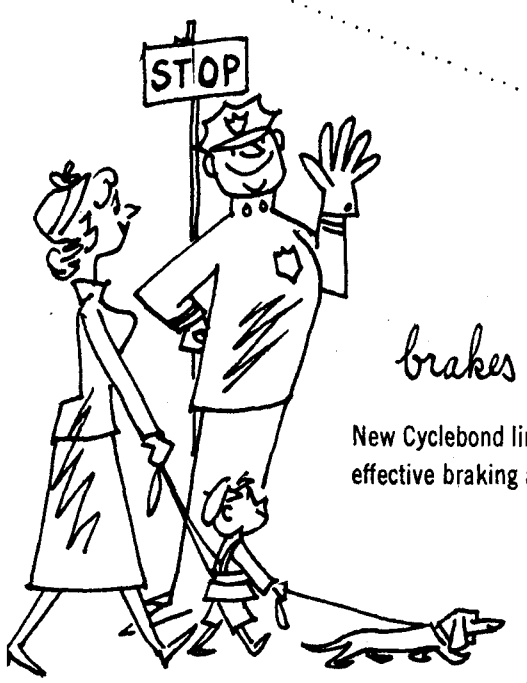
ANNOUNCING THE 1952 PLYMOUTH

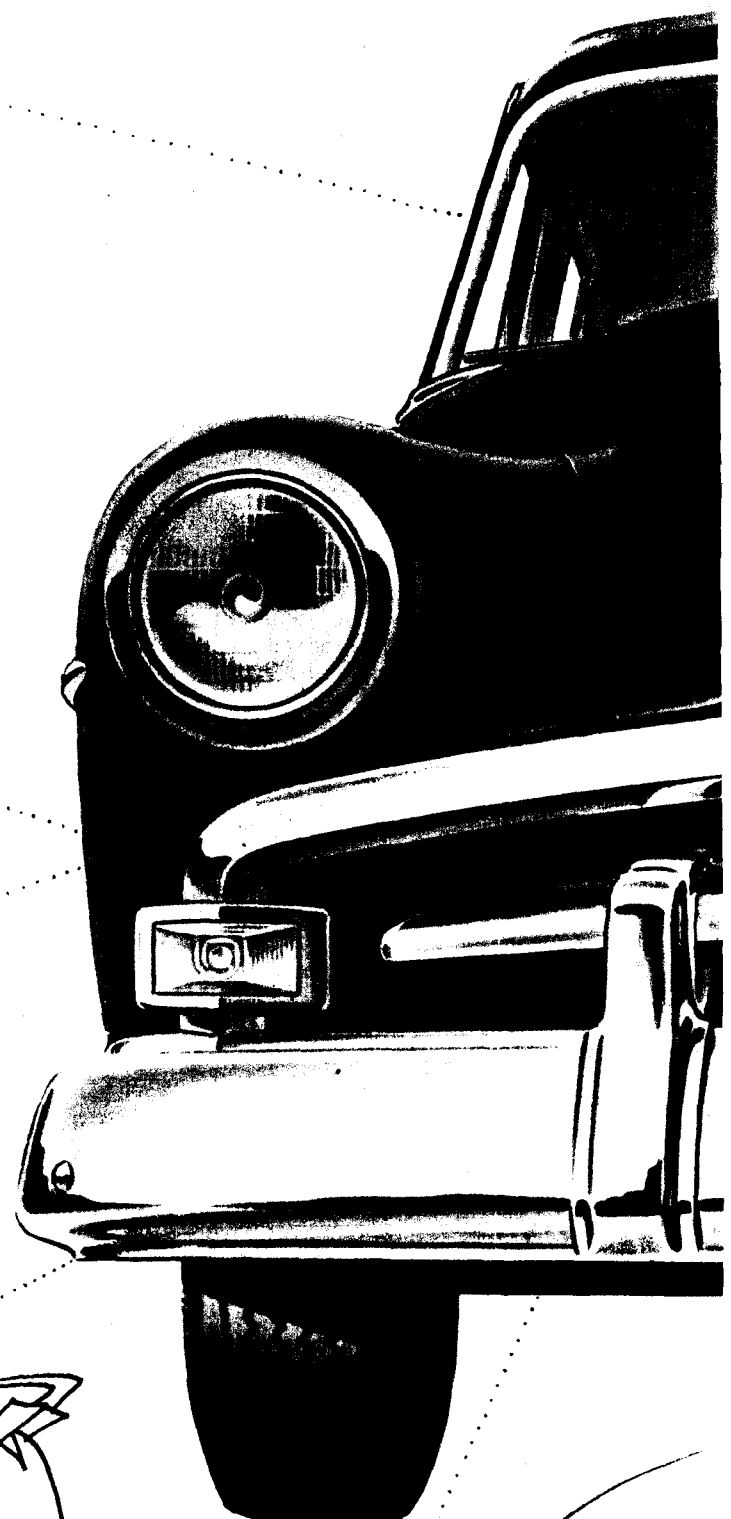
new Tone-Tailored interiors

Luxurious new fabrics, finishes and trim. And tasteful new color-harmonies that you'll want to see!



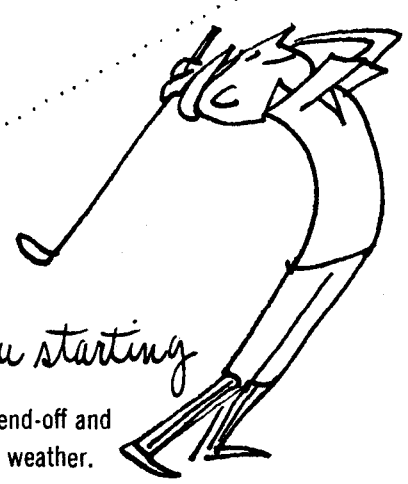
brakes still finer!

New Cyclebond linings do away with rivets, add to effective braking area and lengthen lining life.



fresh new beauty

New exterior styling features. An eye-delighting new array of gleaming colors for you to choose from.



new Follow-Thru starting

gives your engine an even better send-off and extra assurance of fast starts in all weather.

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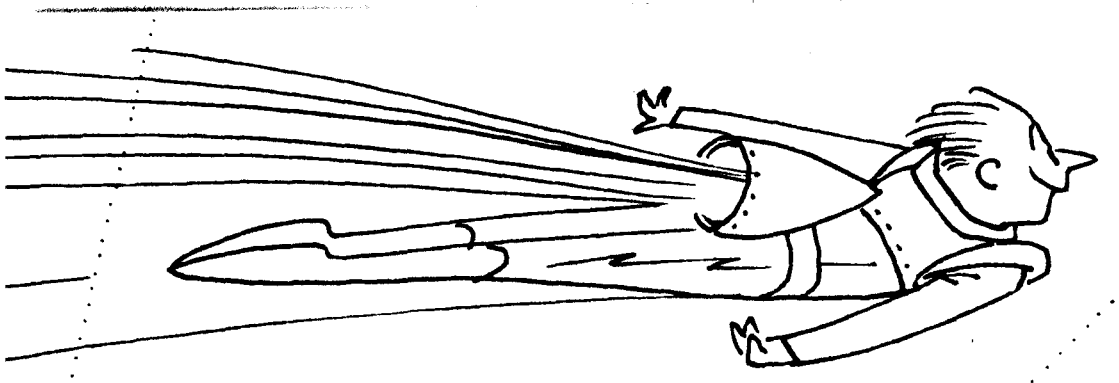
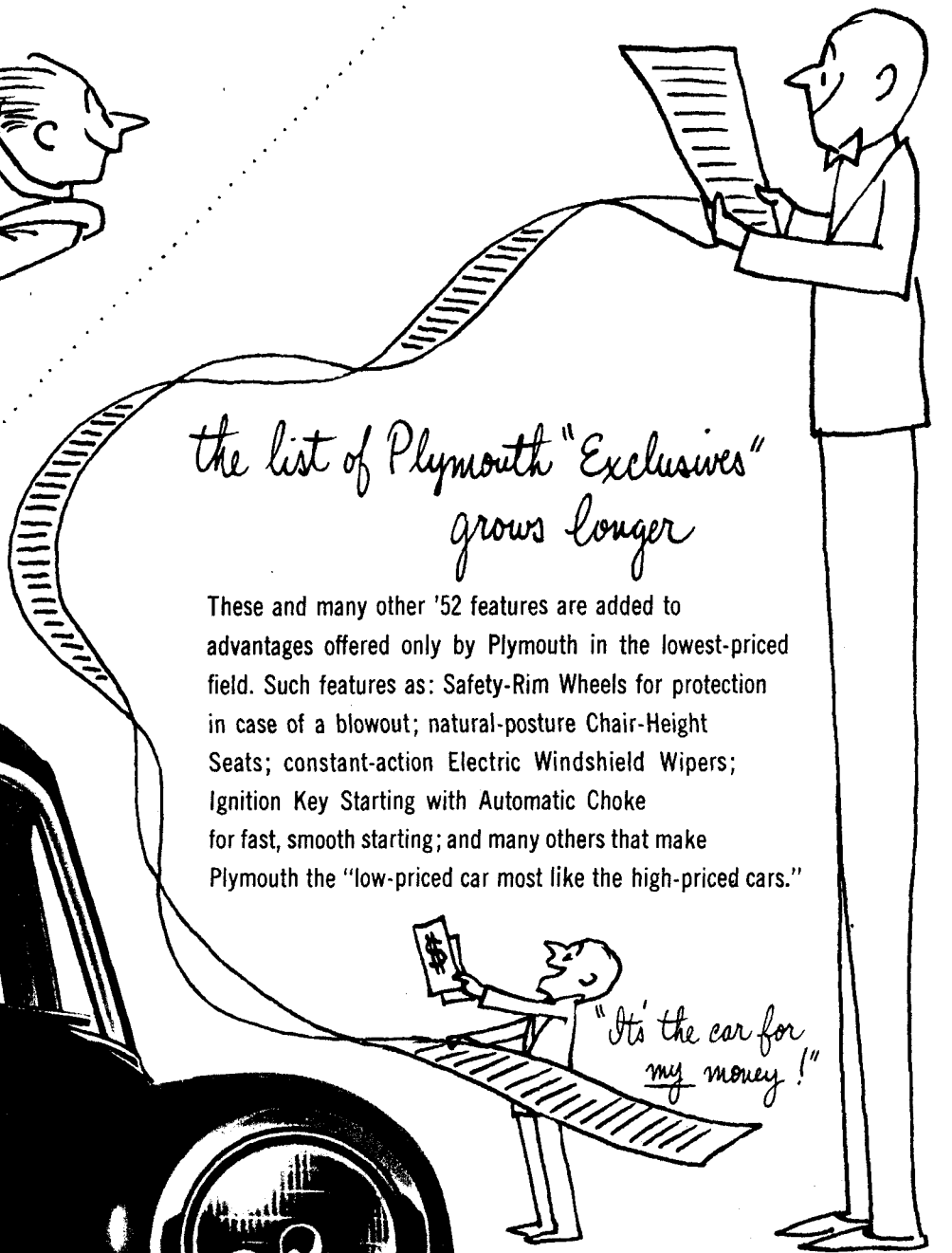


introducing a new Flow of Power

Newly-designed combustion chamber makes Plymouth's famous high-compression, 97-horsepower engine even smoother and quieter!



the list of Plymouth "Exclusives" grows longer

These and many other '52 features are added to advantages offered only by Plymouth in the lowest-priced field. Such features as: Safety-Rim Wheels for protection in case of a blowout; natural-posture Chair-Height Seats; constant-action Electric Windshield Wipers; Ignition Key Starting with Automatic Choke for fast, smooth starting; and many others that make Plymouth the "low-priced car most like the high-priced cars."

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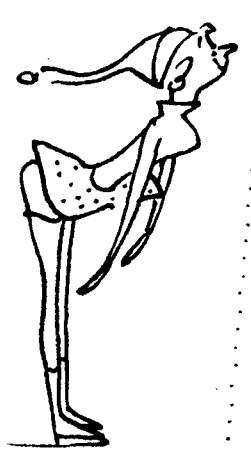
with Plymouth's easy-shifting, positive-action Synchro-Silent Transmission, now quicker, quieter than ever.

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

Safety-Flow ride with a still smoother glide

The '52 Plymouth brings you further refinements in the famous Oriflow shock absorbers . . . and other engineering advances in the sensational Safety-Flow ride.



It's here! You can see it now—the new 1952 Plymouth. We say it's the finest Plymouth ever built. But we'd much rather let the new Plymouth speak its own piece. See it soon. Ask your dealer about the new Solex Safety Glass which reduces glare and heat from the sun. Optional equipment at small additional cost.

NOW AT YOUR PLYMOUTH DEALER'S

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The Ruptured Duck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"Oh, good Lord!" Mitch said. He felt weak, as if he might suddenly burst into tears. "What's wrong? What's the matter?"

"Is it Aunt Undine?" his mother said. "It's her back, isn't it? I've known it would happen for years."

"Want me to send it out?" Western Union asked.

Mitch hung up the receiver without answering. Something horrible had happened. But what was it? Was Eloise sick? Had she been in a horrible accident and had she only a few hours left to live?

"Well, I don't care what it was. *I* don't want to know," his mother said. "It's time for my tonic." She walked to the cash register, picked up a medicine bottle, opened it, and poured a teaspoonful. She took it, and cleared her throat delicately. "That's the best tonic I ever had. I don't know what I'd do without it."

MITCH suddenly turned and ran out the door, letting it slam. Behind him he heard his mother call, "Mitch! Mitch, you come right back here and close this door right!" But he kept on at a dead run and arrived at the hangar panting and waving his arms.

Shorty took one look at Mitch and ran around to the other side of the Duck.

"Come here," Mitch said hoarsely.

Shorty shook his head.

"Listen. Get me any ship that's gassed up."

"Ain't any."

Mitch looked up at the sky. There were no planes in sight. The student who had been shooting landings was gone. "Gas up the Duck," he said.

"What for?" Shorty asked.

"It's a matter of life and death."

"Sure will be."

Mitch picked up the wrench.

"I won't help a man commit suicide," Shorty said. "I might as well get my pump gun and shoot you."

"Gas it up," Mitch said. He started after Shorty, and this time, because he was a man with an all-consuming purpose, he caught him and threw him to the ground.

"Now, listen," he said, grinding his knee into Shorty's chest. "Eloise said come at once. And I'm going the quickest way. By air. And I'll kill any man that tries to stop me. Eloise wants me. Nothing can stop me."

"Well, if that's the way you feel—"

Together they pushed the Ruptured Duck around the hangar to the gas pump. Mitch stuck the nozzle in the tank in the fuselage, and Shorty began to pump. Then Mitch ran into the hangar and began looking for a chute. There was only one left, an old back-pack type. He ran out to the plane with it.

"Help me swing her around."

They swung her around. Shorty took off his dirty baseball cap and held out his hand. "Good-by, Mitch."

"Good-by," Mitch said, shaking hands.

Then he remembered his mother. "Oh," he said, and he turned and ran up the road.

When he burst in the door, he found his mother standing at the telephone. She hung up quickly and tried to smile at him.

"What were you doing?" Mitch asked.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

"Now, Mother, you know what you told me about lying. God will—"

"Oh, all right. But if you let that girl—"

"Behind my back!" Mitch said. "You called Western Union behind my back!"

"What're you doing with that parachute?"

"What parachute?" Mitch said. Then he saw that he was still holding the back-pack. "Oh. I may not be back for a few days."

"That girl!" his mother said. "She's got you in her clutches!" She collapsed suddenly into a chair, gasping, "My tonic—my tonic."

Mitch knew her too well. "It's on the cash register," he said, and ran out the door. He never looked behind him but ran straight to the hangar. Shorty was standing beside the Duck. Mitch ran into the hangar, found a map of the area, and ran back out. He got in the cockpit.

Shorty spun the prop. The Ruptured Duck's engine fired and roared. Mitch cut it back, and let it idle. He revved it up and cut it back again. He taxied the Duck fast to the far corner of the field and swung her around, heading toward the hangar. He gave her all the throttle there was. The Duck roared across the field at eighty miles an hour—and Mitch was airborne.

He went over the top of the hangar, was lifted briefly by a thermal coming from a field, and continued to climb. At five hundred feet and two minutes away from the field, the Ruptured Duck conked out. Mitch worked the wobble pump and cursed under his breath. The engine did not start. He looked down, saw the prairie below him, and pushed the nose down into a glide.

The Duck, minus her power plant, came in like a leaf on the wind. Mitch would have been able to land her better if he had had an anchor to throw out. He was afraid of ending up in a gulch and, finally, because the Duck refused to settle and it looked as if she might float all the way to Austin, he pulled the stick all the way back and the Duck stalled in. The touchdown was violent; it almost took off the undercarriage, and it did blow out a tire.

"What did you do that for?" his mother asked.

Mitch almost jumped out of the plane. He whirled around and saw his mother sitting in the rear cockpit. "How did you get in there?"

"Shorty gave me a boost."

"I'll kill him," Mitch said. His mother hated airplanes and had always refused to fly before. Only a fear of imminent death or some similarly strong emotion would make her go up in one. "What are you doing back there?"

"I'm going with you," she said.

Mitch jumped out of the plane and began running. The field was some distance away, but he was urged on by his fear for Eloise's safety. He ran until he was sick at his stomach. When he fell down, he lay there a long while before he was able to get up.

When Mitch came panting into the hangar, too breathless to speak, Shorty said, "Trouble?"

Mitch nodded.

"Engine conk out?"

"How—did—you—know?"

"Figured she would," Shorty said.

"Blew a tire, too."

Shorty nodded wisely and went in the small room where they kept their tools and spare parts. He came out with another wheel and tire and put them and a toolbox in the back of an old pickup truck sitting inside the hangar. Without another word he got in and drove off.

When Mitch had recovered, he got to his feet and walked back to the Ruptured Duck. He helped Shorty change the wheel. Mrs. Mitchell sat all this while in the shade of the wing, holding her bottle of tonic.

"You going through with this, son?"

"I am determined."

She sighed, got to her feet, and began to get into the plane. "Well, I am determined myself."

"Wear this chute." Mitch handed her the back-pack.

She tried to put it on and failed. "I'll just hold it in my lap."

When Mitch took off, he climbed the plane easily to five thousand feet and flew at that altitude. After fifteen minutes of flight the engine suddenly cut out. Mitch began to work the wobble pump furiously and curse under his breath. The Ruptured Duck descended slowly in a shallow glide. At a thousand feet the engine started again and Mitch began to climb the plane. After a few minutes of level flight the engine cut out once more. Mitch worked the pump and prayed. At about a thousand feet the engine caught and Mitch climbed to seven thousand feet and leveled off. When the engine cut out again after only a few minutes of level flight, Mitch thought: O Lord, Lord, I'm trying as hard as I can.

IN THAT saw-tooth fashion, the Ruptured Duck continued across a small portion of the great state of Texas. Considering the engine, Mitch made pretty good time for about an hour. And then he began heading into a slowly darkening sky. Soon the Duck was flying through soup so thick that it seemed to drip off the wings.

Mrs. Mitchell began to rap on the instrument panel in the back cockpit. Mitch turned, holding up the speaking tube, and gesturing. Then he put it to his ear.

"Do you know where you are?" his mother asked.

He nodded.

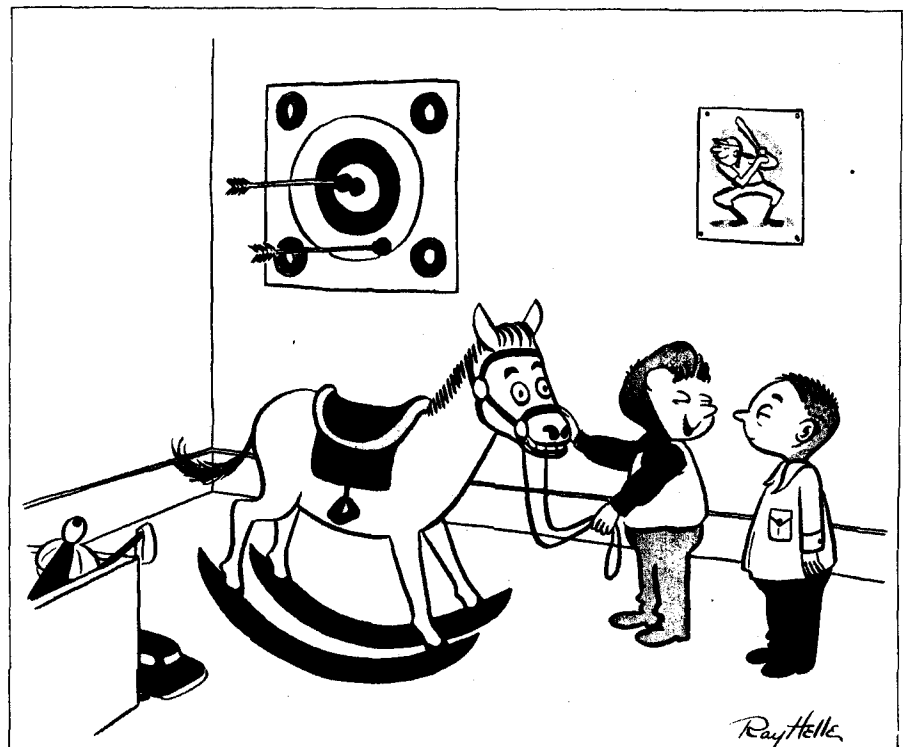
"How do you know?" she said.

He put the tube down. She began to pound on the instrument panel again. Mitch cursed under his breath and flew on, with his mother beating a steady tattoo behind him. It didn't help any when the plane's engine cut off and then on again. Mitch thought of the danger that Eloise might be facing and worked the wobble pump furiously.

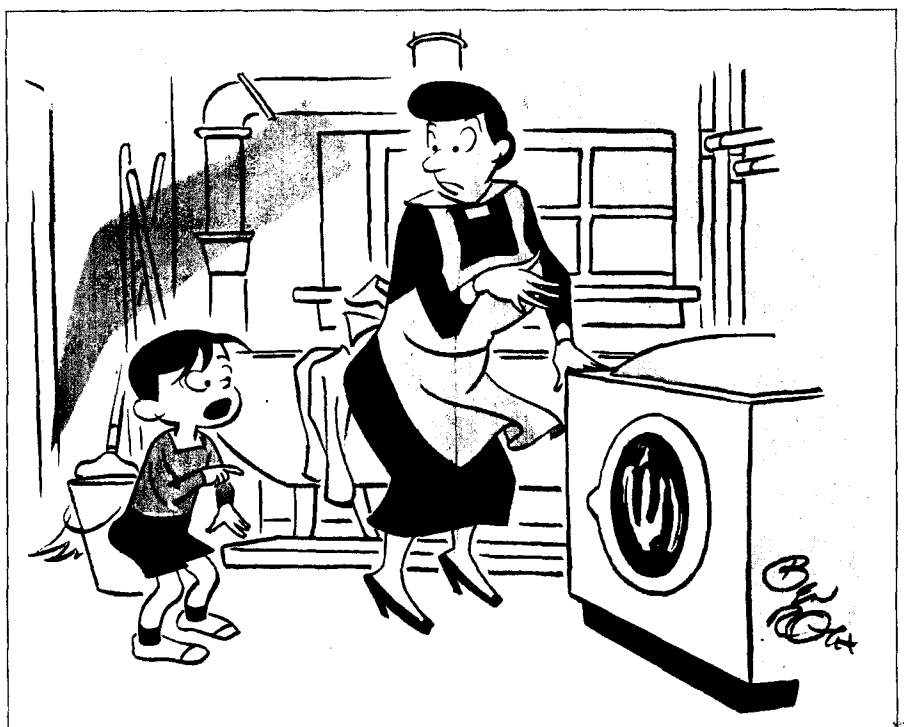
At last, according to Mitch's calculations, they were over Stiles. He did not have to let down. The Duck did it automatically, the engine cutting out. At a thousand feet they came out of the overcast, the engine caught, and they went back up into it. Mitch went down again immediately.

Stiles was beneath them. He flew over the town once from east to west. He spotted a likely-looking pasture, with cows spaced just right, standing with their backs to the wind, and he banked, turning and slipping into position.

At five hundred feet, lined up with a water trough, a feed pen, and a man waving a hoe, the Ruptured Duck threw her



COLLIER'S — **"Real thoroughbred. I got the papers to prove it—Railway Express out of Montgomery-Ward"** — RAY HELLE



COLLIER'S — **"Will you see if my crayons are done yet?"** — BEN ROTH

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prop. It sailed off at a right angle to the plane, and bits of engine and oil flew back. The oil covered the small windshield and Mitch stuck his head around it and got oil in his eyes and nose and mouth. The cows had moved into the wrong position, but it was too late to do anything about it.

AT TWO hundred feet, something made him look over his shoulder. He almost leaped from the cockpit. His mother was standing up, struggling into the chute. Evidently she thought Mitch could not land. She was putting the chute on backward so that the pack was in front.

"*No!*" Mitch yelled.

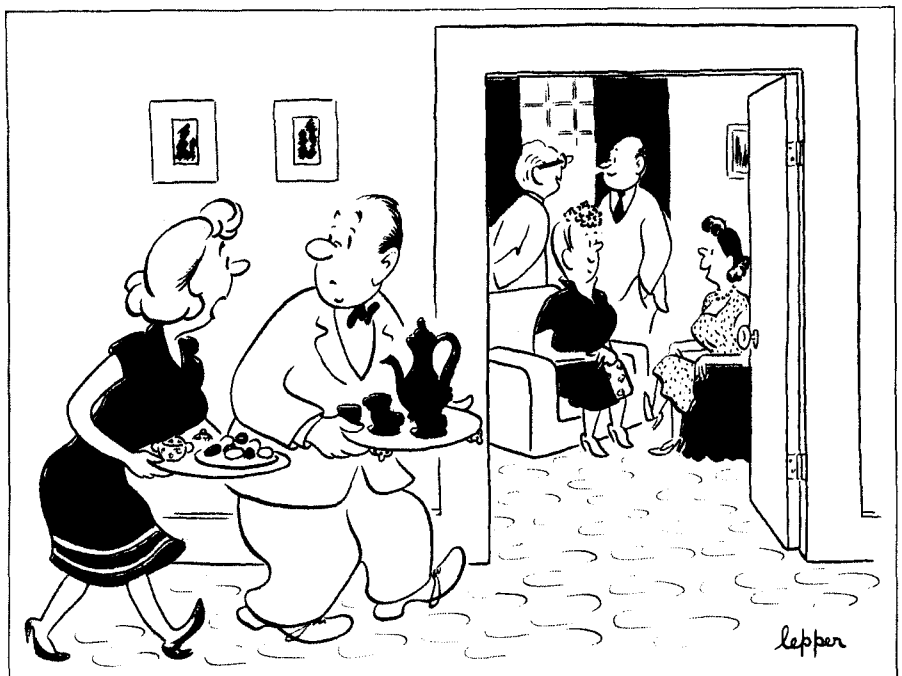
She glared at him. "No, yourself!"

"Sit down. We'll make it."

"Ha!"

Mitch lost as much altitude as rapidly as he dared. They were skimming the ground but the Duck acted as if she wanted to float on forever. Mitch had to look behind him again. His mother was standing up, still trying to get the parachute on, but she had her hand on the rip cord.

"Oh, no!" Mitch bellowed. "No, no, no!"



"Now, remember, with tea it's another cup, not another round"

COLLIER'S — EDWIN LEPPER

"Don't you dare speak to your mother in that tone of voice, Aswell Mitchell!"

Mitch stood up in the seat and reached back and jerked the chute pack from his mother. She held tightly to the rip cord. The pack broke, the chute blossomed and snatched Mitch out of the plane, socking him into the tail structure and slamming him on the ground.

After being dragged about fifty feet, he managed to let go. Dazed, his breath knocked out of him, he got to his feet.

The Ruptured Duck continued across the pasture, its wheels about a foot from the ground. There was a three-strand barbed-wire fence ahead of it. It hit the fence, ripping the wire loose from the fence posts for about two hundred feet. But the wire held at both corner posts. The wire caught securely on the undercarriage and slowly, like the arresting gear on a flattop, jerked the Ruptured Duck to a stop, tipping it over on its nose.

The man who had been waving the hoe ran up to Mitch. "Why, you—my cows—"

"Don't stand there!" Mitch yelled at him. "My mother's in that plane!"

"Why, you lousy liar!" the man yelled back, and swung, knocking Mitch down.

"It's true," Mitch said, getting up and running.

The man ran after Mitch across the pasture to the plane. Mother was in the cockpit, out cold.

"Well," Mitch said, as he turned away, "she was determined to come."

He got his left forearm set and put in a cast in town and then hurried down the street looking for Eloise's house. He found it, a small white frame house with a green hedge surrounding it, and ran up the steps and pounded on the door. It opened and Eloise stood there. She was a tall girl, and her hair was as red at Mitch's.

"My little baby," he said, tearing at the screen door and finding it fastened. "I came the quickest way."

Eloise opened the door and caught him in her arms as he charged in. They kissed quickly before Mitch had time to leap back with a startled cry.

"I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come," she said. "I feel so helpless."

"What is it, what is it?" Mitch said. "What do you want me to do? Is it sickness, money—?"

She took him by the hand and led him through the house to the back yard. "There," she said, pointing. "Just look at that."

In a striped canvas deck chair in the back yard was the biggest man that Mitch had ever seen. He had red hair and his skin had been burned a deep leathery brown from years of outdoor living. He was dressed in a bathrobe and slippers, and there was a folded cloth over his eyes and at his side a small bottle and a spoon. Now and then he groaned faintly.

"What is it?" Mitch said.

"My father," Eloise said, and she kicked the part of him that bulged in the chair. "The mean old selfish fake!"

"Oh, Eloise," her father said in a tiny voice. "Please don't kick your father, dear. He's sick."

"Sick," Eloise said. She began to cry. "Oh, Mitch! I'm so miserable and helpless. I don't know what I am going to do."

From the front of the house there came a loud banging and an angry voice. "I know you're in there with that girl!"

"That's my mother," Mitch said. He took Eloise's hand and ran with her out the back gate and down the alley. They hid behind the fence next door and Mitch looked back.

His mother came charging out of the house and into the back yard. She still had her bottle of tonic in her hand, and she was calling, "Mitch! Mitch!"

"Please," Eloise's father said. "Not so loud."

"Aw, shut up," Mitch's mother said. Then she stopped and looked at him. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm sick," Mr. Ledbetter said.

"Yeah?" she said. She sat down beside him and pushed his left eyelid back with her thumb. "Does it get you in the small of the back?"

"Something terrible," he said.

Mitch's mother smiled and uncorked her bottle of tonic. "Here," she said. "Try a little of this."

Seeing that he was safe for a minute, Mitch took Eloise's hand and led her down the alley to the street. They sat down side by side and she put her head on his shoulder. She was crying helplessly.

"Please," Mitch said. "I can't stand to see you cry. Tell me what's wrong."

"Well," she sniffed. "My father's always been afraid I'd get married and leave him, but after I left home to work he began to write me, saying he was sick. Every letter, he got a little sicker. Finally I got a letter from a Dr. Petrie that said my father had only a short time to live—but he might live for years with the proper care. So I had to come home. And then last night I found out that his medicine tasted like whisky. And I asked around and found out that Dr. Petrie was just an old man who was passing through town. And—oh, I just don't know what to do! I feel so helpless!" Eloise broke into loud sobs again.

"Oh, don't!" Mitch said, clutching her to him. Each time she sobbed, it was as if someone were twisting a knife in his heart. "Eloise, please stop!"

"But the worst part is that you don't love me!" she sobbed.

"But I do, I do!" Mitch yelled at her. Then he stopped, but he had said it and he had not dropped dead.

"Oh, *A*swell!" Eloise said, melting.

He took a deep breath and he heard himself saying from far away, as if he were someone else, "Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Aswell, yes!" She was a big girl and she gave him a great big kiss.

"I'm going to take you away from all this," Mitch said. "Only I don't know how. My plane's busted."

"We'll borrow my father's car."

"Oh, will he let us?"

Eloise stood up. "We'll tell him later."

"Aswell! Aswell Mitchell, you come right here this minute!" his mother called.

MITCH hesitated a moment. "Baby, go get the car and drive around here to the alley and wait for me. And keep the motor running and the door open."

He walked up the alley to the fence and went in the gate. His mother was standing in the yard.

"And where have you been?" she said.

"Down the alley a piece," Mitch said.

"I don't like you running around in alleys," she said. "It's common."

Mr. Ledbetter nodded.

"I want you both to listen a minute," Mitch said. "I got something important to say."

Mrs. Mitchell looked stricken. "Oh, no!"

"Yes," Mitch said. "We are going to."

Mrs. Mitchell collapsed in the chair. It was the one Mr. Ledbetter was sitting in.

"You dern fool!" He glared at Mitch. "Your mother's a delicate woman."

"Oh, Charley," Mrs. Mitchell said. "Children are so selfish."

Mitch walked toward the alley. When he got to the fence, he called back, "We'll take good care of it."

"Of what?" Mr. Ledbetter said.

"Your car," Mitch said, jumping over the fence and running.

"Come back here, you dern fool!"

Eloise was waiting for Mitch with the car door open and the motor running. Neither of them spoke until they were out of town and speeding along the highway.

"Say, this car's in good shape, isn't it?" Mitch said.

"Oh, sure," Eloise said.

Mitch leaned back and relaxed. A mile farther on there was a loud bang and the car swerved. Eloise brought it to a stop. Mitch got out and looked at the left rear tire. It had blown out.

He took the jack out of the car and put it under the axle. He began to pump the handle. Only once did he speak. "Someday I'm going to get me a machine that works." The rest of the time he was cursing under his breath. THE END

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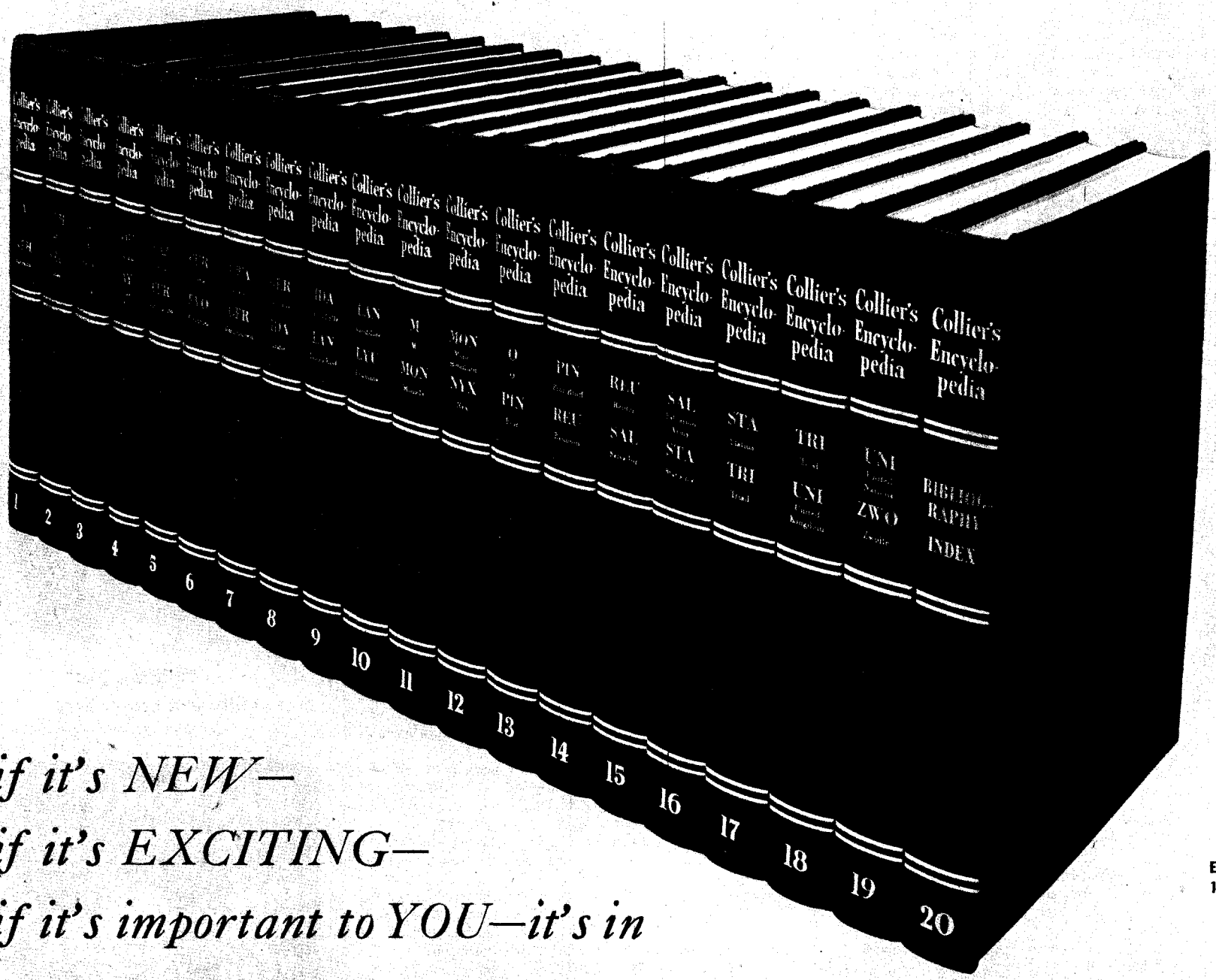

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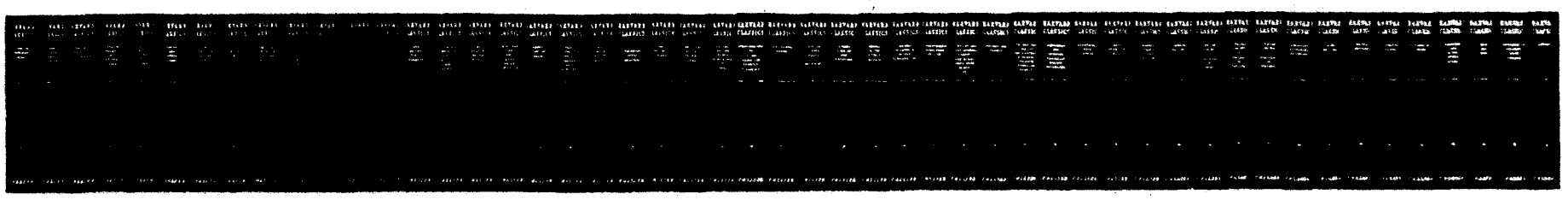

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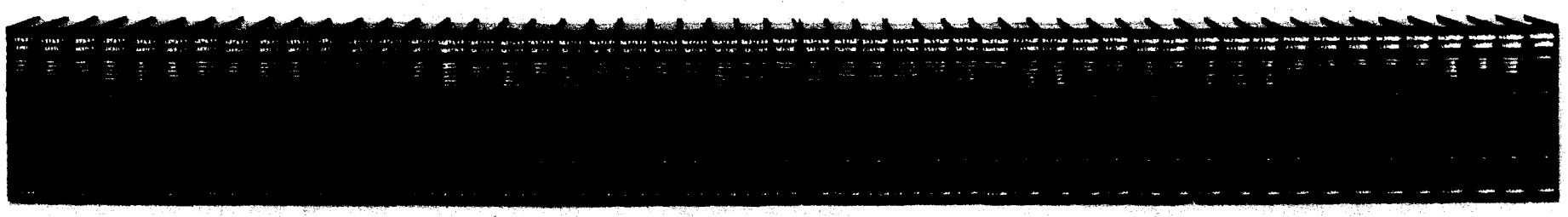

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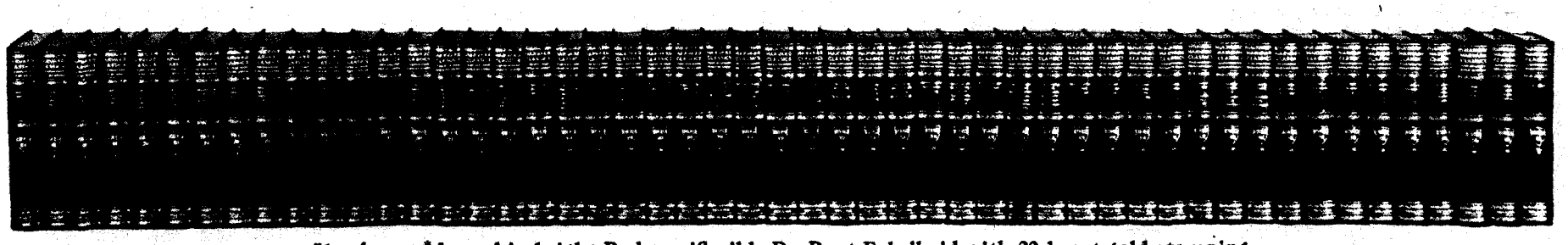

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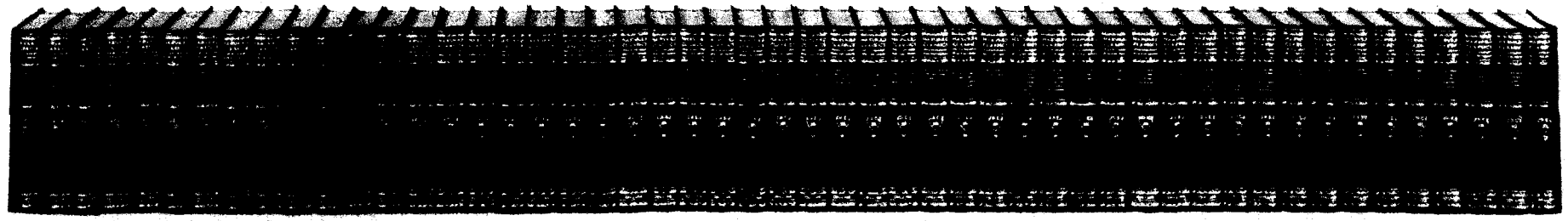

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Nobody Can Keep Up with This Jones

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

self-supporting. In Louisiana and Maryland he raises Angus beef cattle. In Kentucky, he has an interest in thoroughbred race horses, which are sold to some of the biggest stables in the country.

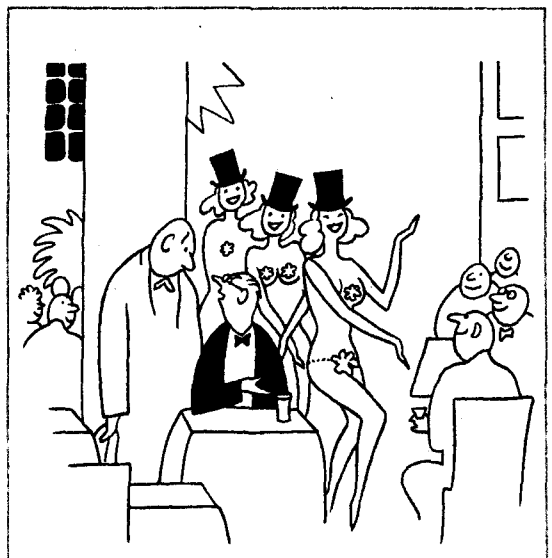
The Maryland farm is Jones's favorite. Commanding its 2,800 acres is a restored mansion, with white colonnades, a rare, hanging stairway and a gabled roof. It stands on a site acquired from Lord Baltimore in 1658 by one Robert Jones. "Not a relative," says W. Alton, "but obviously a businessman."

Every conceivable crop is grown on the land. And there are special pastures for the prize herds, which are sold to breeders wishing to improve their own stock. "We only slaughter the cattle who disobey the laws of eugenics," says Jones.

Despite his extravagant way of life Jones confesses to some strange economies. For example, he saves golf tees. They sell at five for a penny, but he can't bear to part with one. "I've tried throwing them away," says Jones, "and then found myself chasing them. My pockets are loaded with the nasty things."

If reconverted to timber, the little wooden pegs would add up to a small-sized tree. For Jones has an infinity of pockets in an infinite number of suits. Associates claim they have never seen him wear the same suit twice. Even Jones doesn't know how many he has. "More than any man should decently own," he apologizes. "It isn't that I'm a fop. It's just that clothes give me a psychological lift. And it's the same with my suits as with my golf tees. I can't bear to throw an old one away."

The suits are cached throughout the country, because Jones travels extensively and is allergic to carrying luggage. Not only does he have complete wardrobes at all his homes, but also at his offices, clubs, hotels and even in remote boardinghouses. His travels take him throughout 40 states and Canada, where Cities Service has refineries, oil wells, gas wells and service stations. In addition, the firm has exploration rights in Alberta and Saskatchewan, operates a fleet of 22 tankers and owns a third interest in Richfield Oil of California.



"Say, waiter, are you sure this milk is homogenized?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Distances Never Deter Him

To cover this territory, Jones flies more than 150,000 miles a year. Within the space of 24 hours, he has been known to speed from the huge company refinery at Lake Charles, Louisiana, to the Hugoton gas fields outside Kansas City, to the catalytic cracking plant at East Chicago, Indiana. On another day he inspected a Linden, New Jersey, refinery in the morning, witnessed the launching of a tanker at Norfolk, Virginia, at noon, and closed a deal in Florida that night.

Nobody ever knows where Jones is going except Jones—and George Pomeroy, who pilots his plane, a silver-winged DC-3 flaunting the company's green and white insignia. Squat, dark-haired and fifty-six, Pomeroy is probably the dean of American fliers, with a record of 27,000 hours in the air, spanning both World Wars and the days of open-cockpit air mail. He describes Jones as the calmest passenger he has ever flown. "Emergencies never bother him," says Pomeroy. "He seems to enjoy them."

Pomeroy vividly recalls the time he was flying Jones and two other executives to Lake Placid. At Poughkeepsie, New York, they ran into a squall. "It was the worst storm I ever saw," says Pomeroy. "From the way the wind hammered us it felt as if the rivets were being pounded out of the plane. Suddenly a bolt of lightning hit the right wing tip. It burned the paint right off, and literally melted the radio wires.

"I was scared stiff. The sweat poured so hard into my eyes that I couldn't see. Then just as suddenly we were out of the storm. I turned the controls over to my copilot and headed toward the cabin. Jones was reading a financial report. The other two passengers were praying. Out loud—with their hands clasped and their eyes shut.

"As I walked in, Jones roared at them, 'Quit praying. You've made it. Here comes Saint George Pomeroy.' "

Associates claim that Pomeroy is "the only man Jones can't boss around." Jones admits it. "When George says we don't fly—we don't fly."

"But when we do," says Pomeroy, "Jones always complains we're creeping." Under this stimulus Pomeroy in 1937 flew Jones from Washington, D.C., to Newark, New Jersey, in 41 minutes. It set a record that still stands for civilian nonjet planes, Pomeroy claims, explaining: "I had a tail wind—plus Jones breathing down my neck."

When Jones isn't hurrying Pomeroy, he is hurrying himself. For he uses his plane as an auxiliary office. It is fitted out with radiophone, Dictaphone and desk. He works in the air with the same intensity that he works on the ground.

Jones's persistence and stamina are a constant source of amazement to his friends. But he amazed the U.S. Army, too, in one casual demonstration. This occurred in the summer of 1942, when Jones was inspecting some newly installed pipe lines at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Toward evening, the commanding general asked Jones if he would "like to join the Army" for the remainder of his stay.

"Sure," said Jones. Whereupon the supply sergeant, who had a quixotic sense of humor—or none at all—issued him a set of fatigues three sizes too small. And a pair of shoes two sizes too large. Jones wriggled into them and went to dinner. After he had eaten, with characteristic gusto, the general asked him how he liked the food. "Wonderful," announced Jones.

The general smiled blandly. "I see you like Army life, Mr. Jones. So no doubt you'll enjoy the rest of your program—seven hours of night maneuvers."

And that's what it was—with sound effects. While shells screamed over his head, Jones maneuvered with the others. On his stomach. On his knees. On the double. Through swamps. Through ditches. Through barbed wire.

When it ended, Jones was three miles from camp, and minus one shoe. The shoe had disappeared in a tangle of barbed wire.

A moment later the general drove up. "How about a lift in my jeep?" he asked guiltily.

"Nothing doing," grunted Jones. "I got here on my own feet. And I'm leaving the same way." So back he limped, one shoe on, one shoe gone, swatting mosquitoes.

Jones shrugs at the memory. "Where I came from shoes were a luxury, not a necessity."

William Alton Jones (nobody's ever called him William) was born in the drab zinc- and lead-mining country near Webb City, in southwest Missouri. The son of farm parents, he was the youngest of seven children. Their combined toil could barely scratch out an existence from their rocky 40 acres.

So acute was their poverty that at the age of six young Alton took the job of janitor of the country school he attended. It paid $2 a week. To earn it, he arose before dawn, did his farm chores, then walked a mile to school, arriving hours before the other children. He washed the floors, cleaned the blackboards and scrubbed the desks. In winter he also shoveled snow. At the end of the day he remained to do what was left undone in the morning.

And here in his childhood are the apparent reasons for Jones's odd mixture of shyness and aggressiveness. "I never had much time to play," he recalls. As a result the other children looked upon him as "different." He felt awkward and out of place. At home he had another problem. Being the youngest child by ten years, he never could get a word in edgewise, unless he was brief and to the point—or forceful enough to impress eight impatient adults.

While going to Webb City High School, Jones held down two jobs. He drove a grocery wagon in the afternoon and clerked in a bookstore during the evening. The bookstore proprietor, a one-legged iconoclast named Byron C. Wanglin, gave Jones the best bit of advice he ever received. Irked by Jones's diffidence with a prominent customer, Wanglin told him, "Never let any man overawe you. Just picture him standing there in his long winter underwear, and you won't take him seriously."

Shortly thereafter, Jones entered Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, to study chemical engineering. He had just enough for tuition and supported himself by delivering laundry and newspapers. Although his marks averaged straight A, he left at the end of his freshman year because of his mother's sudden illness and the family's need for his support.

Returning home in the summer of 1912, he obtained his first full-time job—$45 a month—as combination janitor and meter reader for the Webb City & Carterville Gas Company. However, it failed to tax his energies, so he took a correspondence course in bookkeeping.

Two years later the firm was merged with the Empire District Gas & Electric Company, another Cities Service subsidiary, at Joplin, Missouri. Jones went along as auditor at $85 a month.

"I was so impressed with myself," says Jones, "that I immediately proposed to Nettie Marvin, my childhood sweetheart. Before that, I had been hesitant. She had got herself a master's degree at Central College, in Fayette, Missouri, and was teaching Latin in Webb City High School."

She accepted, but balked at leaving her job. Whereupon Jones told her, "It's Latin or me. Take your pick. A dead language or a live husband."

"Not even Caesar could defy such an ultimatum," recalls Mrs. Jones.

They were married in June, 1914. But it wasn't until three years later that Jones could save up enough to buy his wife an engagement ring. He brought the ring home along with a new suit for himself—the first tailor-made garment he had ever owned. The next night a thief broke into the house and stole the suit.

With a wife and parents to support, budgeting became a prime factor in Jones's life. And it acted as a trigger on his latent genius for mathematics. Jones completely revamped Empire District Electric Company's accounting system. He introduced uniform terminology. And he invented a new and simplified method of budgeting. It was so successful that it was adopted by all Cities Service subsidiaries in the Southwest.

Low-Grade Coal Price Soars

During World War I, Jones was promoted to secretary (at the same pay) and given the chore of fighting for rate increases. Survival of the subsidiary hinged on his success. Empire furnished electric power for zinc and lead mines in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. The cost of the low-grade coal used to manufacture this power had risen from 85 cents to $6 a ton.

In two years, Jones appeared at 52 rate hearings before state officials in the three states. He won an increase in every case.

"They were all ex-farmers like me," he recounts. "I just stated the facts in their language—you can't drink milk if you eat the cow."

By December, 1920, Jones's reputation had spread throughout Cities Service. But he was unaware of this when he went to New York for a conference of minor officials. When he was called on to speak, he says he closed his eyes, "pictured everybody in long winter underwear, said my piece and went home to Joplin."

Several days later he received a telegram summoning him to New York again. The wire was signed by Frank W. Frueauff, partner of Henry L. Doherty, the owl-eyed, quixotic founder of Cities Service.

"I need an assistant," Frueauff told Jones. "How would you like the job—at $100 a week?"

"I don't know," said Jones. "I'll let you know tomorrow night."

Shyness had suddenly overwhelmed him at the most climactic point in his career. "I was afraid the other executives might resent me," says Jones. "I had to find out how they felt."

He spent the next day sounding out the top brass, many of whom he had met in the field. They were singularly undisturbed. Jones was thirty-one, too young to be taken seriously.

Interpreting their grins for enthusiasm, Jones accepted the job and wired his wife to come to New York. They bought a seven-room brick house in suburban Forest Hills, where their daughters were born—Elizabeth Marie in 1922 and Patricia Jane a year later. (The eldest daughter is now the wife of Dr. Roy Hamilton Ott, Jr., chief resident physician at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital. Patricia is married to Dr. Milton Thomas Edgerton, Jr., plastic surgeon and assistant professor at Johns Hopkins Medical College, Baltimore. They have two sons, Bradford Wheatly, four, and William Alton, two, who was named for his grandfather.)

Meantime Jones got busy thinking up "useful suggestions," as Frueauff had ordered. His first suggestion was startling. He told Doherty's partner, "I think you should resign from the company's finance committee."

"Why?" demanded Frueauff. "So that you could replace me as chairman?"

"No," said Jones. "I'd rotate the chairmanship. That way you'd get efficiency without jealousy. You have able men on that committee. But you never let them decide anything."

Suddenly Frueauff smiled. "I'll do it," he said. "On condition that you join the committee."

"Sure," said Jones. "If I can speak my own mind. Not be an echo of yours."

This direct approach has been charac-

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teristic of Jones throughout the years. It helped move him to the board of directors at thirty-one and in 1927 to the first vice-presidency at thirty-six.

For the past 16 years he has had full responsibility for the operations of the corporation, although he did not formally become president until after Doherty died in 1939.

When Jones took over in 1935 he faced a seemingly hopeless task. Cities Service was a hodgepodge of utilities—electric, gas and street railways—oil companies and natural gas companies. It was over half a billion dollars in debt. And Congress had just passed the Public Utility Holding Company Act, under which Cities Service had to get out of either the oil or the utility business. So shaky was the firm's financial position that it was the butt of depression-day jokes in Wall Street.

The utilities accounted for 60 per cent of Cities Service income. Jones decided to get rid of them. He foresaw a greater future in oil and natural gas operations. Wall Street disagreed. Cities Service stock tumbled until, in 1942, the present shares reached a low of $2.12 a share.

Jones was not panicked. Instead of unloading immediately, he won an extension of time and used this to build up the utilities. He polled the customers, expanded service and shrank the overhead. He installed more generators, doubled the output and redoubled the income. Then he sold them one by one. "It was obvious," says Jones, "that I could get more for a chicken than I could for an egg." When the last electric utility was sold the books showed a profit of 60 millions.

He used the profits to slash the debts, plowed the earnings back into the business, and made the company a model of economy. By World War II his renown was such that Washington drafted him to boss the building of Big and Little Inch and erect the secret dynamite plant at Maumelle. (Picric acid, a petroleum by-product, is an important ingredient of dynamite.) And when the government wanted an aviation gas refinery in a hurry it advanced him 55 millions, all of which has been repaid, to build one at Lake Charles, which the company now owns and operates.

Profitable Postwar Expansion

At the end of the war Jones launched Cities Service on a $280,000,000 expansion program. He was joined by the Continental Oil Company in the construction of a $42,000,000 lubricating plant at Lake Charles, augmented the tanker fleet, spent $21,000,000 more on oil and gas pipe lines and plants. He also entered the petrochemical industry with Firestone with whom he had worked in the production of synthetic rubber during World War II. Despite all these expenditures Jones has cut the firm's debt in half and boosted gross operating income to the near billion-dollar mark, making it one of the top 10 U.S. oil companies and one of the four biggest suppliers of natural gas.

His foresight was vindicated when Wall Street saw Cities Service stock move from the curb exchange to the big board last March 7th.

Erle G. Christian, company secretary, says, "Jones's methods are so straightforward that they seem unorthodox. Actually they are as conservative and ancient as the rules of fair play."

An illustration was Jones's reaction to Mexico's nationalization of the oil industry in 1938 when Cities Service property was taken over along with that of other American companies. Jones declared that it would be "silly to scream for the Marines." He told subordinates, "Mexico has as much right to enact laws as we have. Don't fight 'em. Lend 'em a hand."

Not only did he lend the Mexican government money, but also refinery technicians and the entire Cities Service Mexican staff; and he offered to take repayment in oil, instead of scarce dollars.

"The agreement paid off," says Vice-President Watson. "We continued doing business with Mexico."

Jones's day in New York begins before he arrives at the 67-story Cities Service Building, at 60 Wall Tower—third tallest building in New York City. He makes a dozen calls over the mobile telephone in his black limousine while being driven to Wall Street from his Sutton Place apartment in Manhattan.

At nine thirty, he is seated behind the semicircular mahogany desk of his "working office" on the seventeenth floor (he also has a "thinking office" on the sixty-third floor), barking orders over one of his three telephones. Because of his uneasiness with people, the telephone is Jones's alter ego. He will never say in person what he can say over the wire, and his executives are told to do likewise.

"This cuts out the small talk and small hypocrisies," Jones says. "It makes for efficiency and profit."

Time Wasters Aren't Welcome

Few persons get in to see Jones. And when his associates do they must be ready to state their problems concisely. Otherwise he tells them impatiently, "Go back and grope for yourself. Don't think on my time."

Jones wastes little time himself. His motto is "Get it done yesterday." Between calls he reads and answers his mound of mail. He goes through the teletype and telegraph reports of the company's far-flung operations. He even checks weather reports to see how they affect Cities Service properties.

For all his speed, Jones arrives at important decisions slowly. "He does a tremendous amount of research, and has an almost photographic memory," says Henry L. O'Brien, general counsel. "He always calls in company experts. But they never know what he's thinking. Sometimes he argues for what he believes, and sometimes for what he opposes."

"It's an old trick," grins Jones. "It brings new ideas to life, and at the same time kills off yes men."

Conversely he often leaves some big decisions to the firm's junior executives, "so that they can stand on their feet, instead of hiding behind their bosses."

Jones's own feet have left a visible imprint on his 24-foot-square office. He is a pacer. As a result the Oriental rug has several well-worn grooves. One leads to the outer office of Herman J. Hendel, his secretary; the others branch off to the three windows flanking his desk. Except for the telephones and a silver trophy he won for shotgun marksmanship, Jones's desk is bare. Nearby, a small table holds a curious collection—an ear of petrified corn, a piece of wood from the Petrified Forest, an Australian boomerang and a dozen bronze sculptures by the late Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist.

On one of the oak-paneled walls hangs a seven-foot sailfish caught off Miami by his daughter Patricia in 1936. Another wall is covered by a bookcase full of technical volumes, some out-of-print novels, and an autographed photograph of General Eisenhower. Two airplane heaters, displayed on a stand, dominate one side of the room.

Jones rarely goes out for lunch. He prefers his private dining room, adjoining his office. When he invites a colleague to lunch it is frequently at the last moment—and the invitation typically Jonesian: "See if you can get here in four minutes. And I don't mean four and a half."

In the afternoon he handles personnel problems, meets with various committees and presides over board meetings, timing them like a railroad schedule. Sometimes Jones attends as many as 10 board meetings a week. In addition to heading Cities Service, he is also a director of Chrysler Corporation, finance committee chairman of Richfield Oil Corporation (California), a director of the American Gas Association, a member of the National Petroleum Council, board chairman of the Cit-Con Oil Corporation and was the first board chairman of the American Petroleum Institute.

Late in the afternoon Jones adjourns to his "thinking office," which overlooks the hurly-burly of upper New York Bay. In contrast, the office has an air of quiet repose, with its grandfather's clock, red leather chairs and huge open fireplace.

Jones does most of his writing in this office, and he writes as he speaks. His candor is often startling. In 1947 he bluntly warned his 212,000 stockholders: "Earnings currently reported by oil companies indicate the industry is enjoying unusual prosperity. These earnings should be regarded with restraint."

He allows no one to ghost for him; neither his speeches nor his signed editorials in the company magazine. And this despite the fact that his staff includes such outstanding publicists as Merle Thorpe, retired publisher of The Nation's Business, Paul Hodges, ex-Washington correspondent, and William Walsh, former city editor of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican. "I can put my own foot in my own mouth," says Jones.

He absorbs details at a glance and makes a fetish of brevity. He once rewrote the 10,000-word report of an economist into one paragraph. On the day this reporter saw him he closed a million-dollar real-estate deal with one word: "Okay."

Jones's day ends when he's through, anywhere from 5:00 P.M. to midnight. He says he never takes his job home with him, but spends many of his evenings reading Kipling and Dickens or textbooks on engineering.

Every Monday night he listens to the Cities Service radio program. Started on February 18, 1927, it is the oldest continuous sponsored musical program on the air, and currently features Paul Lavalle and the Cities Service Band of America.

Friends Who Recommend Shows

Most Broadway shows bore Jones, and he only attends if a show is recommended by a majority of his close friends. These include M. H. Aylesworth, former head of the National Broadcasting Company; Niles Trammell, present NBC board chairman; W. S. S. Rodgers, Texaco Oil Company chief; K. T. Keller, chairman of the board of the Chrysler Corporation; Benjamin Fairless, president of U. S. Steel; Rex Cole, the industrialist; Roy von Bomel, president of National Dairies; ex-publisher Lee Olwell and cartoonist Rube Goldberg.

On occasional evenings he joins these friends in a poker game. The stakes are low and the technique high. "We bet as if our stockholders were watching us," says Jones.

He and his wife do very little entertaining. But when they do their parties are lavish. Jones personally attends to all the details, from hiring the entertainment to ordering the food. He is particularly fussy about the liquor, choosing champagnes and brandies with the exactitude of a connoisseur. For himself Jones buys sweet cider. He's never learned to drink. And he adds, "I'm just starting to learn to smoke."

On week ends Jones tries to get down to his Maryland farm. Mrs. Jones, a handsome, energetic woman, manages the farm personally. She not only knows every animal, mineral and vegetable, but also their Latin names.

Jones works on the farm with keen pleasure. He tours the 2,800 acres on horseback, supervises repairs and helps with the cattle. He joins in the planting and milking and tussles with chores like a hired hand. To him the day is never long enough, and he stretches it out until 1:00 A.M., feeding the hogs, banding the turkeys and helping his wife with her books. When he has to leave, it is always with regret.

"Someday I'll retire and stay," vows Jones. "Farming's in my blood. It has a challenge you can't find on Wall Street. What financier ever raised a dollar that didn't look like any other dollar?" THE END

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Six years in the writing, *Spark of Life* is the heroic story of men in a German concentration camp. With current talk of a resurgence of Nazism in Western Germany and of the growing fanaticism of Communists in Eastern Germany, it is a timely reminder of the brutality of a dictatorship of another day, and of the fact that there are still concentration camps in the world. It offers a ringing denial that any tyranny can destroy the creature made by God in His own image. It is one of the most moving stories we have ever published.

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Fastest Woman in the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

know the truth, to find out what was important to me. And the truth is with me when I fly."

She says this simply and without embarrassment. She is deeply sincere.

"Now I know that only life and death are important. When I am in the air, close to both, things finally take on their proper perspective. Nonsense becomes nonsense; the big things stand out, become alive."

In time, the personal renown and popularity of the Presidential daughter-in-law began to offend certain high French officials. It was felt that her very success nullified the dignity of the palace. The President was given to understand that the situation was touchy.

With great reluctance, Auriol discussed the growing criticism with his daughter-in-law. The conference took place in the paneled library where the Auriols take their after-dinner coffee on informal evenings. He remembers it as one of the most difficult speeches of his career.

Farewell to Paris Gaieties

Jacqueline listened to him with surprise, then growing delight. When he had finished, her laughter flooded the silent room.

"But, Papa!" she exclaimed. "This is the very excuse I have been waiting for, and now you have given it to me!" She regards this incident as the first step in her personal liberation. For she promptly abandoned the glittering world of Paris for the skies of France.

Jacqueline Auriol's absence from official functions began to be publicly and privately noted. In France particularly, where women who look beyond their husbands' socks are immediately suspect, she became an object of intense speculation.

In addition to preferring the airfield to the salon, she had the audacity to be extremely pretty and a member of France's first family.

The whole affair was unpardonable.

Her place is at home, said the ladies, clicking their needles at one another.

So now she's playing at flying, said the flight personnel, examining her coolly across the field cafeteria.

But they grudgingly admitted that she was a born flier. One day she flew a famous commander in the French air force. When they landed, he turned to the waiting pilots and said simply:

"C'est un lion," which, loosely translated, means, "She's got what it takes."

With that, the elegant Madame Auriol became one of the boys.

After receiving her pilot's license, she asked to learn stunt flying. Only after she got written permission from President Auriol himself ("Jacqueline makes Demosthenes seem inarticulate") did Commander Guillaume, partner of that pivotal dinner party, agree to instruct her.

Three months later, in July, 1949, at a giant air show outside Paris, Jacqueline Auriol gave an exhibition of stunt flying, the only woman in a group of 20 famous French fliers.

Before 30,000 spectators, she put on her parachute and heard last-minute instructions from Marcel Doret, for many years the acrobatics champion of France. Guillaume tied the traditional blue tweed scarf of the *acrobatiste* around his prize pupil's neck and wished her luck.

Then, aloft, she went through the stunts with which master pilots juggle heaven and earth: loops, Immelmans and barrel rolls.

Later, when Guillaume reached her through the hysterical throng of well-wishers, she looked up anxiously. *"Oui,"* he said simply. *"C'est un lion."*

Three days after that, a plane in which she, Guillaume and a test pilot were making a routine flight crashed into the Seine. Guillaume had several broken ribs; the pilot suffered a concussion. Jacqueline Auriol was picked up in a state of coma.

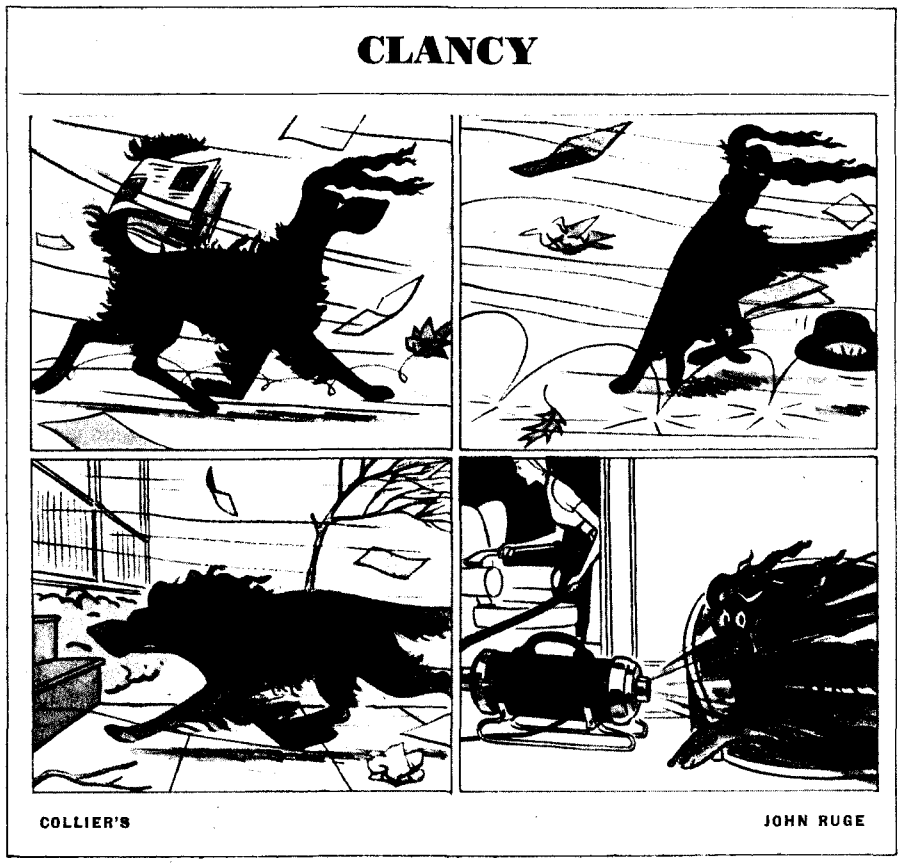
It is here that the story of Jacqueline today really begins. The woman they took to the hospital had no face left, no jaw, no nose. The roof of her mouth was gone, her collarbone broken, her right arm crushed. Rounded cheeks and smooth shoulders of gala evenings were nothing but raw flesh.

At thirty-one, the widely photographed Madame Jacqueline Auriol was simply a *gueule cassée* (smashed face).

The first news around Paris was that Jacqueline had been killed. Certainly it was a dying girl who entered the hospital at Neuilly. She was, incredibly, still alive five hours later when they brought her from the operating room. Practically her first blurred words to her husband were:

"Will I be able to fly again?"

"Your eyes are intact," he told her. "That's the main thing."



"But my arms?" Half her muscles had been torn away.

"You must sleep, my darling . . ."

During the next eight months, her only nourishment was liquids: her jaws had been shattered. She lay in the hospital and said good-by to the young woman she had been.

Doctors will tell you it is the *gueules cassées* who most often think of suicide.

To create a face for her—a hole through which to breathe, another for swallowing—surgeons made her a two-horned apparatus. When she opened her mouth, the upper part of her face fell; so the doctors made her a helmet with two iron hooks to hold her cheeks in place.

Almost speechless, bedridden, her head wedged into instruments of torture, refusing to see anybody but Paul, she went to work. She studied algebra, trigonometry, aerodynamics, the theoretical courses necessary to get a military and commercial pilot's license.

She studied to cheat suffering, to block introspection, to avoid mirrors.

The first time they removed her bandages, she would not look. But she saw herself in the eyes of the nurses. She was "a busted beak," the wry name disabled French fliers have given their broken fraternity.

When she left the hospital, she went to a chalet in southeastern France, near St. Gervais, in the mountains she loves. She lived there in seclusion, seeing only her husband, her family, and finally her children, who had been agonizingly prepared for the first meeting.

"But it was still a terrible shock for them," she recalls, a shadow crossing her features. "My face had not been tightened yet and the top fell toward the bottom like an accordion. It was awful." The impression made on her sons seems to occupy her, even now, more than anything else.

Her companion was Jacqueline Martel, one of France's champion skiers, the childhood friend who had introduced her to Paul. There was a nurse and a young farm girl from a neighboring village to do the marketing. Once Jacqueline tried to go into town, but when she was recognized and stared at, she crept back to the chalet and thereafter left only to go to an endless succession of hospitals—the last one at Foch Hospital, where she lay among wounded soldiers and shattered pilots. Every month she returned for another skin graft to seal her fractures. But the grafts would not stick. She did not have enough bone to remake her palate, her nose or her crushed arms.

Then the doctors got in touch with the Plastic Surgery Clinic of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, the famed New York institution whose plastic surgeons had worked miracles with battle casualties during World War II. With her husband, Jacqueline crossed the Atlantic. In America she underwent 22 operations before she acquired a new face.

She discusses this new face freely now, without hesitation or embarrassment.

"Of course I didn't have a new face all at once. They pieced it together, bit by bit, first one cheek, then the other. At one time I had no nose, until they made me one. They changed it several times and they will do it again." She smiled suddenly. The smile and the deep blue eyes are all that remain of the original features. "With a few small changes I guess this face will do. I have no complaints. God has been very good to me."

She decided she must fly again. Her distraught family begged her not to. But her psychiatrist, convinced by her tenacity, persuaded them that her final recovery hinged on this alone.

Jackie persuaded Mme. Henri Bonnet, wife of the French Ambassador to the United States and a long-time friend of the Auriols, to tell her story to Lawrence Bell, president of the Bell Aircraft Corporation, manufacturers of helicopters. Bell listened sympathetically and agreed to arrange flying lessons for Jackie. Between her twenty-first and twenty-second operations, she went to the Bell plant in Buffalo.

"When I first went to Buffalo, I was very disfigured and terribly depressed. My English was almost nonexistent. But Larry Bell was wonderful to me, as were most Americans I met. Americans in Paris don't give one a true picture of their countrymen. By his willingness to believe in me—if anything had happened to me, the attendant publicity would have been rough on him—he gave me a chance to believe in myself."

Bell, for his part, considers her "the most extraordinary woman in the world. She has met fear head on and conquered it. She has a complete passion for flying. I have never met anyone like her."

For a month the young Frenchwoman reported at the Bell plant at 8:00 A.M., worked steadily until five, then drove home to a downtown Buffalo hotel and dropped into exhausted sleep.

She soloed after eight hours and 40 minutes, and completed her tests in 23 hours of dual and solo instruction combined with grueling classroom sessions.

"In the four weeks she spent with us," Bell says, "even with her poor English and our poor French, she became the first lady of Buffalo, the best ambassador France ever had."

She is equally grateful. "Buffalo will always be my second home. They gave me refuge and reassurance when I most needed it—and the courage to go home again."

Last February, Jacqueline Auriol returned to France. Of all her trials, perhaps this one was the hardest. Lifetime friends failed to recognize her.

Those who knew her before say she is more beautiful now. But the comparison is meaningless. A girl had disappeared and in her place was a woman with a new face and a brand-new spirit.

New Face Changes Viewpoints

She had lost all desire to shine socially. "Until I get used to my face, how can I expect it of other people?" she says with a logic characteristic of her. "I still like theater and music and the ballet. But now we go to the plays when they are older, to the tail end of the concert season. It is just as good, sometimes better," she grins, "and it's nice to see some other new faces for a change."

Her accident solved other problems as well. Clothes, for one: "They used to be An Issue. Now Mlle. Capitaine, the children's governess, simply goes to Fath and brings me some things to choose from. It is so much less frantic, less *nonsense*."

Friendships, too, have been equally simplified—"very few, and all good." Jacqueline Martel, Edith Piaf, the diminutive singer and a great palace favorite, General François Lechères (the French Bradley), a few others. Larry Bell is a frequent visitor, along with Guillaume and other pilots, and a host of traveling Buffalo friends. Even today, at dinner parties at the Élysée Palace, a top diplomat is apt to find his neighbor "a friend of Jackie's from Buffalo."

Shortly after Jacqueline's return home, she announced she would try for the woman's speed flying record then held by Jacqueline Cochran of the United States. Jets offered a new challenge, of course, and Jacqueline Auriol wanted to know and experience everything in aviation. Each morning she took her battered little Citroen and drove out to Villacoublay, where they were building the Vampire jet plane in which she would make her record. Each afternoon she returned home in time for tea with her two sons. "We told each other the events of the day, all that had happened to them at school and to me in the airplane."

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This ritual they still follow. Jean-Paul is now twelve and can fly alone. It is *merveilleux*. Jean-Claude's legs are still too short. He is *furieux*.

"Really," his mother consoles, running her fingers through his sandy crew cut, "flying is simply a matter of how long your legs are."

Saturdays they would all drive out to the field. Guillaume was again her instructor. As she followed him to inspect the progress of her Vampire, she would drag her small white boots a bit. In white overalls, her hair cropped short, her hands sunburned and the nails as blunt as a mechanic's, she seemed a small-scale model of her fellow airmen.

On the ground a Vampire is simply a small, shiny, propellerless plane; but when set in motion, it roars like a Martian monster. The first day Jackie flew it solo, Paul and the Auriols came out to the field. Wordlessly, she pulled on her oxygen mask, climbed into the cockpit and took off. They watched tensely from the control tower. When she landed, she burst into tears. It was her first show of emotion in two years.

"That day," she says, her eyes bright at the memory, "I experienced a sense of completeness, an extraordinary sensation of power.

"By power I don't mean domination over men or machines. Power to me means simply the sense of being in complete possession of myself. That for me is being alive. That is the truth I was looking for."

She spent the next weeks at Marignane, a large airfield near Marseilles, preparing for her speed test. Week ends she flew home to be with her family. One Sunday night Jean-Claude complained about her leaving.

"Well," his mother promptly declared, "then I'll stay right here."

Jean-Claude looked up in alarm. "Oh, no," he cried indignantly. "Not until you've broken the record of Mademoiselle Cochran."

Three weeks later, on May 13th, the front pages of all the newspapers in France headlined the news: *Mme. Jacqueline Auriol yesterday flew a jet plane at 818.181 kilometers an hour, breaking the previous record of 755.668 and wresting the speed crown from Miss Jacqueline Cochran of the United States of America.*

For France this meant a new record. For Jacqueline Auriol it meant victory over pain, over fear, over herself.

Her great dream now is to form a woman's international flying corps which, by handling ferrying and transport assignments and the like, would free men for combat duty.

General Lechères himself is all for it, and even President Auriol insists that she go ahead with it.

"But of course a woman can have two careers!" she said to a friend a short time ago, genuinely astonished at the question. "Some of the worst mothers I know do nothing but work at being mothers. Anyway I *have* no housekeeping problems. The government furnishes the butler, the valet, the *maître de*. Even the dinner menu is always a surprise."

The fastest woman in the world looked around her at the small library in the palace, where no friend can drop in unannounced or saunter unaccompanied through the long marble corridors leading to the young Auriols' apartment on the first floor.

"You see," she explained, "I am a boarder in a lovely house where the food is perfect, the service exemplary and the children"—she reached over and hugged Jean-Paul lightly—"angelic. But someday we shall all have a real home."

She is even grateful for her accident. "It gave me the chance to find myself, and the courage to follow the life I believe is right for me. I would do it all over again to find out what I know now."

She rose and drew aside the heavy brocade draperies at the window. Outside lay the Élysée gardens, bright in the fading afternoon. Between the precise rows of brilliant flowers, the palace guards, in the red and blue of the French Republic, marched like automatons up and down the gravel paths. "Poor creatures," she said pensively, "guardians and ornaments of the Élysée. Once my life was like theirs." She smiled then, the wide smile of a happy woman. "Perhaps I should teach them to fly."

THE END

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

busy (designwise) and get themselves out of the level of the Japanese-made machines which seem to be giving them trouble (pricewise).

W. W. CUNNINGHAM, Wichita, Kans.

. . . Until I read your editorial Why Shell-Game Ourselves, I hadn't had occasion to write to a magazine. But it really hit a sore spot in our home.

We recently purchased a machine bearing the name Eureka. The salesman didn't say it was made by the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, but he certainly didn't say it wasn't, and he didn't say it was Japanese-made.

The price was $185, but he gave me an exorbitant trade-in on a machine that I know was over sixty-five years old. The reason he gave was that they were able to convert them to electric so cheaply that they could afford to give liberal trade-ins.

I have never been able to sew satisfactorily on the new machine, and since I have had it I have gone from thoroughly enjoying sewing to thoroughly detesting it. Your editorial didn't make me like the machine any better. I am now doing everything possible to get rid of it.

MRS. RALPH BILLICK, Hermosa Beach, Cal.

Nothing New

EDITOR: Am I mistaken in my memory, or was the series of articles The Shame of the Colleges, written by Ned Jordan, published in Collier's in 1906 or 1907?

I was an undergraduate at Wisconsin and we were all furiously indignant that Ned Jordan, our own alumnus, later the assembler of the Jordan car, should expose the fact that our Wisconsin football heroes—at least some of them—were being paid. We didn't mind that fact that they were paid; obviously not; we just didn't want it to be known publicly.

If these articles covering the professional status of the football teams of leading universities of 45 years ago did appear in Collier's, it would seem to me that a reprise or summary of them would have reader interest.

THEO. STEMPFEL, Chicago, Ill.

A four-part series by Edward S. Jordan called Buying Football Victories, and dealing with activities at Chicago and Northwestern Universities, and the Universities of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, was published by Collier's in 1905, with a follow-up, A Retrospect of Football, by the same author, the next year.

Wrong Position

EDITOR: I enjoyed the article The Hospital Orderly They Call "Doctor" (Dec. 1st), written by Joseph Dinneen, very much.

However, I should like to call your attention to an apparent discrepancy. The writer of this article stated Watzka gently lifts the *prone* body from the bed to the operating table and positions it for the surgeon.

In our profession, a body in the "prone" position lies face downward. Could the writer have meant "supine" position instead?

HENRY A. LASKEY, D.C., Chicago, Ill.

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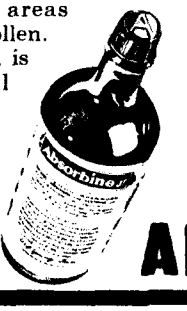

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Maxwell's Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

"I just have them made. It should say in the shoe, shouldn't it?"

He took off his right shoe, and suddenly he grinned. That was the way it began. That was the start of my becoming what Alec Pope sarcastically referred to as "Maxwell's fair-haired boy."

I rather dreaded that trip to the island, for I visualized myself being awed by a staff of servants and tongue-tied before some distinguished old cronies of Dana's. I wished he'd picked on another of his forty-dollar-a-week clerks.

So I was relieved, when we arrived at the island that week end, to find only the two of us were there. We went into, instead of the luxurious lodge I had expected, a simple three-room cottage filled with books and fishing tackle. We had good luck with the ducks, and each of us took a turn at roasting them. We never mentioned the office, but we talked incessantly. It was fine talk, yet now I remember only one incidental thing that Dana said.

I HAD casually said that, with occasional trips for supplies, one could stay forever on his island.

"I've often considered it," Dana said thoughtfully. "There's just one thing. I'm accustomed to having a purpose in everything I do. And I've never been able to think of a purpose that would make me content to stay here."

I went to Maxwell's Island frequently after that. I had no father, and Dana had no son; I had no friend as intelligent, and he had no friend as free of responsibilities. He showed no favoritism in the firm as a result of our friendship outside it. I was glad. If he had given me a large raise or a quick promotion, I'd have thought he was trying to buy my companionship. It would have disillusioned me, for I was young enough to be impressionable, and I had begun trying to emulate the profound integrity I found in him.

Women had no role in Dana's personal life, and so women came to have no role in mine. I learned indirectly that he had loved his wife deeply and she had loved him. When she died, he didn't look for anyone else. Because of Dana's subtle influence on me, I took a long time getting to know Martha Conrad.

One morning I went into Tubby Lawrence's office, down the hall from mine, and there she was behind a typewriter. Her hair was like a golden plume; her eyes were grave and blue. She wore the sort of dress a girl should wear in an office—something simple.

"May I help you?" She got up and walked around her desk. Her figure matched the beauty of her face. She didn't move suggestively, but you saw that the suggestion was there, perfectly controlled.

"I'm Vic Hilton," I said. "I want to see Mr. Lawrence."

"I'm Martha Conrad," she said, "Mr. Lawrence's new secretary." Then she did an unforgettable thing. She put out her hand. Its firm pressure and her smile entranced me.

Tubby, genial and portly, grinned as I went into his inner office and asked, "Who is she?"

He rocked with silent, exaggerated mirth. "They all ask that. They've heard her name from her lovely lips and pressed her lovely hand. But they all come in and demand, 'Who is she?' Listen, Vic, you've got Dana Maxwell, so I'll just keep Martha. Took her out for dinner last night. She's very smart, but she's stuck with an unlikely story. Fine old St. Louis family. Hit by depression. Old man died. She quit finishing school and became the sole support of widowed Mama, who lives with her." He shook his head. "What excuse did snobbish girls use for getting a job before there was a depression?"

I know now that I didn't immediately start pursuing Martha because of Dana. He would not have approved. And I had come to want his approval above everything else. Was it because I wanted to succeed in the firm? Yes, but it was more than that. I'd adopted Dana's personal standards in trying to match his intellectual achievement. And by his standards, you were too busy and too balanced to chase a fellow worker's beautiful secretary.

Certainly Tubby didn't suffer from the yearning for approval, the desire to get ahead. He had dates with Martha frequently, and I knew she could guide their relationship wherever she wanted. Now I realize that she did not plan to continue it, but at the time it seemed rather a melodramatic way to end it.

Late one night in June, 1940, when I was walking down Fifth Avenue after having had dinner with Dana at his house in the East Sixties, I saw Tubby and Martha come out of the St. Regis. I started across the street to avoid them, but Tubby saw me and hailed me. He was drunk.

"Old Victor Hilton!" he cried. "Old Hilton of Maxwell, Dinwiddie and Hilton."

"Hello, Tubby," I said. "How are you, Miss Conrad?"

She looked at me tensely. She looked at Tubby disgustedly. She was sober.

"Maxwell, Dinwiddie and Hilton!" chanted Tubby. "How the hell are all the old men?"

I shrugged and started on, but Martha grasped my arm. Her face was pale and strained as she turned to Tubby.

"You ought to apologize to Mr. Hilton," she said distinctly.

"What!" he shouted.

I was astonished too. He wouldn't have made the harmless crack if he'd been sober, and what he said when he was drunk didn't matter.

"Apologize!" roared Tubby. He sputtered a string of obscenities.

Her hand flashed. The slap sounded like a whipcrack. Tubby touched his cheek softly with a plump hand. Tears glittered in his eyes. He turned and walked away quickly down Fifth Avenue.

"I'm sorry," Martha said, "but he's made life almost unbearable." She started away.

"I'll take you home," I said, and stopped a cab.

She lived on the second floor of an old brownstone on the West Side.

When she asked if I'd like a nightcap, I said, "Sure, but I don't want to disturb your mother."

"Mother?" Then she laughed. "Come in. There are some things I'd better tell you."

Her room, which she'd furnished herself, indicated expensive tastes. Even her brand of Scotch was expensive, I noticed, when she asked me to pour the drinks, a stiff one for me, a light one for her. I sat on the studio couch.

"I'll fire both barrels at you, Mr. Hilton," she said.

"Please don't call me Mr. Hilton. Under the circumstances, it makes me feel old and sinful."

She laughed and said, "My mother doesn't live with me, Vic. Both my parents are dead. I was raised by an aunt in a miserable town in Ohio."

COLLIER'S **"All you need, dear, is a little patience and understanding . . ."** HAROLD R. CURRIER

As Tubby had realized, she had tried to deceive him with her story about a prominent St. Louis family. But it didn't matter, I thought, because she was a beautiful woman.

"Do you know what it means to live in one of those towns with a north side and a south side?" she asked. "And if you live on the wrong side you're destined to be poor and, well"— an expression of physical pain crossed her face—"snubbed. You're always worrying about clothes. Boys from the other side of town don't dare tell their mothers when they take you out. Do you understand all that?"

I nodded. I'd lived on the wrong side of more than one town.

"I know what I want, Vic," she said. "I want to be happy and I want to live well. That's why I'm going to stay with Maxwell, Dinwiddie. It offers the best opportunities for a woman like me—or a man like you. I've been around. I did all kinds of things before I got this job. I know Maxwell, Dinwiddie is the best place to get what I want." She lighted a cigarette. "That's my story. Now you know all about me."

Of course I didn't. And of course she really meant that she wanted to know all about me. I told her something about myself, but I didn't tell her what I really wanted. I realized it was impossible to explain to her, even if I had wished, that I wanted to become like Dana Maxwell, not to *have* what he had, but to *be* like he was.

As I was leaving, she said she dreaded going back to work for Tubby in the morning. "Do you suppose Mr. Maxwell could arrange to transfer me without causing any prejudice against me?" she asked.

I walked home, thinking about that. The word "arrange" stuck in my crop. By Dana's standards you did not "arrange" ways out of difficulties. You worked your way out. An "arrangement" usually was an attempt to avoid the penalty for a premeditated act. Prejudice against her? How about prejudice against Tubby, who had only followed his natural instincts? I knew what she meant when she said that Maxwell, Dinwiddie was the best place to get what she wanted. Yet I knew, too, what it was to be lonely and proud and afraid on the back streets. I recognized a hungry fighter, perhaps because I was one myself.

The next morning I was in Dana's office early. I had a pretext—something about a case coming to trial. Then I said, "By the way, Dana—"

I paused, and he slowly raised his gray eyes from the folder on his desk. Suddenly it occurred to me that I never had asked him for a favor. That purposeful phrase, "by the way," was transparent to us both.

I dropped into the chair beside his desk. "I ran into Tubby Lawrence and his secretary last night."

"Oh, yes." He pushed a pack of cigarettes toward me and leaned back in his chair. "The pretty one."

I glossed over the incident, but he'd practiced law too long to be deceived by gloss. He saw it in essential outline. Martha Conrad had prevailed on me to help her move intact to a stronger position after she had led Tubby on to the point of emotional distress. It was trivial to Dana, I knew. His interest lay in how anyone could have influenced me strongly enough to ask a favor.

"Don't you think it was up to Lawrence to request her transfer?"

"I imagine he'd hate to," I said. "It might seem she's incompetent, and she's not."

"You mean," Dana said dryly, "she was afraid it would seem she was incompetent if he did ask. So she hired a lawyer to plead her case."

"At least the lawyer sees all the implications," I said.

"That's all that matters," Dana said. He picked up the folder from his desk, and I fled.

I DIDN'T have time to see her again. That afternoon Dana gave me the biggest, most difficult case I had handled until that time. It required my spending the entire summer in Washington. When I came back in September, I learned that Tubby had joined another firm. Martha was secretary to John Mortimer, an aging associate.

The day after I got back, Dana hustled me onto a plane to Mexico City with him. He had some business there and he said I needed a vacation. In Acapulco he introduced me to a woman who taught English at Vassar. "Fine old Cambridge family," he said. "Very intelligent." Probably she was, but she bored me.

In New York again, I avoided Martha. I told myself I'd forgotten her. But there came another evening. It was Christmas Eve, the loneliest evening of the year to anyone who does not have a family. I went to a dinner party at Dana's house, but it didn't help my loneliness. As I walked down Madison Avenue through the wet snow at ten o'clock, I suddenly was sick of pretending I'd forgotten her. Without hesitating any longer, I got into a cab and drove to her address. There I learned she had moved to the East Side, so I hurried back across town to a new apartment house.

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Yes, she was in. She was alone and she was beautiful and she seemed a little excited when she took both my hands in hers at the door.

We went to a night club, and for the first time in my life I enjoyed dancing. There seemed to be so much to talk about, so much pent-up laughter that only being together could release.

At four o'clock on Christmas morning we were drinking Scotch in her apartment. I kissed her and I hadn't known it could be that good. I said, "I love you."

She drew away from me. For many years I forgot, but now I remember, her little gesture of touching her hair. "No, Vic, *I* love *you*. You want me, but I love you." She would not let me kiss her again.

That was how it began. It took me weeks to understand that that was how it would end unless we were married. Many nights I walked the streets, thinking, "Unless we are married," and debating over my doubts. At last I knew that I had only one doubt. Martha was interested only in *things*. The cost of things, the usefulness of things, the looks of things. Often I tried vainly to convince her that you could not buy contentment. The image of luxury persisted in her mind. But the image of Martha persisted in mine.

So the phrase "Unless we are married" became "Until we are married." We got engaged. That is, I asked her to marry me and she said she wanted to. When? There was no rush, she said. I gave her as large a diamond as I could afford, and she was delighted. Then she extracted promises from me. Our engagement must be secret. Dana must not know about it. She said something big was in the offing for me. When I told her that I doubted it, she got angry. Didn't I realize that Dana practically considered me his son and planned to make me a partner? If he learned that we planned to get married, it would ruin my chances, because he didn't approve of her. But in a short time, after I became a partner, I could marry whomever I wished.

I disliked not telling Dana. Several times I planned to break off the engagement. But each time I could not bring myself to do it. I understood, after all, why she was ambitious. She was proud, and she had been snubbed in that small town; she did not want it ever to happen again. At times, I almost pitied her.

Those months began to seem unreal. But I was returned to reality quickly enough. In July, I was classified 1A in the draft. My draft board told me that I could expect to be called in about six weeks unless I got a deferment.

THAT evening I told Martha. "Don't worry about it, darling," she said lightly. "Mr. Maxwell will take care of it. He'll arrange to get you deferred indefinitely."

"Arrange, hell!" I cried. "I'm not to tell him we're going to be married. But I'm to let him arrange my deferment. What sort of a guy do you think I am?"

"An idiot!" she blazed. "We're not even at war—"

"But I've been riding the gravy train," I said, "and now I'm supposed to be too good to get out and ladle some of it. Let me tell you something. I'm going to go into the Army because that's what I have to do. And you're going to be Mrs. Private Victor Hilton. We're going down to City Hall tomorrow and get a license."

She screamed incoherently at me and then she flung herself on the sofa, sobbing wildly. I walked out and took a cab to Dana's house.

He took one look at my pale face and put a hand on my shoulder and said, "What's the matter, boy?" He never had put a hand on my shoulder or called me boy before.

"I came to tell you," I said, "that I'm going to be drafted in about six weeks."

His expression didn't change. He said, "Have you thought of a deferment?"

"I don't want one."

He looked away for a long time. When he turned to me again, I was surprised to see that his eyes were moist. "Well," he said gruffly, "is that what you came to tell me?"

"Mother, this is George—the fellow who told me he's connected with one of the biggest organizations in the country"

COLLIER'S — IRVING ROIR

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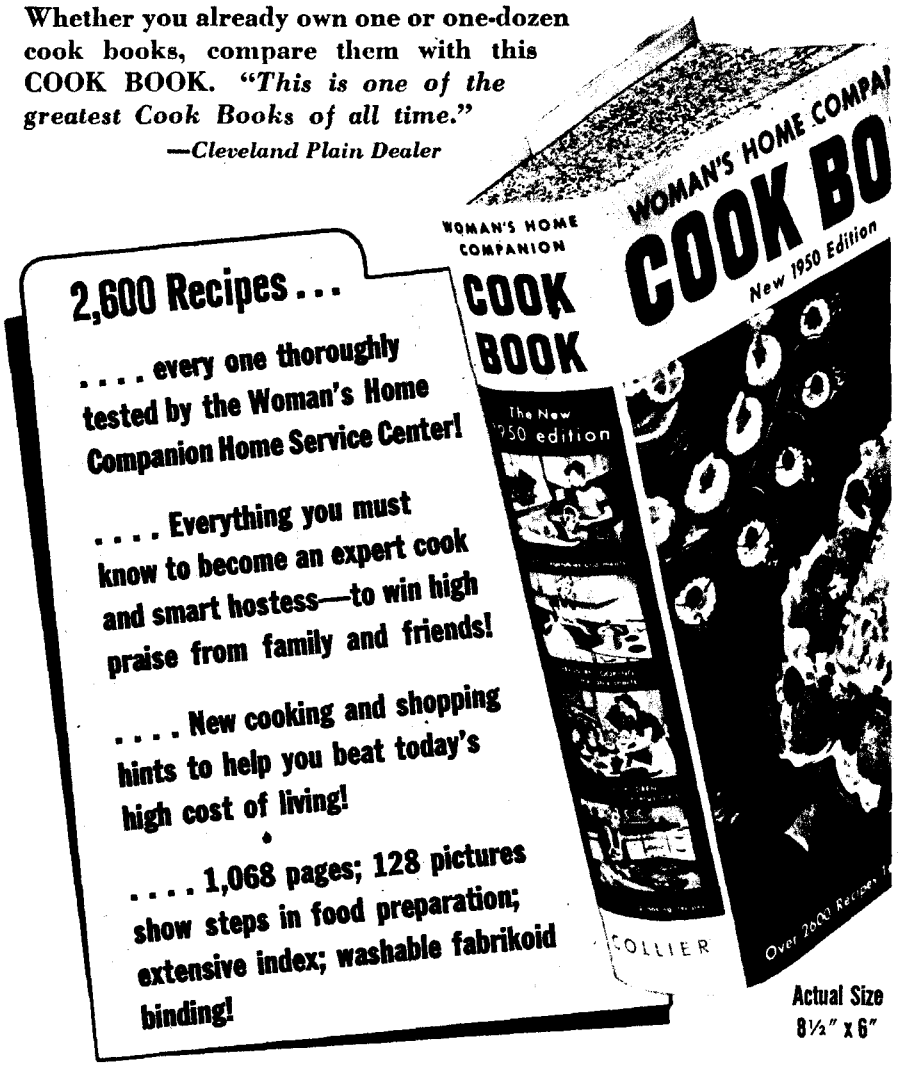
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"That and to tell you I'm going to marry Martha Conrad."

At last he said impassively, "Perhaps it's for the best, Vic." He put out his hand. "Congratulations on that. And"—his voice became unsteady—"on your acceptance of social responsibility."

Martha and I didn't go to City Hall the next day. When I saw her, she was composed. She kissed me tenderly, and she insisted that we should not rush. After all, I might have flat feet or something, she said.

But I didn't. I passed the final physical examination, and when I went back to the office to say good-by, I found that Maxwell, Dinwiddie had violated a rule of years. There was a party for me.

Martha and I were standing together in the crowd when Dana came up to us. He looked at me affectionately. "Private Hilton," he said. He tried to smile. "Your health." He turned to Martha. "And yours, Miss Conrad." He sipped his drink.

Martha seemed to glow with pleasure.

Then Dana said, "When are you getting married?"

If she was shocked to learn that I had told him, she did not show it. "Soon," she said. "We want to see what happens to Vic first. A private's pay, you know. I—"

Her voice was drowned by Alec Pope, who had jumped up on a desk and was making a toast to Private Victor Hilton. It was a pretty speech, but I could not ignore the sardonic expression on his handsome face when he looked at me. I knew that he and nearly everyone else in the room felt he was now in the ascendancy at Maxwell, Dinwiddie. The Army had removed his competition. I wanted to laugh. No one understood that I already had what I wanted. I had learned something indestructible from Dana Maxwell.

I looked at Martha. She didn't see me. She was looking hard at Alec Pope.

IN THE distance, now, I saw the low dunes of Maxwell's Island. Then my wife came up from the galley, carrying a tray.

"What are you looking for through those glasses?" she asked.

"Maxwell's Island," I said.

The lunch was hot and good. She was a fine cook. I told her so. She didn't seem to hear me. She was thinking about something else.

"Sometimes I wake up with the shakes," she said. "Sometimes I think how awful it would be if we hadn't met each other. If you hadn't just happened— But I think it was fate. I think it was all planned out maybe a million years ago."

"Eat," I told her, "and philosophize afterward." . . .

Of all the futile speculations, none is more pointless than speculations about cause and effect. Take the case of Martha and me.

While I stayed in this country, she always had a reason for not getting married immediately. When I was shipped to Europe, we couldn't get married. Soon we were writing each other infrequently.

But Dana and I corresponded faithfully, and after a while he never mentioned Martha. As I read his letters in Europe, I thought his desire for self-sacrifice a bit excessive at times. He positively gloried in the petty inconveniences of wartime rationing and travel. Then he was offered a government job which he was well equipped to fill. But he declined it because for some obscure reason he felt the circumstances of the appointment were not altogether "honorable." Before long, however, he took a lesser but more difficult government job in Washington at a dollar a year.

Occasionally he wrote rather contemptuously about Alec. When the draft was hot on Alec's neck, he arranged a deferment. Finally, when it grew hotter, Alec asked Dana to place him in what was called an essential civilian job in Washington. Dana did.

Eventually the war ended, of course. One Friday in October, 1945, I landed at Washington National Airport aboard a C-54 from Europe. I had to report to the Pentagon. As I lugged my heavy Val-pak up the Pentagon's long concourse, I saw the cluster of telephone booths, and paused. I'd been away three and a half years. I hadn't heard from Martha in months. But standing there, I knew I hadn't forgotten her. I remembered her too well.

So I went in a booth and called the office in New York. Miss Conrad, the operator said, had gone away for the week end. There was nothing for me to do then but telephone Dana at his office in Washington.

He was delighted. He canceled all his appointments for the rest of the day and led me around proudly, as though no one in Washington had seen a soldier with overseas ribbons.

As we walked along K Street, on our way to dinner, I asked, as casually as I could, "How's Martha?"

"Martha?" He looked at me intently. "I really don't know."

For fully a block we walked in silence. Finally he said, "Alec lives up this way. Let's drop in and say hello."

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S

"Get ready to make a dash for it, Bessie; I'm runnin' low on gas!"

REAMER KELLER

There was no one I wanted less to see. But I tagged after Dana, thinking that it certainly must have been rough for Alec, spending the war in that plush hotel. Dana did not telephone from the lobby. He knew where Alec was staying. He knew quite a bit about Alec.

We got out of the elevator and Dana pushed the buzzer at Alec's suite.

"Bring it in," Alec called cheerfully.

Dana opened the door. "Alec, I've brought—" He stopped.

Alec, his coat and tie off, was sprawled in an easy chair. Perched on an arm of his chair, a hand on his shoulder, was Martha. She stared at us dazedly.

But you've got to give Alec credit. Maybe there's something in a Harvard education after all. He said, "Thought you were room service. Well, what the hell, let's all have a drink."

I didn't say anything. Martha didn't say anything.

Then Dana said coldly, "No, thank you." He turned on his heel and I followed him out numbly.

I suppose I might have hated Dana for leading me up there. He must have known they spent week ends together. But I didn't hate him. I couldn't. As we went down in the elevator, his expression was sad, not with the smugness of an elderly prude, but with the sorrowful knowledge of the shock I must feel. He had forced himself to take me up there because he believed I should know. Suddenly, perhaps irrationally, I pitied him for his constant, driving sense of duty. It had compelled him to try to show me that Martha Conrad was not the woman for me.

Then why didn't I dismiss her from my mind? I tried. A couple of months later, when I went back to work, I told myself that she could no longer trouble me. Dana had come back a couple of weeks before. Alec had resigned and joined another firm.

BUT Martha was still there, as secretary to old Mr. Twilling. When we passed in the hall, we smiled and nodded, but we did not pause. Although she had failed in her obvious intention of marrying Alec, she did not look depressed. She looked lovelier than ever.

Why didn't Dana fire her? If she had been incompetent, he would have. But she was one of the best secretaries in the firm. To fire her arbitrarily would have violated his principles. It would have been an "arrangement" of the sort he abhorred, a situation in which the most powerful force gained its end regardless of the rights involved. It would not have been "honorable."

I understood what made her what she was. I understood the folly of trying to love her. But when I passed her in the hall, I wished Dana would fire her so that I could work there in peace. For I was not Dana Maxwell, much as I had tried to become like him.

Then, one evening, when I walked disconsolately into the lobby of the small hotel where I was living, Martha got up from a chair and came toward me. She was smiling.

"I shouldn't do this," she said, "but I have something that belongs to you, and I couldn't very well leave it in your office."

I'd forgotten about the ring. I should have taken it and thanked her and said good-by. But I said, "Come on in the bar and have a drink with me."

That's how it came about that we rode through Central Park in a carriage around midnight. Perhaps Dana saw us together that evening. Perhaps there was something in our attitudes at the office the next day. I never knew. In any event, two days later she was made Dana's secretary. She was excited and baffled. His manner was restrained and formal with me for a couple of weeks. I couldn't figure out what was happening.

Martha and I planned to go skiing in the Berkshires one week end. When I drove up to her apartment house in a rented car late on Friday afternoon, she was waiting in front for me.

"Where're your luggage and skis?" I asked.

"I'm not going." Her voice sounded flat. "There's something I'd better tell you now. Dana has asked me to marry him."

My reply was surprisingly calm. "And you said yes, of course."

"Of course."

"Well, congratulations," I said, and drove off.

I drank too much that week end. When I was drunk enough, I considered telephoning Dana. "Listen," I'd say to him, "I know why you're doing this. You think this will free me from her forever. Just forget the whole thing, Dana, and I will too. Forget your principles and fire Martha and we'll go back to work."

But I knew it wouldn't do any good. It was too late. Now he was determined to marry her himself. Now only our principles were left: the imprisoning principle of his loveless marriage and the painful principle of my honoring his loveless marriage. Neither of us was getting what he wanted, because Dana believed that what I wanted was not good for me. But Martha was getting the full measure of what she long ago had determined to acquire; she was getting money and a name that she never remotely dreamed could be hers.

When I wandered into the office around noon on Monday, a note from Dana said that he wanted to see me. I went into his office.

"Sit down, Vic." He smiled wanly.

"It won't take that long," I said.

He shrugged and handed me a document. "What do you think of this?"

It contained the solemn oath of Martha Conrad that she would reside with Dana Maxwell, as his wedded wife, wherever he chose. Should she ever seek separate abode or divorce, she would willingly forgo all claim to his support or estate.

"It's only worth the paper it's written on," I said.

"But she doesn't know that," Dana said. "She's terribly shrewd, Vic, but she has a holy respect for the signed and notarized document." Again he smiled weakly. "You might say she has certain principles herself."

"Any lawyer could crack it."

"But"— Dana looked at me intently— "would any lawyer want to?"

I looked at him thoughtfully for a long time. "Not this lawyer," I said. "Not on your life."

His smile grew warmer then. He stood up, and we shook hands.

"There's one more thing, Vic. We're getting married tomorrow. On Wednesday I'm announcing your partnership in the firm. On Thursday I'm quitting practice. I—we are going away."

"Where are you going?"

"Where do you think?" Dana said.

NOW we were off Maxwell's Island. Green waves curled and broke on the hard white beaches. The sun glared blindly on the desolate dunes. Gulls soared downwind with lonely cries.

My wife studied the shore through my glasses.

"I just don't see how he can stand it to live there all the time," she said. "It's so— so bleak. Oh, Vic, there he is now. Old Mr. Maxwell. He's sitting on the jetty, reading a book." She swung the glasses. "Look, there's a woman way up the beach from him. A young woman. She's just sitting all by herself in a chair."

"That's his wife," I said.

"But you never told me he was married. She wasn't invited to the wedding. Vic, she's just sitting there. She looks so lonely. She's quite young and pretty, Vic."

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"Don't you want to take a look at her?"

"No, thanks," I said.

"Sometimes," my wife said, "I think you're the most unromantic guy I ever knew." THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

ago Ohio decided it was high time somebody dragged them all out and tried to make an understandable pattern of them. Thus, the State Bureau of Code Revision was born. A few minutes after the bureau went to work on the jigsaw puzzle, the populace forgot all about it. And now, having spent $250,000, the bureau comes forth with a report boiling down Ohio's laws to a bulletinish 7,000,000 words. Everybody thought that was just fine until the bureau asked for $60,000 to publish the report. Whereat, Ohio decided that maybe it was cheaper to remain confused. As we go to press, the bureau still has an unpublished $250,000 manuscript of 7,000,000 words, which any editor would be glad to tell them is still a bit wordy.

★ ★ ★

For years the residents of McCamey, Texas, have longed for a drive-in movie. And then, one day, somebody hit oil. Mr. Bill Potter, of Wichita, Kansas, informs us that now McCamey has its drive-in. In fact, two of them—one right beside the other. Park in front of either screen and you can see both shows. Complications, of course. Mr. Potter overheard an exchange of bitter words in the car next to his. The man said the movie was terrible. The lady said it was a love. He hissed. She applauded. Trouble was, they weren't looking at the same picture. But life's like that, says Mr. Potter.

★ ★ ★

It is with considerable righteous indignation that we announce there's gambling going on in a Pierre, South Dakota, home. They call it the I-Told-You-So-First Sweepstakes and it works like this: Pa bets son Joe that his favorite radio prophet will claim to have predicted the latest calamity before Joe's man points with pride to his own crystal-gazing abilities. Looking into this a bit further, we find that Pa's prophet has spies out trying to learn what Joe's seer is going to claim as the date of his forecast; and, of course, Joe's oracle will have agents scouting Pa's soothsayer, too. We do hope that this defiance of the antigambling laws does not become general. Should warn you, also, that it entails a lot of time-squandering in the public library looking up back issues of newspapers to verify rival claims.

★ ★ ★

Interesting case in Memphis. A fellow pleaded guilty to a larceny charge and "accepted" a sentence of 11 months and 29 days on the penal farm. No jury. Just an agreement between the prosecutor and the defending lawyer. But the judge said this wasn't enough, that the prisoner's record warranted a sterner penalty. So they summoned a jury. Again the fellow pleaded guilty. The jury decided to throw the book at him. Gave him six months.

★ ★ ★

Among the more difficult chores wrestled with recently by the Spokane, Washington, Chamber of Commerce was replying to a sixth-grade boy in a Lima, Ohio, school. "Please," wrote he, "would you send me some free and interesting facts about your city and how it became civilized."

★ ★ ★

This friend of ours is an Englishman. He'd just ended a three-month visit to America—his first. Well, we were seeing him off for London and we expressed our hope that he now understood us and our country thoroughly. "Fairly well," said he, "fairly well. But there's one thing, old man, that puzzles me. Why should anybody, including Mr. Truman, wish to be President of your astonishing United States for the four years beginning with 1953?"

COLLIER'S "What's the penalty for marrying somebody without a license?" KATE OSANN

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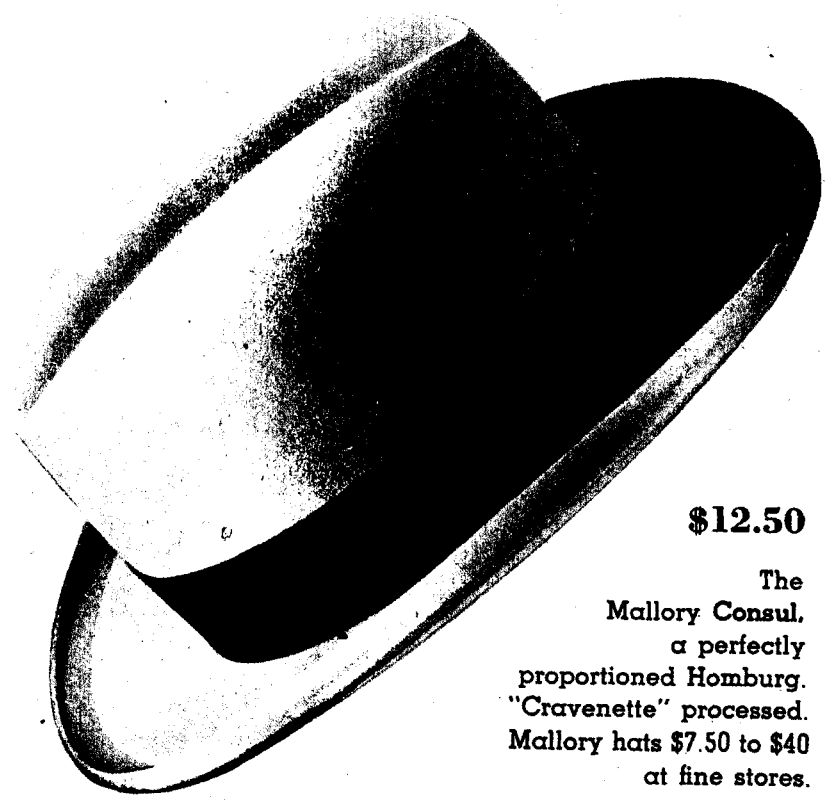

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A Footnote to Sabotage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

our coffee when a couple of oil-field workers came in. They were looking for a drink, but it was easy to see they didn't need one. They were Danes, or something. Very big and quarrelsome. They spent the next fifteen minutes drinking tequila at a corner table and arguing with each other. That was all right, at first, but their argument got rapidly hotter, and their angry gestures soon began to take in the whole world. I could see there was going to be a fight, and I was pretty sure it would be the kind of fight that soon involves everybody else in the room. I felt my legs begin to tingle, which is what happens to me when any situation starts to get sticky or threatening. I opened my mouth to suggest we go, but I was one second too late.

ONE of the Danes, or Swedes, or whatever, beaned the other one with a tequila bottle, and that was only the beginning. The one who'd been hit swayed to his feet, growling, flipped the table out of the way, and picked up a chair.

I was halfway to the door, like any sensible man, before I realized that the little captain wasn't with me.

He had moved too, but straight toward the battle.

Standing in the doorway, I watched the rest of what happened. Rameau darted between the two men, grabbed each of them by one wrist, and roared, in a voice like thunder, *"It is enoof!"*

Those bums were at least eight inches taller than Rameau. If I hadn't heard the unusual force of the captain's voice, I'd have expected them to squash him like a beetle. As it was, I wasn't too surprised when they stopped fighting, grumbled dazedly, and sat down again.

The captain and I finished our coffee, paid our bill, and started back toward the ship together. We decided against a cab because this was such a pleasant night. As we walked, my amazement and curiosity got the better of me. "Why did you stick your nose in that fight?" I asked.

"It is a sad story."

"I'd like to hear it."

The captain looked at me and shrugged. "At moments like the moment before that fight began, I get a *frisson*, how you say, in the legs." (I jumped.) "And I know what this *frisson* means. It means I am about to have an opportunity to be a coward."

"Most people," I said, thinking about myself, "are glad to accept an opportunity to be a coward, so long as it doesn't cost 'em anything. Why didn't you just get up and leave?"

"I could not. *C'est lamentable, mais*—I wished to, but I could not."

We were walking along the dusty road toward the water front. I waited for him to tell me *why* he couldn't have left, and we walked three quarters of the way, and he didn't tell me.

So I said, "Why?"

The captain pulled that long, clownish face again, but when he spoke I knew he wasn't entirely joking. "Since twenty years and more, I am a great fraud," he confessed. "At age eleven I decided to be all my life a brave man. At age twelve, in the *lycée*, I faced a larger boy in combat and learned I was not brave. So I knew I must pretend." The captain spread his arms. "Since twenty-five years I pretend, and I must pretend until I die."

"Why?" I pursued. "Why pretend?"

We were crossing the dock. The captain smiled at me, and said, "Why not?"

It was the cockeyedest reason in the world, and of course there wasn't any answer to it. We separated at the top of the gangway a minute later.

But I was still wondering, as I walked down the passage toward my cabin, about that artificial moxie of Rameau's. I was hoping he'd never have to face the kind of crisis it would take to expose his fraud.

When I walked into my cabin, I got a surprise. Somebody else was there. He was a man whose photograph any American would recognize today, but at the time all I saw was a stranger. An olive-skinned man with narrow shoulders and a narrow head. His gear was on the bunk across from mine and he was sitting on my bunk.

I'd been enjoying having the little cabin to myself, but on a freighter you take what comes. I smiled and said, "Howdy."

The new passenger gave me an unfriendly look, grunted a sour *"Muy buenas noches,"* and moved over to his own bunk, taking his time.

To hell with you, too, bub, I thought, and went to bed.

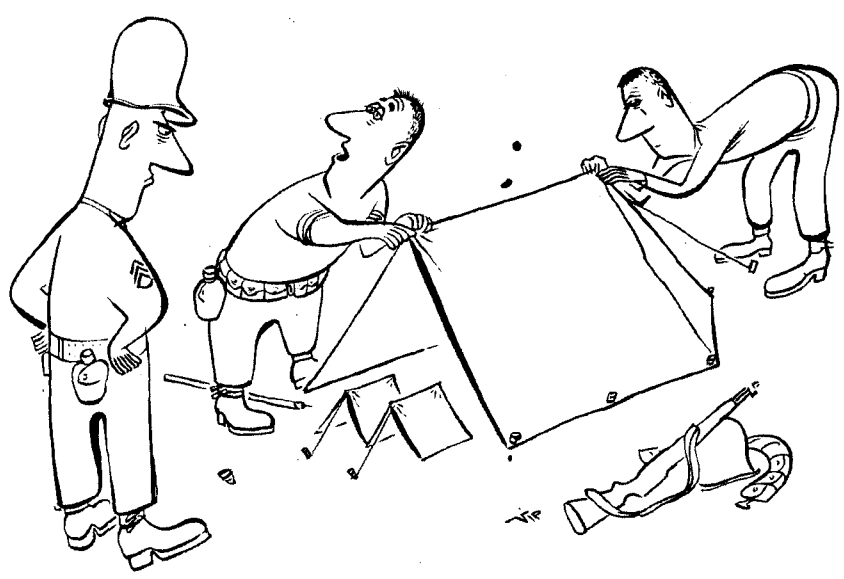
THE next morning was clear and blue, with the *norte* gone and the buzzards sunning themselves in the rigging. We sailed from Tampico about noon and coasted up to Corpus Christi for cotton. From there we moved to Galveston and took on a bunch of loose sulphur. Tampico to Corpus to Galveston was five days, the way the Hirondelle did it, and during those five days I got much better acquainted with my unsavory fellow passenger and with Rameau.

COLLIER'S

"Something has gone out of our marriage. I've just fired your secretary"

LEO GAREL

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Smedley's feet stick out"

VIRGIL PARTCH

The passenger's name turned out to be Salvador Ybarra y Lopez. (The newspapers are right in calling him Salvador Ybarra instead of Salvador Lopez, because with Latins the family name is usually in the middle.) He said he spoke no English, so we made out in Spanish whenever we talked.

I won't say for sure he was the same Mexican I'd seen sleeping on the bench—I don't know. Neither does the FBI.

It doesn't seem likely. He did have a brown brief case, but so do millions of other people.

The main thing about this Ybarra, not counting the fact that I liked him less every day, was his genuine passion for gambling. If it hadn't been for that, I suppose we'd have spent the rest of the trip in silence. Ybarra was not merely one of those people who gamble to forget their troubles. He was worse. Sometimes he reminded me of those pathetic, jumpy little widows you see in the casino at Monte Carlo.

Not that Ybarra himself was pathetic, or birdbrained. Looking back, I can easily see why he had been chosen for the mission he was on. Salvador Ybarra was tough and smart and resourceful, with an added talent for seeming dumb. If he also had a gambling compulsion that was pretty close to a mania, maybe that was his reason for accepting such a risky assignment in the first place.

On our first afternoon out of Tampico, he produced a box of regulation dominoes and asked if I had any *ganas de jugar*.

Dominoes is the biggest smalltime gambling game in Mexico, and I'd played it some there. So, not having anything better to do, I went ahead and played with Ybarra. He took me for a dollar and a quarter, and I didn't much like his style, so we didn't play again.

Even after I'd refused to play any more dominoes, or roll the dice, he still fought to keep the subject of gambling alive. Whenever he talked about gambling, even in general terms, his dark eyes would flash and his voice would grow warm and confident. I think it was the only subject he could be sincere about.

Especially, he talked about *"las máquinas."*

He loved slot machines. That was one of the first things that made me wonder about him. "Nearly all of the world's slot machines," I pointed out, "are in the United States of America. I'm surprised you know about them."

This remark produced a strange reaction. Ybarra licked his lips and rushed into a long explanation, as if to disclaim any personal experience with my country, or interest in it. He accounted for his acquaintance with slot machines by saying he had a brother in New Orleans, an American citizen, who ran a bar, and that the bar had slot machines in it whenever the police pressure was low. "My brother writes to me," he said. Then his eyes searched my face. "My brother's bar is in New Orleans," he repeated, as if commanding me to believe him. "It is near the statue of Lavoisier."

I'd never heard of any statue of Lavoisier in New Orleans.

Altogether, I was pretty sure Ybarra was a shady customer. And Captain Rameau—whose eyes were sharper, for certain things, than mine—seemed to agree. After dinner on that first day out of Tampico, Rameau took me aside and whispered, *"Prenez garde.* Your friend goes armed." That night, in the cabin, I watched carefully and caught Ybarra taking off a shoulder holster with a hefty automatic in it.

DURING the whole five-day period, my fellow passenger was very restless at night, and muttered in his sleep a lot. I won't say this proved he was a crook; maybe it was only the result of my having frustrated his urge to gamble. But it did let me know he had something on his mind. I gathered that the something was a woman, since the only words I heard more than once seemed to be a woman's name: "Ellen Tone." American woman, I guessed, or English. There weren't any women on the ship, and I wondered if he might be running away from one.

As I say, I was already convinced Ybarra was up to no good. But it took me quite a while to find out what *kind* of no good he was up to, and how much it might affect not only me but my country.

Meanwhile, I had several chances to talk to Captain Rameau, and my curiosity about him grew steadily deeper and more respectful. Every morning he came topside with his little bottle of wine and clipped it onto the starboard compass, arranging a counterweight underneath. This continued to impress me as rather a piffling occupation for a sea captain, but at least I learned it wasn't interfering with the navigation of the ship.

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Since we kept the land in sight a good bit of the time, on the port side, and took our bearings from there, nobody was using the compass on the starboard end of the bridge anyway.

I was usually standing somewhere on the top deck when Rameau came up, and he would sometimes stop to talk. We never got around to discussing my own problem of whether to accept a transfer to the Paris Embassy, because I never mentioned it. I was a little ashamed of my reason for hesitating to take the job.

That reason was perfectly clear: I didn't want to go to Europe because I thought there might be war and I felt safer in my own country. I hadn't been cut out to be a hero.

But my decision still wasn't made; I wouldn't have to decide for almost a week. And somehow I felt that knowing more about Théophile Rameau might help me make up my mind.

BY BEING as nosy as I properly could, I learned that he'd been in the French navy before the fall of France, and in the *maquis* afterward. His gold teeth were substitutes for the two he'd lost in a collision with the butt of a Nazi rifle.

On our first night in Galveston, I learned something else, too. When the captain put on his blue uniform to go ashore, I saw a big splash of service ribbons on it, with the little doodad of the *légion d'honneur* in the buttonhole. That fake courage of his had apparently fooled the right people. I wondered how long he could keep it up.

In Galveston we took on bulk sulphur, and since this proved to be highly important I'd like to explain how it was done. We warped into the dock beside a big, corrugated-iron building with a long snout on it that hung out over the ship. The men removed the hatch covers and sealed off the cotton in the hold with tarpaulins. Then they let the sulphur fall in loose, out of the end of a big canvas hose that was lowered from the end of the snout of the building.

Watching the loading operation, I thought again about my landlord, and how he liked to sound off. *"Why in hell does the U.S.A. keep sending strategic raw materials to French factories? It'll all wind up in Russia; mark my words!"*

I'd just been reading about the sulphur shortage, and I'll admit it gave me a funny feeling to see America sending shiploads of such an important and scarce war material to France.

When the sulphur started piling up in the hold, a pale yellow cloud drifted up out of the hatch. Ybarra and I closed our portholes to keep it out of the cabin, but the whole outside of the ship was soon covered with a fine yellow powder. It took all day to finish loading, and by the end of that day all of us—passengers and crew—had sulphur down our necks, in our eyes, and in our pockets. A silver cigarette lighter, given to me by my girl friend in Mexico City, turned black from the chemical effect of the stuff, although I kept it in an inside pocket all the time.

That made me sore. The cigarette lighter was a nice one, besides being important to me for sentimental reasons. I took it down to the galley and tried to talk the cook out of some silver polish, but he said he didn't have any. I tried vinegar and it didn't help. The cook suggested a mixture of salt and soda, but I was afraid that would scratch it. I decided to wait until I got to New Orleans. The lighter still worked as well as ever, and I soon got used to the color.

There in Galveston, Ybarra wanted to go ashore to see the sights, but the American immigration officers wouldn't let him. He said he was on his way to France, and just wanted to visit our country for a few hours. But he had no American visa, and of course the immigration boys told him nothing doing. They even notified Rameau that, as captain, he'd be subject to a fine if Ybarra escaped into the United States. At the time, it seemed to me an unnecessarily stuffy way to treat the poor foreigner. But it wasn't any of my business.

From Galveston we went up the channel to Houston and took on some more cotton. Ybarra stayed aboard at Houston without complaint. Then, with the ship riding low in the water, almost fully loaded, we sailed for New Orleans—my own destination and the Hirondelle's last American port.

As we approached New Orleans, Ybarra's nervousness increased. He kept after me to roll the dice with him, and I'll admit I was tempted. I wasn't interested in calming his nerves, particularly; it was only that he had a dollar twenty-five of my money, and I would have enjoyed getting it back. But I'd learned not to like the guy, or trust him, and I didn't want my lesson to cost me any more than it already had. I said no thanks.

During the night we spent on the water after leaving Houston, Ybarra gave me a shock. He was having restless dreams, and I guess I wasn't sleeping very soundly myself. Suddenly he shouted, "What road I take to Ellen Tone?" and then snorted off into a heavy-breathing mumble again. The thing that shocked me wasn't the fact that he talked in his sleep; I was used to that. And it wasn't that he was dreaming longingly of his girl friend; he'd been doing that all along. What shocked me was that he had shouted in English, instead of Spanish.

"No hablo inglés," he'd told me. All our conversation, as well as his palaver with the immigration people at Galveston harbor, had been in Spanish.

Of course, his lie about not speaking English might have been just a sign of modesty, and maybe his English was very bad—I had no way of knowing. But there was something about Ybarra that made me suspect the worst. It seemed to me that he might have been deliberately playing dumb.

I found out about "Ellen Tone" the next morning, completely by accident.

Here's what happened: I was up on deck, watching the sea gulls, and I discovered I didn't have my cigarette lighter. I remembered leaving it on my bunk in the cabin. With a cigarette in my mouth and no fire for it, I strolled over to our cabin porthole, reached in, and got my lighter off the bunk. Just as I picked it up, I saw Ybarra in the cabin right next to the porthole. His back was toward me, and he stood so that the light from the porthole fell on a map he was studying. My shadow fell there too, of course, but on a rolling ship everybody gets used to fickle shadows. Several seconds went by before Ybarra caught on, whisked the map out of sight, and turned to see who I was.

MEANWHILE I'd had a pretty good look at a road map of the Eastern United States, folded back to show South Carolina and Georgia. It had a big red circle drawn around a little town on the Savannah River, just south of Aiken. The town's name was Ellenton.

Not an easy name for a foreigner to pronounce.

I wanted to yell, but I knew it was my turn to play dumb. I smiled at Ybarra, held up the sulphur-blackened lighter to show him what I was there for, and walked over to the rail again. I stood there looking at the birds and remembering what I'd read in the newspapers about Ellenton, South Carolina. Up to the end of 1950, Ellenton had been a town. Then it had been evacuated completely, at the request of the Atomic Energy Commission, which needed the land for something else.

Ellen Tone wasn't anybody's girl friend. Ellen Tone was a billion dollars' worth of plant for the production of materials like tritium—materials that might be used in a hydrogen bomb.

It didn't matter now whether Salvador Ybarra had been the sleeper on the bench in Tampico or not. If he and his brief case had a date with Ellen Tone, I'd better do what I could to break it up. I wasn't a cop or an FBI man, and I would gladly have pushed the job off onto somebody else. But I couldn't. I was the only American on the ship.

We pulled into New Orleans just after dark the next night. By nine o'clock, the Hirondelle was snugly moored against a cotton dock. The pilot boat had brought newspapers aboard, and I glanced through the Times-Picayune while I waited, alone in the wardroom of the ship, for the immigration people.

I hadn't told anybody about Ybarra yet. All I'd done was to make sure the captain set a watch at the gangway as soon as we docked, so that the man we wanted couldn't walk off. If Ybarra was going to go ashore, he'd have to get permission from the immigration agents, and I was prepared to tell them the whole story as soon as they arrived. While I waited I noticed an adver-

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tisement in the Times-Picayune that fitted right in with my idea of what Ybarra intended to do. The government was calling for carpenters, pipe fitters, and all kinds of construction men to report for work at Aiken, South Carolina. That meant the plant was still not completed. I figured Ybarra must be intending to talk his way past the immigration boys, go to Aiken, and get a job on the Ellenton plant—perhaps only to earn money, but perhaps for purposes of spying or sabotage.

If that was true, of course, then Ybarra was at least as dumb as he acted. Even if he succeeded in getting ashore, his plan would never work—or so it seemed to me. Obviously he'd never heard of the kind of security checks you have to go through to work on something like the Ellenton layout. The FBI would have him back in Mexico in two days. I was almost sorry for him.

Then a new idea occurred to me. Salvador Ybarra probably wasn't in this thing alone.

If his job was only the delivery of the brief case, say, to somebody else—then he would not have to go through a security check himself at all. And it wouldn't matter whether he'd entered the country with the okay of the immigration agents or not.

The officers still hadn't arrived, but I suddenly knew I'd been wrong to wait for them. I ran out of the wardroom, hurried up to the captain's quarters, and banged on the door.

"Entrez!"

CAPTAIN RAMEAU was in his undershirt, dressing to go ashore. "I'm worried about Ybarra," I said. "I think he intends to jump ship."

Rameau frowned. "I have a sailor to guard the gangway always since we arrive," he pointed out.

"Maybe one sailor isn't enough," I said. "Ybarra might get off behind his back. With the ship riding so low, it wouldn't be much of a jump to the dock from anywhere along the rail."

Rameau thought that over, probably remembering about the fine he'd been threatened with, and made up his mind in a hurry. "I go to put more guards." He threw on a shirt and trotted off. I went to look for Ybarra.

I didn't find him. Before my search was over, I had the help of every officer and man on the ship. Ybarra wasn't in any of the cabins or lifeboats or ventilators. He wasn't in the galley refrigerator and he wasn't in the cargo hold. He was gone. So was his brief case.

"There's one chance," I said to Rameau. "Tell me."

"He said he had a brother in New Orleans. Maybe he really has. Maybe he'd go to his brother for travel directions or something."

"And where is the house of this brother?" Rameau asked.

"That's the catch," I admitted. "All I know is that the brother runs a bar near the statue of Lavoisier—if such a statue exists."

"This beautiful city," the captain mused, "have many statues."

That was true. In New Orleans intersections I'd often had to drive around somebody's statue—usually somebody I'd never heard of. Lavoisier was a pretty important chemist; maybe there *was* such a statue. "We could have a try," I suggested.

The captain looked at me, and something in his eyes reminded me that chasing a heavily armed fugitive might turn out to be dangerous. "We call police first?" he asked.

I shook my head. "There may not be much time."

The captain shrugged, opened his dresser drawer, and took out a little .25 automatic. He smiled at me as he dropped it into his pocket. "To give me heart," he said. . . .

We found a cab at the landward end of the dock, and our luck stayed good for quite a while. "I don't know about no *statue*," the driver said. "Seems like I seen a Lavoisier *Street*, though. Get in and we'll take a look."

He took us into the quarter known as the Vieux Carré. We drove for fifteen minutes through narrowing streets with lots of grillwork on the balconies. Then the driver slowed down at a corner and pointed at a street sign. Lavoisier. We turned there, drove on to the end of the street, and found a dark intersection with a miniature park in the middle. The centerpiece of the park was a bronze man holding a bronze test tube at arm's length, and the pedestal said *Lavoisier*, big as life. We paid off the cabby and got down.

We still didn't know where we were going. We hadn't passed any bars on Lavoisier Street in the cab, and the street that went off to our right looked dark and unpromising. To the left there were more lights, so we looked at each other and then started up that way. After about forty steps we came to a dingy little bar called ABC.

Just as we were about to go in, I noticed a bright doorway a little farther along, on the other side of the street. A sign on the glass said *La Favorite*, and I heard a very interesting sound from inside. I heard the crunch-clank-thud of a slot-machine lever.

I grabbed Rameau's arm. "Ybarra said there were slot machines!"

The captain nodded thoughtfully, looking at La Favorite. "We try first in ABC, for to be sure. All right?"

"Okay," I said. "But I don't think he'll keep long."

We stepped into the ABC. It had a short bar, with a girl bartender taking care of two sleepy-looking old men. A door at the end of a hall to the rear had a sign on it: *Dining Room*. On the end of the bar were two slot machines—one nickel, one quarter—but they were very beat-up and dusty-looking. "Let's get on across the street," I whispered. "This place has been dead fifty years."

Rameau eyed the old men and the old slot machines. Then he murmured an outrageous suggestion: "You go on. You find out across the street. I—I look here in back room."

He was nervous. He hid it pretty well, but I could see it. I gave him one more chance: "Hadn't we better stick together?" I suggested.

The little captain shook his head. "Ybarra goes armed," he said. Then he turned and walked away from me, down the hall toward the dining-room door.

Up to that time, I'd been thinking pretty highly of Théophile Rameau. I liked him, even now. But it began to look as if my landlord might have been right. *"The French are worn out, pal. In the old days, France used to produce men with guts. Lafayette. Clemenceau. The French were allies you could count on. Now war and occupation and black markets have taken all the starch out of 'em."*

I turned and started for the street. I was afraid of Ybarra myself, but I think I really would have gone over to La Favorite alone, just to teach the Frenchman something about courage. I was halfway out the door of the ABC when I heard the shot behind me.

I spun around and sprinted for the back room. That shot had come from something a lot bigger than Rameau's .25. Apparently the captain had guessed wrong. He must have stumbled on the man we were after.

There were two men fighting in the dining room. And then suddenly Salvador Ybarra was flat on his back, half stunned, and Théophile Rameau was face down, holding Ybarra's legs. As I rushed in and grabbed Ybarra's arms, the little captain grinned up at me, his gold teeth shining. "I make the flying tackle."

Rameau's right leg was bleeding in the back, below the knee. He hadn't used his little popgun at all, which was probably smart, since a .25 packs no wallop to speak of. Instead, he had dived under Ybarra's bullet, hitting his legs before he could shoot again. The bullet had traveled down the back of Rameau's calf, hardly more than skin-deep.

I found Ybarra's gun where it had slid along the floor, and Captain Rameau kept him covered while I called the immigration officers.

WHILE we waited for the law, I took the liberty of opening Ybarra's brief case. I did it cautiously, because I thought there might be some kind of bomb inside, intended for Ellenton.

All I found was papers.

I'm sure the FBI knows what it's talking about, but to me those papers looked perfectly innocent. Five yellowed birth certificates, made out in good, American names. Five old Social Security cards, made out to the same five men as the birth certificates. Somebody's high-school poetry prize scroll, cracked and browned around the edges. Five driver's licenses from various states, one for each of the five men. And more.

You'll remember reading in the newspapers about how the FBI took care of delivering that brief case to the address Ybarra had been headed for in Aiken, South Carolina, and how they captured the five *saboteurs*. These men had been about to assume new and ironclad identities, for the purpose of passing security tests and getting employed at the H-bomb plant.

But that was later.

On my way out of the ABC that night, I learned what I considered one of the most important details of the whole case. We were walking behind Ybarra and the immigration men, just passing the two beat-up old slot machines, when Captain Rameau tugged my sleeve. *"Un moment,* if you please?" he asked, looking rather embarrassed.

Then he pointed out something his own sharp eyes had noticed long ago, when we first came in—something that raised my opinion of his courage about a thousand per cent, because it showed me his real reason for choosing to go in the back room, afraid or not.

The two-bit slot machine had its coin-drop on the left, at the top. It was equipped with the usual slug-detecting window, where you see quarters marching by, every time you pull the handle. Five quarters were visible at a time, with the most recently deposited ones at the left end of the line.

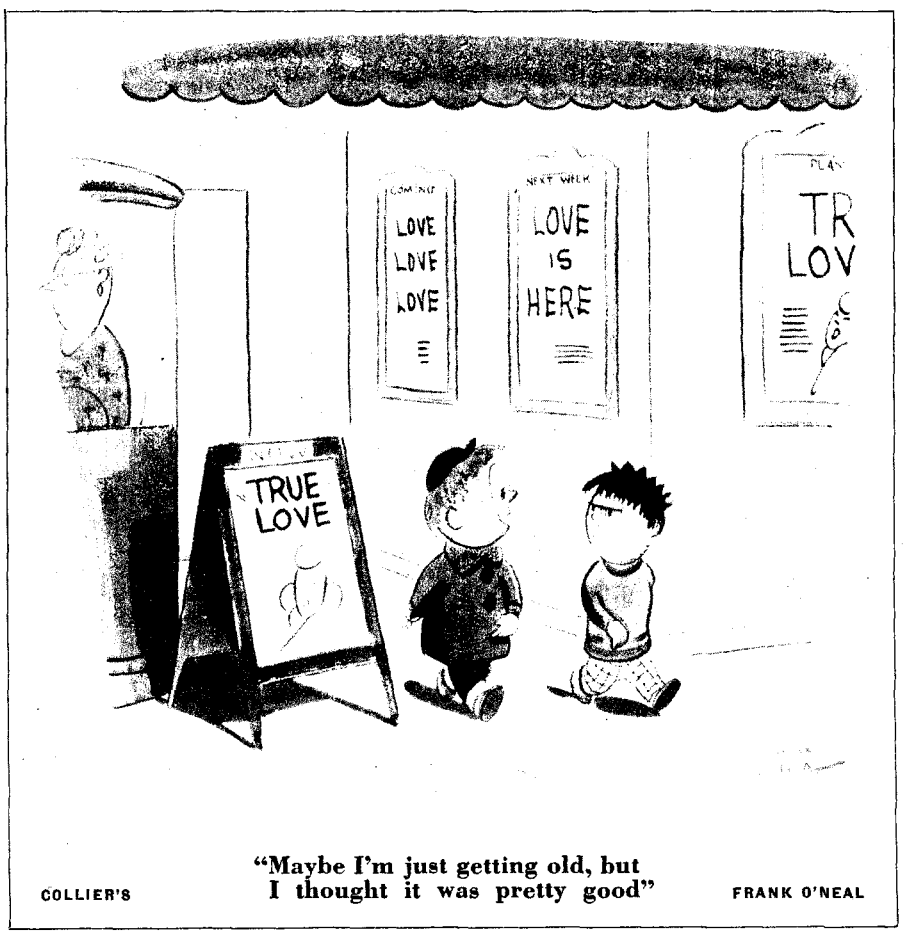
The captain was smiling modestly, tapping his finger against the glass under the second quarter from the left. I don't know if that quarter had once been mine—before a certain game of dominoes—but there wasn't much doubt about who had put it there. It was as black as my cigarette lighter. . . .

I telephoned my boss the next morning and accepted the European assignment. Then I went down to the dock to see the Hirondelle sail for Europe.

I felt good as I watched her swing away from the dock, carrying her heavy load of what it takes to fight a war. I confess I wasn't worried about how well America could spare that sulphur and cotton and lead. I was thinking of something else.

I was watching Captain Rameau on the flying bridge, his megaphone at a cocky angle on his hip, his eyes busy. I was thinking about courage—pretended courage and the real thing.

I was wondering how Théophile Rameau would feel if he ever found out there isn't any difference. THE END



COLLIER'S

"Maybe I'm just getting old, but I thought it was pretty good"

FRANK O'NEAL

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Cooter James

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

shivering and crawled out of bed in his undershirt and made a pot of coffee and started talking to it.

"Can't get to the bottom of this," said Cooter. "Doing something new and enjoying myself. Still, there's that itch I can't scratch. Might be I need something to occupy my mind." That was why, in the middle of a game during the noon slack, he leaned back and looked at Silas John. "Barrel of flour," he said.

"Gone and forgotten," said Silas John. "Get on with the game."

"Not forgotten," said Cooter. "Going to find what happened to it."

It was Silas John's turn to lean back and look interested. "Cooter boy," he said, "how're you planning to do that?"

"Simple," said Cooter. "Add a barrel of flour to every bill. Man that got it will pay. Won't know we don't know. Others'll scratch it off or they'll complain when they stop in."

"Sounds simple," said Silas John, "but simple-sounding things often ain't so."

"This one is," said Cooter. "Just keep out of my way and let me make out the bills."

Cooter James burned his kerosene lamp late over the bills, and in the morning took them to the post office. "Only a matter of time now," he said, and went on to the store, where there was plenty of work waiting. The next three days, while Silas John handled the inside business, he was busy building an open-face shed by the store for the farm machinery that was coming. The day after that, he was busy uncrating the sample machinery that had arrived. He was so busy he all but forgot that barrel of flour. And Silas John said never a word about it.

During the afternoon of the second day, he stepped outside and looked at Cooter rassling shed timbers and shook his head mournful and went back inside. Twice on the third day he did the same. Late in the fourth day, he stood in the doorway and called. When they were settled on the rear counter, he tapped his nose with the pencil in his hand. "Cooter boy," he said. "I have kept my mouth from yapping so as not to disturb your muscular enthusiasm with that shed. And I wanted to give your little lost-barrel scheme plenty of play. But already it's had too much."

"What now?" said Cooter. "Not working?"

"It's working," said Silas John. "It's working too well. Thirty-seven people have paid their bills. Twenty have complained about a barrel of flour."

"Told you they would," said Cooter. "Supposed to work that way."

"Cooter boy," said Silas John, "you never were much good at figures. Twenty from thirty-seven leaves seventeen. Up to and as of now, seventeen people have paid for that one barrel of flour."

Cooter sucked in the drooping ends of his mustache and chewed them slow. His jaw stiffened and a serious squint formed at the corners of his muddy-blue eyes. "Need the names and the money," he said. "Reckon to be riding around evenings paying it back." . . .

Three weeks went by, and Cooter James was nine games behind on the checker chart. The flour-barrel score stood at seventy, with forty-two complaints and twenty-eight payments. These last had all been returned, and he was tired of crisscrossing the countryside in the evenings. But that worry was ended. He had sent out new bills to cancel the old, and no more payments were coming in. He wasn't even bothered by the fact that his evening trips had let the town and most of the territory around know about the missing barrel, and easy-tongued folk were beginning to rib him about it. He strolled along the plank sidewalks after store-closing and took the joshing and enjoyed the feel of being part of a community.

He built a fire in his stove and had a lazy meal and sat warm and unworrying with his old newspapers, waiting for the night freight to go past and tell him to go to bed.

Then one morning about sunup, a cat scrambled across his tin roof and he woke up shivering and sat up in the bunk and stared at the coffeepot across the shed and began talking to it.

"Clean licked on this," he said. "Can't even locate that itch. Might be I need to settle this barrel business to settle my mind."

He was early at the store and busy with a can of paint, a small brush, and the cardboard bottom of an overall carton. He needed two cardboards before he was finished with his sign and he tacked it on the inside wall by the front door.

On or about the first week of December last one barrel of flour departed these premises leaving no record in S. J. Unger's account books. Person or persons giving information of aforesaid barrel's whereabouts will receive five dollars ($5) reward and the undying gratitude of

C. James

Cooter James's sign provided plenty of amusement for Silas John and folks coming in, and it gave the ribbing a fresh boost. But it brought no news about the barrel. Cooter worried over that and was low in his mind. He began to think he would wear out the winter without tracing that barrel. Then one afternoon, when the sun was warming toward spring, a scrawny, red-haired boy came in for a piece of patching cloth and stopped by the sign and kept staring at it. Cooter eased alongside him. "Like it, son?" he said.

"We got a barrel of flour this winter," the boy said.

"Know anything about that particular barrel?" Cooter said.

The boy shied away and started edging toward the door. "G'wan," he said. "Suppose I did, I wouldn't tell you."

"Easy, now," said Cooter. "No way to talk to your elders."

"Go fry an egg," the boy said, and he skipped out the door.

IT WAS maybe an hour later that the boy came back, and with him a little waist-high girl with the same red hair in pigtails, both of them tagging a woman in a faded dress with a man's coat on over it. This woman was plump and solid inside the coat and she had a lot of red hair piled up on top of her head with a scarf tied over it. Her plain round face, with the permanent smile crinkles around the eyes, would have been pleasant except that her mouth was pursed tight right now, so tight that it pulled her plump chin into little bumps. She swung around by the door and read the sign and she turned about and started toward Silas John in the rear of the store. "Mr. Unger," she said. "Just what is the meaning of that thing on the wall?"

"Afternoon, Mrs. Moser," said Silas John. "Any questions pertaining to that peculiar piece of writing should be addressed to Mr. Cooter James here."

She turned to look at Cooter, and for some reason he began to feel fidgety and troubled in his mind. "So that's C. James," she said. "I remember him. I did business with him last time I was in here." She glared at Cooter, and the bumps on her chin started quivering. "Well, Mr. C. James," she said. "You open your mouth and explain that sign to me."

"Easy, now," said Cooter. "Ain't much. Was missing a barrel of flour and trying to find what happened to it."

"Well, it makes me do some wondering," she said. "I got a barrel of flour that week and I didn't pay for it or charge it either. You gave it to me."

Cooter's mustache sagged and his voice came through it feeble and fumbling. "Did I, now?" he said.

"That's right," the boy said. "We ain't ever eat so good."

The woman was talking straight along so fast that the words were pushing each other out of the way. "I came in here for my winter goods and I knew exactly what I had money for and you made out the list and I paid you and I asked for a bag of flour and when you brought it out to the wagon it was a barrel and ever since my man died last fall everybody's been so kind and I've been a good customer here because I can't afford much but what I buy I get here and I thought you were being kind and I thanked you for it and you said that was all right you were pleased to do it."

"Did I, now?" Cooter said again. "I

COLLIER'S

". . . This one of Sis when she had braces is 25c . . . The one when she was six months old lying on the blanket is 50c, and the . . ."

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reckon I did. But I thought—" He shut off his talk and chewed the ends of his mustache slow and thoughtful.

"And what did you think?" said the woman. "It surprises me you can think at all. Making a woman feel maybe she's got something she wasn't supposed to have."

"Mrs. Moser, ma'am," said Cooter. "All my mistake. You were supposed to have it. So busy back then, it slipped my mind."

"Humph," said the woman. "Things like that don't slip minds easy. You stop squirming and tell me what you thought."

"No," said Cooter. "Won't."

THE woman waggled her head at Cooter so hard the scarf started to slip off her hair. "It's not my fault I'm not a man," she said, "but I want you to treat me like one. You speak honest to me. You tell me what you thought."

Cooter was caught when she talked like that, and he knew it. "Thought you were thanking me for stowing things in the wagon," he said. He saw her chin quivering again and he pushed his mind to scurrying for words. "Easy, now, ma'am. So maybe I didn't mean to give it to you then. Do now. Didn't know about your man passing on. Glad about it now. About the mistake, I mean. Wish it had been two. Two barrels. Give you the other one now." He started past her toward the rear of the store.

The woman's chin was quivering, but quivering mad. "Mr. C-for-Cooter James," she said and stopped him in stride. She stared at him accusing, and the boy and the girl looked the same, and her words pushed each other out of the way in their hurry. "Mr. Mind-slipping James," she said. "I wouldn't take the tiniest speck of flour there ever was from you if me and mine were starving and you the last man on the whole earth. Doing a thing like that to a woman that's always paid her bills hard as it might be and making her find out the food she's been putting in the mouths of her babes ought to've been paid for and wasn't."

"Don't look like babes to me," said Cooter, beginning to be a bit peeved himself. "Got some size on them. Want to be treated like a man, you do; so I will. Stop yammering at me and wobbling your chin. Barrel's been paid for. Know what I wanted to know and there's nothing more to it."

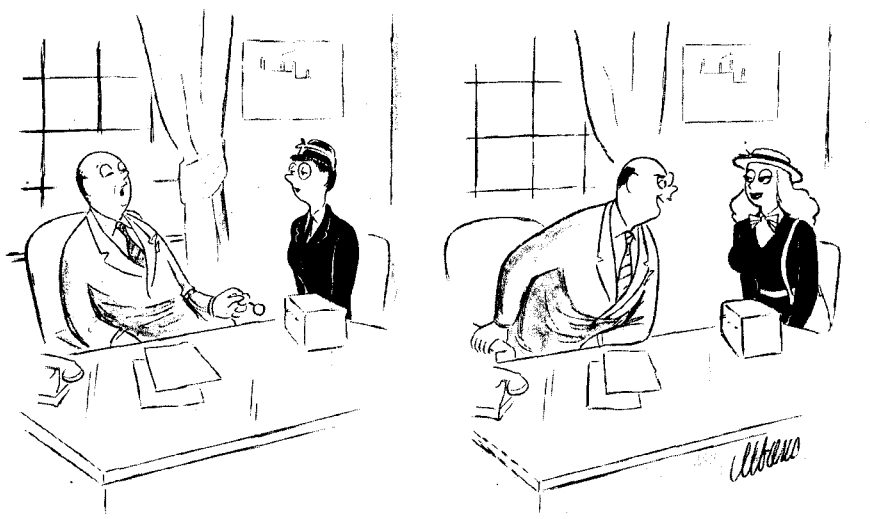
"Nothing more, you think," said the woman. "I want to know who paid for it."

"I did," said Cooter. "In a way, I did."

"Humph," said the woman. "So it's you I owe the price and just when I haven't got any cash money and don't know when I'll ever see any again with thinking the pig and the garden that isn't plowed yet will take us through the summer till I get some kind of a crop in and sold and money's always been scarce with us anyways and no extras for barrels that oughtn't to be paid for but do because a fool man doesn't know a person and lets his mind slip."

"Mrs. Moser, ma'am," said Cooter, getting a firm hold on himself, "you don't owe me the least little bit of nothing. Try to pay me a solitary single cent and I head howling for the next county."

"Be good riddance," said the woman. "Howsomever, I don't have a single cent. But I'm going to pay you. I won't have a thing like that hanging on my mind, letting a man do for me what he didn't mean to. A barrel of flour costs fourteen dollars. Well, you owe me five dollars reward money as that sign there says and I make it nine dollars still owing and I'm going to pay it, not knowing how right now but knowing that I'm going to." She waggled her head emphatic at Cooter and two of her old-fashioned celluloid hairpins fell bouncing to the floor. She stooped and grabbed them and stuck them into the pile of red hair and glared at Cooter and marched out the door. The boy and the girl took turns according to size doing the same—the glaring and the marching—and a silence settled in the store. Then the voice of Silas John came purring from the rear. "Cooter boy," he said, "that woman's got a rope on you."



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"Can you type?"

COLLIER'S

JOHN ALBANO

"No rope," said Cooter. "How's she going to pay me when I won't take it?"

"I wouldn't know," Silas John said. "But there's one item I do know. I know the color of her hair." . . .

Cooter James went home to his shed feeling sorry for himself. "Town life's mighty strenuous," he said. He forgot his beans on the stove and let them burn. And he couldn't stay put in his chair with his newspapers. He pulled on his jacket and took a long hike along the tracks and back to weary his muscles and worried away some hours before he fell asleep. In the morning, a metal-bumping sound woke him up shivering and he lay still, listening to strange noises in his shed. The tasty smell of bacon grease tickled his nose, and he raised his head to peer over the blanket. The woman was there by his stove, her back to him, bustling about in a knowing manner.

Cooter lay quiet for two minutes, maybe three. He held the blanket up under his chin and raised himself to a sitting position. He had trouble finding his voice. "Mrs. Moser, ma'am," he said, "what in tarnation you doing here?"

"Fixing your breakfast," the woman said. "I figured I'd charge you a quarter each time till I was paid up. I've changed my mind and made it fifty. I'm a good cook, and you keep your things dirty just like a man."

Cooter lay back down and tried to untangle his mind and was still trying when she snapped at him. "It's ready," she said.

"It," Cooter said. "Not me. Can't get out of my bunk with you standing there."

"Humph," said the woman. "Wouldn't be the first time I saw a man in his drawers. If you're so delicate about yourself, I'll look the other way." She did, and Cooter slipped out of the bunk and whipped on his old blue jeans and flannel shirt. With them on, he felt better and able to work up the beginnings of a good mad. "Blamed if I'm hungry," he said.

"Eat it or don't eat it," said the woman. "Anyways I've fixed it and a man that was a man stead of a mind-slipper that'd take the taste out of the food a woman puts in the mouths of her babes would eat it."

Cooter was caught again, and he knew it. He sat down and started to eat and it bothered him to have the woman watch him. "You fixed it," he said. "Time to get out and let me be."

"Where I come from," the woman said, "fixing a meal means cleaning up after."

Cooter sighed and then he was boiling mad. He looked at the food—bacon and biscuits and coffee. "Woman," he said, "where's my eggs?"

She jumped. "Didn't know you had any," she said.

"In that tobacco can," said Cooter. "Four I want. Fried and flipped." He ate right through every snitch of bacon, every biscuit in the pan, the four eggs, and finished with a third cup of coffee. He pulled on his boots and jacket and jammed on his hat and slammed the door behind him.

Cooter James was upset and touchy all day. He kept busy by himself in the machinery shed and hurried home before closing time. He was worrying about what he might find and his worrying was justified. The place had a different feel the moment he went in. Everything was scrubbed and polished and so neat and orderly that he shuddered when he looked around. A flour bag had been ripped apart at the seams and the halves trimmed and put up at the side window for curtains. A bunch of winter-ivy leaves from out by the tracks was in water in a coffee cup on the table. Beside it was a note written on the edge of a piece of newspaper.

Mr. C. James—50 cents for fixing breakfast. 1 dollar for scrubbing out dirt. 50 cents for fixing curtains and such. 7 dollars owing. Mrs. A. (Agnes) Moser.

COOTER stared at the note a long time. "Agnes," he said. "Was sweet on a girl named Agnes once. Didn't have red hair." He smiled, remembering, and started to get his supper, and each thing he wanted was in a new place. "Women," he said. "Interfering things. Can't leave a man be." By the time he was ready to eat, he had a good grip on his mad again. "Find a way to fix her," he said, and went to bed early, determined to be up before she arrived, and he slept only in cat naps, worrying over the time.

He was dressed and fed and had the place slicked and he was by the window, watching, when she came in sight next morning. He waited till she was near the door, then opened it and came out and shut it behind him. "Morning, Mrs. Moser, ma'am," he said. "Had breakfast. Everything's clean." He went off to the store, leaving her staring after him, and felt fine for almost the whole morning.

Along about noon, worry began creeping back into his mind. Silas John beat him two more games, and the afternoon seemed unusual long. He hurried home early with the worry big inside him, and the woman was there in his shed, preparing his supper. He pulled off his hat and leaned against the wall and sighed.

"Stop making that silly noise," the woman said. "Thought you were cute, didn't you, sneaking up early to get breakfast ahead of me, leaving a woman that's determined to pay her bills feeling that she's owing to you and why don't you act like a man that's got more sense than a field mouse and take off that jacket so you won't catch cold if you go out again?"

Cooter James was licked, and he knew it. "Determined to pay the whole price?" he said.

"I am," said the woman.

"Do it friendly, then," Cooter said. "Sit down and eat with me each time. Can't chew right with you just watching."

"Maybe I might," said the woman. "But you mind to think straight and not go notioning that I don't get enough to eat at home because maybe we do only have bread and hominy grits most of the time with the

"When I'm ready to get married, I'll just look 'em over and say, 'Eeny, Meany, Miney, Money!' "

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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other winter things about gone but that's filling and we'll have a garden soon and, oh, I just thought you being the kind of mind-slipping man you are you'll likely expect me to pay for what I eat."

"Woman," said Cooter, blowing his mustache out straight. "Man can provide food for a woman in his own house without her having to pay for it. Stop yammering and get supper ready." He sat on the bunk and watched her bustling by the stove. He forgot the worry and began remembering yesterday's breakfast. "Woman," he said, "might be we could have some of those biscuits you make?"

TWO days more and it was the end of the week, and the woman didn't come on Sunday. Three days into the next week and, by her figuring, she owed Cooter only one dollar and fifty cents more. The following morning Cooter looked across the table at her. "Time's getting short," he said. "Want to know how you make those biscuits."

"The way anyone does," she said. "Flour and water and shortening and a pinch of this and a pinch of that till it feels right."

"Been making biscuits many a year," said Cooter. "Never tasted like yours."

"A man can't make decent biscuits," she said. "But about any woman could on that stove of yours."

"That stove?" said Cooter. "Just a fall-apart that was lying around at the blacksmith shop."

"It's a better stove than I've had for years and years," she said. "And I don't mean to tell you it's not hard cooking on a stove that's got to be patched all the time and puts smoke in your face and gets you all sooty so you have to scrub all the time to be fitten for seeing."

Cooter saw the little bumps forming on her chin and the whole chin starting to quiver. He was embarrassed and looked out the window. "Might be," he said, "you'd let me get you a stove."

She pushed up from the table and waggled her head at him so hard some of the red hair fell down by her face. "I will not," she said. "I wouldn't let you give me anything. Not you. Not ever." She sat down again sudden and several of the hairpins bounced on the floor and she stooped to get them. When her head came up again, her eyes were snapping. "Get on off to that store," she said, "and right away quick so I can clean this mess and get away from this place that minds me of you every time I see it."

Cooter took his hat and jacket off the wall and slipped out the door. He walked slow to the store. He was sharp-tongued to customers all morning, and during the afternoon he managed to work up a quarrel with Silas John. When he realized what he was doing, he clamped down on his tongue and stomped out. He wandered over by the town saloon and looked in. "Snapped me out of meanness when I was younger," he said. "Not now." He wandered on and far out of town along some road, and about suppertime he wandered back toward his shed. He waited and worried a moment about opening the door, and when he did, the place was empty. It was scrubbed and polished again and empty except for another note on the table.

50 cents for fixing breakfast. 1 dollar for scrubbing out a week's dirt. Makes 9 dollars now. Not a cent owing.

Cooter stared at the note. "Fooled by that scrubbing," he said. "Thought a couple more meals coming." He had been afraid at the door that maybe her chin would be quivering inside to meet him, but now he was disappointed. "That's done, anyway," he said. "Done. Finished. Over with. No more of it."

He started to prepare his own supper and burned the beans, and his biscuits, even with a pinch of this and of that, were lumpy in his mouth and heavy in his stomach. He fussed around the shed and went out and in a half-dozen times and started to hike along the tracks and came back as many times more till he began to think that he could call it spring and the winter over and be heading for the range again. "Where I belong," he said. "In the open where figures ain't so important."

He pulled off his outer clothes, feeling better and planning an early start in the morning. He lay on the bunk and closed his eyes, counting steers and checking the big-jaws and sway-backs, and drifted off counting into sleep. A light rain began to fall tapping on his tin roof and thunder talked in the distance and the night freight went by and he did not hear it. Then, along about sunup, a mouse skittled across a shelf and a cup made a small jangle and he sat up in the bunk shivering and stared across the shed at the coffeepot. He stared a long time, and the light grew stronger. He shook his head and sighed into his mustache. "No sense fighting it," he said. "Know about that itch. Time comes to every man. Mine's now."

He sat still, thinking, and after a while he laughed. "Not so bad at figures after all," he said, and he slipped out of the bunk and dressed himself in his town clothes. He looked down at himself and snorted and pulled the town clothes off and made himself as neat as he could in his old jeans and flannel shirt.

He stopped by the door to pick up his ax, changed his mind and took the hand whetstone instead. He started toward the center of town and then swung along the road the woman had walked each way morning and evening coming to his place, and after a while he saw it—the unpainted two-room shack with rips showing in the tar-papered roof. A sagging small barn was at one side, and two gaunt draft horses were in a makeshift corral behind it.

Cooter studied the place in the early morning light. He sniffed the air. "Spring all right," he said. "Plowing time for them's got a mind for farming." He went to the sagging barn and around it to a pile of old wood. There was a rusty ax on the ground, still wet from the night rain. He picked it up and felt the blade. "Just like a woman," he said, and went to work with his whetstone till he had an edge that could slice a hair of his mustache. He pulled wood off the pile and began cutting it into stove lengths. He was swinging the ax steady when he noticed the woman standing by the corner of the barn and staring at him. He stopped chopping and leaned on the ax. "Morning, Mrs. Moser, ma'am," he said. "Nice morning."

"Maybe it's a nice morning," she said, "and maybe it isn't and I don't care what it is because I'll not have you snooping around here and trying to make me owing to you."

COOTER took a deep breath. "Me that's owing," he said. "Forgot back there you paid for a bag of flour when you got the barrel. Two dollars you paid. Means two dollars you're overpaid now. Figure to pay that back cutting wood. Twenty-five cents each morning for cutting a day's supply. Stubborn as you on things like that."

The woman stared at him, and then the bumps were forming on her chin. "Just like the man you are," she said, "to be finding ways to make fun of a woman that pays her bills and tries to get along best she can, and even so, if maybe it's you that's owing, it's silly—with charging things back and forth all the time, we might never be out straight and somebody'd always be owing somebody."

Cooter's head came up straight and his mustache stuck out stiff. "That be so bad?" he said. "Always doing things for each other, I mean."

She stared at him and her chin began to quiver and she tried to speak but the words would not come, and Cooter swung the ax solid into a chunk of wood and left it there and faced her square on. "Agnes," he said. "Through talking about barrels and owing and getting things paid. Talking now like a man that's found his woman and aims to know will she have him."

He looked at her and she looked at him and her voice when it came was so low he could scarce hear it. "Babes," she said. "I've got two babes."

"What's wrong with babes?" said Cooter. "Grow up to be people, don't they?"

She looked at him a long moment and her chin stopped quivering and the pleasant wrinkles by her eyes showed plain. "Cooter," she said. "That's no christened name. What's it really?"

Cooter James sighed into his mustache. "Courtney," he said.

The woman looked at him and she smiled just a little and her voice was as soft and tender as one of her biscuits. "I think I'll call you Cooter," she said. "I like Cooter best." THE END

BUTCH

"Prob'ly th' watch has a whole lotta sentimental attachment or somethin'"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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CORRECTION

The bar chart in the Lucky Strike advertisement on the back page of this magazine may be incorrect, due to an error in production and printing in some copies. Reading from left to right, the black bars which represent competing brands of cigarettes should be labeled Brands "C," "D," "B" and "A" in that order. The makers of Lucky Strike believe that this chart, which depicts the relative quality of all five principal brands reliably and factually, is of extreme importance to every smoker and so they hasten to correct this minor inaccuracy.

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Time to Clear the Road

AS A LOT OF GOOD PEOPLE have been saying recently, this country has got to do something about its highways. It's a necessary job for the sake of safety, economic integration and the actual and potential requirements of national defense. Yet our war-neglected roads are trying with less and less success to cope with a volume and load that they never were designed to handle. Our motor vehicle "population" right now exceeds an estimate for 1970 that was made five years ago. Meanwhile, American states and cities are still having a tough time making emergency repairs, let alone undertaking the construction of four- and six-lane highways which today's traffic load urgently requires.

Nothing much can be done about the highway situation until something is done about the steel situation. A country-wide survey which the Wall Street Journal made not long ago turned up the same story in state after state—shortage of steel, and a jam-up on deliveries as frustrating as the congestion on today's highways. If all this were unavoidable, there wouldn't be much point in writing about it. But we believe that it is not unavoidable, because we also believe that the steel shortage, though real, is a rather dubious phenomenon.

American mills today are making more steel than ever before. Their top production during World War II was about 89,600,000 tons in 1944. At that time the country had the task of supplying some 12,000,000 men under arms. A big shipbuilding program was in full swing, and there were tremendous lend-lease commitments to our allies.

In the present limited emergency, steel is being produced at an annual rate of about 105,000,000 tons, with a prospect of close to 120,000,000 tons by the end of 1952. It is true that our population has grown, and that the Korean war and the beginnings of a European rearmament program have made abnormal demands for steel. But we still cannot see why there isn't enough of the metal to go round if it is properly distributed.

The trouble, as nearly as we can make out, is in the operation of the Controlled Materials Plan in Washington. The CMP's function, as regards steel, is to weigh the estimated quarterly production against what the steel consumers say that they require, and then parcel out the metal accordingly, with defense contracts getting first call. Theoretically that's fine. But the theory doesn't reckon with a traditional Washington practice which government agencies, and particularly the military, have brought to a high degree of perfection: they ask for far more than they need or hope to get. Many private users have quickly caught on to the trick. Result—"shortage."

Some steel consumers have put in such overloaded requirements that even after CMP had knocked several percentage points off the total, the remaining allocation has still been far higher than any previous quarterly consumption in these companies' history. The result of such practices was to put the bids for structural steel shapes in the last quarter of 1951 at 223 per cent of estimated supply.

It isn't hard to see where all this leaves the highway program. State and county roads and city streets aren't built under defense contracts. Maybe they should be, but they aren't. So they wind up taking the leavings. We don't think this is either right or necessary, especially since the government has at hand a set of operational suggestions which, if they are carried out, should point the way toward meeting the country's essential needs.

Last fall the heads of five steel companies presented to Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson and his top production assistant, Manly Fleischmann, a number of recommendations for increased production and better distribution of steel. They were particularly concerned with the quantity and timing of steel requirements. They objected, and we think justly, to the stockpiling of steel far in advance of actual need—sometimes at the insistence of government officials. They also recommended that big orders for military requirements be distributed more evenly among various steel companies.

They made a number of other suggestions, based on their broad and practical experience, which were intended to break the bottleneck. There was obviously no thought of self-enrichment behind their advice. For it should be clear to anyone that the steel producers today are not having any trouble in selling all they can make. Even the most skeptical critic of bigness in business would be hard put to discover any ulterior motives in their counsel.

We hope that steel users and government agencies will co-operate with Mr. Wilson and his aides in bringing a lot more realism into the whole matter of steel requirements. As things stand now, the situation is comparable to one which would exist if a certain percentage of the nation's households had all the money they needed and a priority claim on everything in the grocery stores. Quite naturally a lot of householders would buy and hoard—in the name of "prudence," of course—and quite naturally the nonpriority families would suffer from the consequent artificial shortages. That's just what is happening to many people who need steel for vitally important jobs. This inequality applies particularly to road construction. It will be too late if a full-scale emergency should disrupt our present precarious highway transportation system. For the sake of increasing traffic safety at present and protecting the nation's safety in the future, the time to do something is now.

Hotel management puzzled by fried egg found on lobby floor.—News Item.

Out of the frying pan into the foyer.

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New "Rocket" Ready!

Ready for take-off! *Ready* to thrill America with the most beautiful, most powerful Oldsmobile ever! *Ready* with Oldsmobile's glamorous new "long look" styling! *Ready* with a brilliant new "Rocket" Engine—sensational new Hydra-Matic Drive—effortless new steering ease! Watch for the launching date at your Oldsmobile dealer's! Make this *your* year to "Ride the Rocket"!

Red smoke from the blockhouse means that a rocket is about to be launched! That is the signal used at the White Sands rocket base to show that a rocket is ready for the take off!

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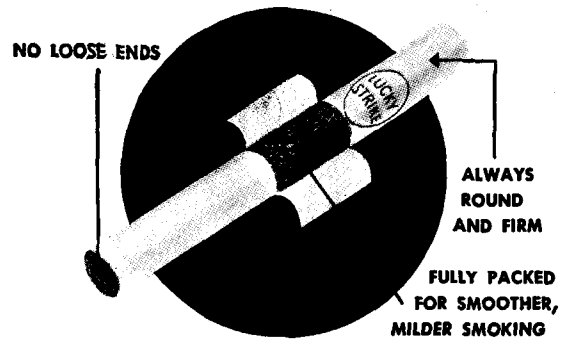
DUQUESNE U... PITT...

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!

Here's why

Luckies taste better!

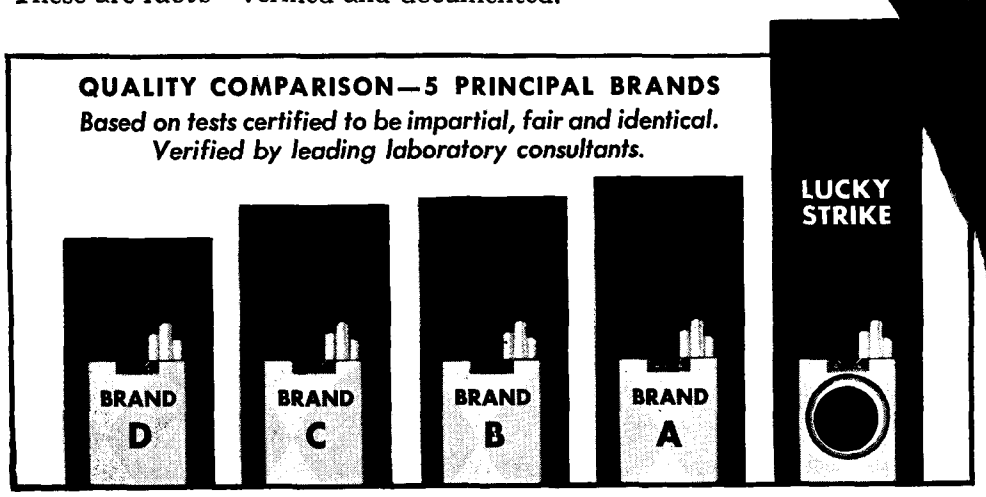
You get better taste from fine tobacco, and L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco . . . fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. *There's no substitute for fine tobacco—and don't let anybody tell you different!*



What's more, Luckies are *made better*—so round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw. Always, *in all ways*, you can depend on Luckies for better quality! These are *facts*—verified and documented.

QUALITY COMPARISON—5 PRINCIPAL BRANDS

Based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical. Verified by leading laboratory consultants.



"In our judgment the above bar graph accurately and reliably depicts the relative quality of these brands. It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands."

(Signed) Froehling and Robertson, Inc., Richmond, Va.

"We confirm that in our opinion the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We do verify that the above chart correctly shows that Lucky Strike ranks first in quality."

(Signed) Foster D. Snell, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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